

# THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

AND  
MONTHLY EDITION OF THE LIVING AGE.

FEBRUARY, 1900.

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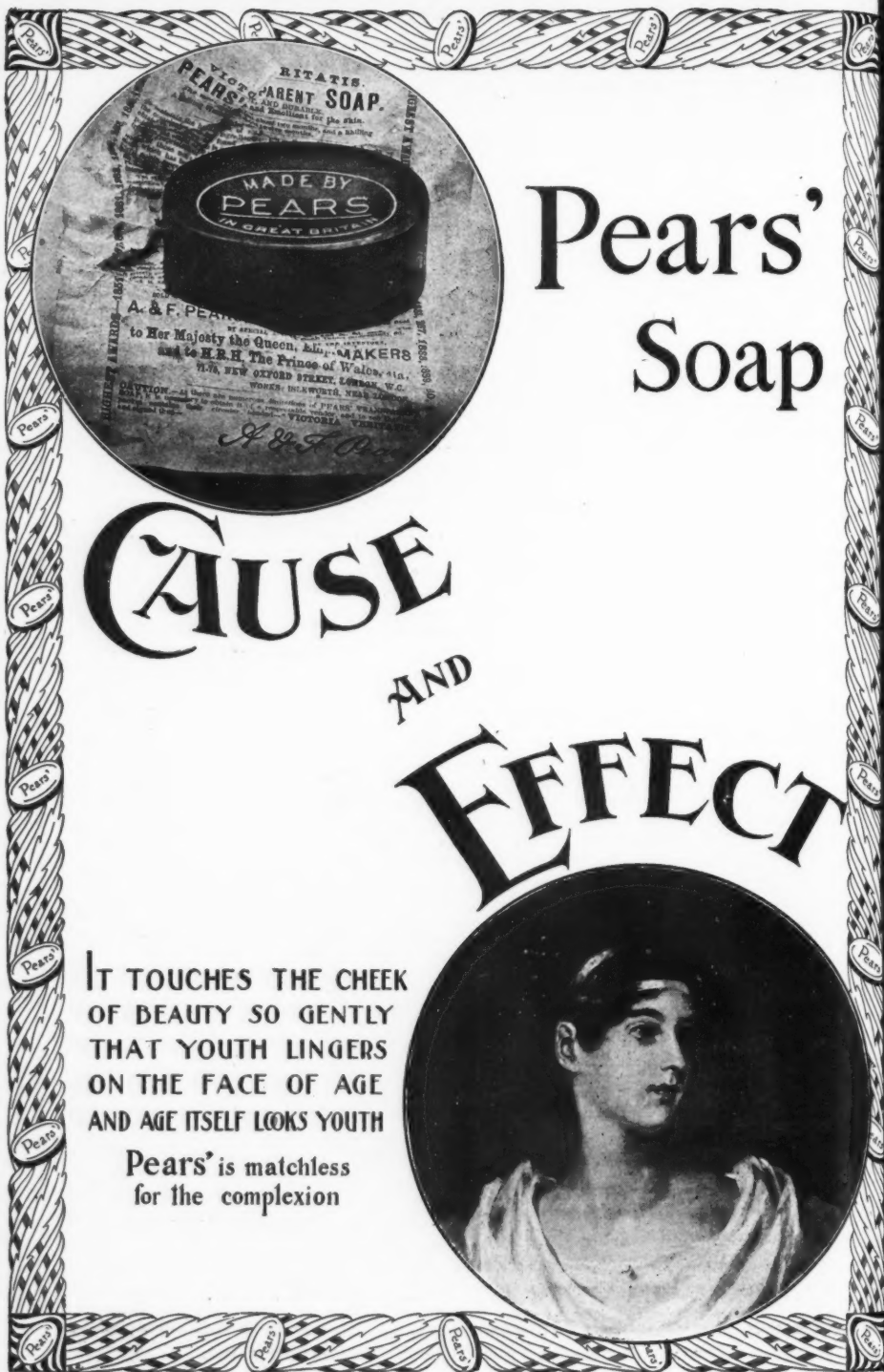
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# Pears' Soap

## CAUSE

AND

## EFFECT

IT TOUCHES THE CHEEK  
OF BEAUTY SO GENTLY  
THAT YOUTH LINGERS  
ON THE FACE OF AGE  
AND AGE ITSELF LOOKS YOUTH

Pears' is matchless  
for the complexion



# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

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VOL. LXXI.  
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FEBRUARY, 1900.

No. 2.

## THE VOICE OF "THE HOOLIGAN."

As the years advance which "bring the philosophic mind," or at least the mind which we fondly flatter ourselves is philosophic—in other words, as men of thought and feeling approach the latter end of their pilgrimage, there is a tendency among them to under-reckon the advance which the world has made in the course of their experience, and to discover in the far-off days of their youth a light which has almost ceased to shine on earthly things. *Laudatores temporis acti*, they look askance at all the results of Progress, and assert, more or less emphatically, that men were wiser and better when they themselves were young. They forget, of course, that distance lends enchantment to the view, and that the very splendor in which the world once appeared came rather from within than from without; and, forgetting this, they do scant justice to the achievements of later generations. A little sober reflection, nevertheless, may convince them that the world *does* advance, though perhaps not so surely and satisfactorily as they would wish to believe; and that, even if there is some occasional retrogression, inevitable under the conditions of human development, it is only, after all, temporary and due to causes which are inherent in our imperfect human nature. From time

to time, however, the momentum towards a higher and more spiritual Ideal seems suspended altogether, and we appear to be swept centuries back, by a great back-wave, as it were, in the direction of absolute Barbarism.

Such a back-wave, it appears to me, has been at work during the last few decades, and the accompanying phenomena, in Public Life, in Religion, in Literature, have been extraordinary enough to fill even a fairly philosophical mind with something like despair. Closer contemplation and profounder meditation, however, may prove that in all possibility the retrogression is less real than superficial, that the advance forward of our civilization has only been hampered, not absolutely and finally hindered, and that in due time we may become stronger and wiser through the very lessons hardly learned during the painful period of delay.

It would be quite beyond the scope of the present article to point out in detail the divers ways in which modern Society, in England particularly, has drifted little by little, and day by day, away from those humanitarian traditions which appeared to open up to men in the time of my own boyhood the prospect of a new Heaven and a new Earth. At that time the influence of

the great leaders of modern thought was still felt, both in politics and in literature; the gospel of humanity, as expressed in the language of poets like Wordsworth and Shelley, and in the deeds of men like Wilberforce and Mazzini, had purified the very air men breathed; and down lower, in the humbler spheres of duty and human endeavor, humanists like Dickens were translating the results of religious aspiration into such simple and happy speech as even the lowliest of students could understand. It was a time of immense activity in all departments, but its chief characteristic, perhaps, was the almost universal dominance, among educated men, of the sentiment of *philanthropy*, of belief in the inherent perfectibility of human nature, as well as of faith in ideals which bore, at least, the semblance of a celestial origin. Not quite in vain, it seemed, had Owen and Fourier labored, and Hood sung, and John Leech wielded the pencil, and Dickens and Thackeray<sup>1</sup> used the pen. The name of Arnold was still a living force in our English schools, and the name of Mazzini was being whispered in every English home. The first noticeable change came, perhaps, with the criminal crusade of the Crimean War; and from that hour to this, owing in no little degree to the rough-and-ready generalizations of popular science, and the consequent discrediting of all religious sanctions, the enthusiasm of humanity among the masses has gradually but surely died away. Sentiment has, at last, become thoroughly out of fashion, and humanitarianism is left to the care of eccentric and unauthoritative teachers. Thus, while a few despairing thinkers and dreamers have been trying vainly to substitute a new ethos for the old religious sanctions, the world at large,

repudiating the enthusiasm of humanity altogether, and exchanging it for the worship of physical force and commercial success in any and every form, has turned rapturously towards activities which need no sanction whatever, or which, at any rate, can be easily sanctified by the wanton will of the majority. Men no longer, in the great civic centres at least, ask themselves whether a particular course of conduct is right or wrong, but whether it is expedient, profitable, and certain of clamorous approval. Thanks to the newspaper press—that "mighty engine," as Mr. Morley calls it, for "keeping the public intelligence on a low level"—they are fed from day to day with hasty news and gossip, and with bogus views of affairs, concocted in the interests of the wealthy classes. Ephemeral and empirical books of all sorts take the place of serious literature; so that, while a great work like Mr. Spencer's "Justice" falls still-born from the press, a sophistical defence of the *status quo* like Mr. Balfour's "Foundations of Belief" is read by thousands. The aristocracy, impoverished by its own idleness and luxury, rushes wildly to join the middle-class in speculations which necessitate new conquests of territory and constant acts of aggression. The mob, promised a merry time by the governing classes, just as the old Roman mob was deluded by bread and pageants—*panem et circenses*—dances merrily to patriotic war-tunes, while that modern monstrosity and anachronism, the conservative working man, exchanges his birthright of freedom and free thought for a pat on the head from any little rump-fed lord that steps his way and spouts the platitudes of Cockney patriotism. The Established Church, deprived of the conscience which accompanied honest belief, supports nearly every infamy of the moment in the name of the Christianity which it has long ago shifted quietly

<sup>1</sup> Curiously enough, the optimistic taste of the day regarded Thackeray, an essential sentimentalist, as an almost brutal cynic!



overboard.<sup>2</sup> There is an universal scramble for plunder, for excitement, for amusement, for speculation, and above it all the flag of a Hooligan Imperialism is raised, with the proclamation that it is the sole mission of Anglo-Saxon England—forgetful of the task of keeping its own drains in order—to expand and extend its boundaries indefinitely, and again, in the name of the Christianity it has practically abandoned, to conquer and inherit the earth.

It may be replied that this is an exaggerated picture, and I will admit at once that there is justice in the reply—if it is granted at the same time that the picture is true so far as London itself and an enormous majority of Englishmen are concerned. Only, if this is granted, can the present relapse back to barbarism of our public life, our society, our literature be explained. Now that Mr. Gladstone has departed, we possess no politician, with the single exception of Mr. Morley (whose sanity and honesty are unquestionable, though he lacks, unfortunately, the dæmonic influence), who demands for the discussion of public affairs any conscientious and unselfish sanction whatever; we possess, instead, a thousand pertinacious counsellors—cynics like Lord Salisbury, or trimmers like Lord Rosebery—for whom no one in his heart of hearts feels the slightest respect. Our fashionable society is admittedly so rotten, root and branch, that not even the Queen's commanding influence can impart to it the faintest suggestion of purity or even decency. As for our

popular literature, it has been in many of its manifestations long past praying for; it has run to seed in fiction of the baser sort, seldom or never, with all its cleverness, touching the quick of human conscience; but its most extraordinary feature at this moment is the exaltation, to a position of almost unexampled popularity, of a writer who, in his single person, adumbrates, I think, all that is most deplorable, all that is most retrograde and savage, in the restless and uninstructed Hooliganism of the time.

The English public's first knowledge of Mr. Rudyard Kipling was gathered from certain brief anecdotal stories and occasional verses which began to be quoted about a decade ago in England, and which were speedily followed by cheap reprints of the originals, sold on every bookstall. They possessed one not inconsiderable attraction, in so far as they dealt with a naturally romantic country, looming very far off to English readers, and doubly interesting as one of our own great national possessions. We had had many works about India—works of description and works of fiction; and a passionate interest in them, and in all that pertained to things Anglo-Indian, had been awakened by the mutiny; but few writers had dealt with the ignobler details of military and civilian life, with the gossip of the mess-room, and the scandal of the governmental departments. Mr. Kipling's little kodak-glimpses, therefore, seemed unusually fresh and new; nor would it be just to deny them the merits of great livell-

<sup>2</sup> It is sad to read in this connection the poem contributed to the Times, at the outbreak of the South African struggle, by no less a person than the Ven. Dr. Alexander, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland:

"They say that 'War is Hell,' the 'great accursed,'

The sin impossible to be forgiven—  
Yet I can look upon it at its worst,  
And still find blue in heaven!

And as I note how nobly natures form

Under the war's red rain, I deem it true,  
That He who made the earthquake and the  
storm,  
Perchance, made battles too!"

God help the Church, indeed, if this is the sort of oracle she delivers to those who rest their faith in God on the message of the Beatitudes.

ness, intimate personal knowledge, and a certain unmistakable, though obviously Cockney, humor. Although they dealt almost entirely with the baser aspects of our civilization—being chiefly devoted to the affairs of idle military men, savage soldiers, frisky wives and widows, and flippant civilians—they were indubitably bright and clever, and in the background of them we perceived, faintly but distinctly, the shadow of the great and wonderful national life of India. At any rate, whatever their merits were, and I hold their merits to be indisputable, they became rapidly popular, especially with the newspaper press, which hailed the writer as a new and quite amazing force in literature. So far as the lazy public was concerned, they had the one delightful merit of extreme brevity; he that ran might read them, just as he read *Tid-Bits* and the society newspapers, and then treat them like the rose in Browning's poem—

Smell, kiss, wear it,—at last throw  
away!

Two factors contributed to their vogue: first, the utter apathy of general readers, too idle and uninstructed to study works of any length or demanding any contribution of serious thought on the reader's part, and eager for any amusement which did not remind them of the eternal problems which once beset humanity; and second, the rapid growth in every direction of the military or militant spirit, of the Primrose League, of aggression abroad, and indifference at home to all religious ideals—in a word, of Greater Englandism, or Imperialism. For a considerable time Mr. Kipling poured out a rapid succession of these little tales and smoking-room anecdotes, to the great satisfaction of those who loved to listen to banalities about the English flag, seasoned with strong suggestions of social impropri-

ety, as revealed in camps and barracks and the boudoirs of officers' mistresses and wives. The things seemed harmless enough, if not very elevating or ennobling. Encouraged by his success, the author attempted longer flights, with very indifferent results; though in the "*Jungle Books*," for example, he got near to a really imaginative presentment of fine material, and if he had continued his work in that direction criticism might have had little or nothing to say against him. But, in an unfortunate moment, encouraged by the journalistic praise lavished on certain fragments of verse with which he had ornamented his prose effusions, he elected to challenge criticism as a poet—as, indeed, the approved and authoritative poet of the British Empire;—and the first result of this election, or, as I prefer to call it, this delusion and hallucination, was the publication of the volume of poems, partly new and partly reprinted, called "*Barrack-room Ballads*."

I have said that Mr. Kipling's estimate of himself as a poet was a delusion; it was no delusion, however, so far as his faith in the public was concerned. The book was received with instantaneous and clamorous approval; and, once again, let me pause to admit that it contained, here and there, glimpses of a real verse-making faculty—a faculty which, had the writer been spiritually and intellectually equipped, might have led to the production of work entitled to be called "poetry." On the first page, however, the note of insincerity was struck in a dedication addressed to Mr. Wolcott Balestier, but recognized at once as having done duty for quite a different purpose—resembling, in this respect, the famous acrostic of Mr. Slum, which, although written to fit the name of "Warren," became, at a pinch, a "positive inspiration for Jarley." This dedication, with its false feeling and utterly unsuitable

imagery, suggests the remark *en passant* that Mr. Kipling's muse alternates between two extremes—the lowest Cockney vulgarity and the very height of what Americans call "high-falutin'"—so that when it is not setting the teeth on edge with the vocabulary of the London Hooligan, it is raving in capital letters about the Seraphim and the Pit and the Maidens Nine and the Planets.

The "Ballads" thus introduced are twenty-one in number, of which the majority are descriptive of whatever is basest and most brutal in the character of the British mercenary. One deals, naturally enough, with the want of sympathy shown in public-houses to Tommy Atkins in time of peace, as contrasted with the enthusiasm for him in time of war; another, entitled "Cells," begins as follows:—

I've a head like a concertina; I've a  
tongue like a button-stick;  
I've a mouth like an old potato, and  
I'm more than a little sick.  
But I've had my fun with the Corp'-  
ral's Guard; I've made the cin-  
ders fly,  
And I'm here in the Clink for a thund-  
ering drink and blacking the  
Corp'ral's eye;

It is, in fact, the glorification of the familiar episode of "drunk and resisting the guard." In an equally sublime spirit is conceived the ballad called "Loot," beginning:—

If you've ever stole a pheasant-egg  
be'ind the keeper's back,  
If you've ever snigged the washin'  
from a line,  
If you've ever crammed a gander in  
your bloomin' 'aversack,  
You will understand this little song  
of mine;

and the verses are, indeed, with their brutal violence and their hideous refrain, only too sadly understandable.

Worse still, in its horrible savagery, is the piece called "Belts," which is the apotheosis of the soldier who uses his belt in drunken fury to assault civilians in the streets, and which has this agreeable refrain:—

But it was: "Belts, belts, belts, an'  
that's one for you!"  
An' it was "Belts, belts, belts, an'  
that's done for you!"  
O buckle an' tongue  
Was the song that we sung  
From Harrison's down to the Park!

If it is suggested that the poems I have quoted are only incidental bits of local color, interspersed among verses of a very different character, the reply is, that those pieces, although they are certainly the least defensible, are quite in keeping with the other ballads, scarcely one of which reaches to the intellectual level of the lowest music-hall effusions. The best of them is a ballad called "Mandalay," describing the feelings of a soldier who regrets the heroine of a little amour out in India, and it certainly possesses a real melody and a certain pathos. But in all the ballads, with scarcely an exception, the tone is one of absolute vulgarity and triviality, unredeemed by a touch of human tenderness and pity. Even the little piece called "Soldier, Soldier," which begins quite naturally and tenderly, ends with the cynical suggestion that the lady who mourns her old love had better take up at once with the party who brings the news of his death:—

True love! new love!  
Best take 'im for a new love!  
The dead they cannot rise, an' you'd  
better dry your eyes,  
An' you'd best take 'im for your true  
love.

With such touching sweetness and tender verisimilitude are these ballads of the barrack filled from end to end.

Seriously, the picture they present is one of unmitigated barbarism. The Tommy Atkins they introduce is a drunken, swearing, coarse-minded Hooligan, for whom, nevertheless, our sympathy is eagerly entreated. Yet these pieces were accepted on their publication, not as a cruel libel on the British soldier, but as a perfect and splendid representation of the red-coated patriot on whom our national security chiefly depended, and who was spreading abroad in every country the glory of our imperial flag!

That we might be in no doubt about the sort of thinker who was claiming our suffrages, Mr. Kipling printed at the end of his book certain other lyrics, not specially devoted to the military. The best of these, the "Ballad of the Bolivar," is put into the mouth of seven drunken sailors "rolling down the Ratcliffe Road drunk and raising Cain," and loudly proclaiming with the true brag and bluster so characteristic of modern British heroism, how "they took the (water-logged) Bolivar across the bay." It seems, by the way, a favorite condition with Mr. Kipling, when he celebrates acts of manly daring, that his subjects should be mad drunk, and, at any rate, as drunken in their language as possible. But this ballad may pass, that we may turn to the poem "Cleared," in which Mr. Kipling spits all the venom of Cockney ignorance on the Irish party, *à propos* of a certain commission of which we have all heard, and, while saying nothing on the subject of forged letters and cowardly accusations, affirms that Irish patriots are naturally and distinctively murderers, because in the name of patriotism murders have now and then been done. He who loves blood and gore so much, who cannot even follow the soldier home into our streets without celebrating his drunken assaults and savageries, has only hate and loathing for the unhappy nation

which has suffered untold wrong, and which, when all is said and done, has struck back so seldom. In the poem which follows, "An Imperial Rescript," he protests with all his might against any bond of brotherhood among the sons of toil, pledging the strong to work for and help the weak. Here, as elsewhere, he is on the side of all that is ignorant, selfish, base and brutal in the instincts of humanity.

Before proceeding further to estimate Mr. Kipling's contributions, let me glance for a moment at his second book of verse, "The Seven Seas," published a year or two ago. It may be granted at once that it was a distinct advance on its predecessor—more restrained, less vulgar, and much more varied; here and there, indeed, as in the opening "Song of the English," it struck a note of distinct and absolute poetry. But in spite of its unquestionable picturesqueness, and of a certain swing and lit in the go-as-you-please rhythms, it was still characterized by the same indefinable quality of brutality and latent baseness. Many of the poems, such as the "Song of the Banjo," were on the level of the cleverness to be found in the contributions of the "poet" of the *Sporting Times*, known to the occult as the Pink 'Un. The large majority, indeed, were Cockney in spirit, in language, and in inspiration, and one or two, such as "The Ladies" and "The Sergeant's Weddin'," with its significant refrain:—

Cheer for the Sergeant's weddin'—  
Give 'em one cheer more!  
Gray gun-'orses in the lando,  
And a rogue is married to, etc.

were frankly and brutally indecent. The army appeared again in the same ignoble light as before, with the same disregard of all literary luxuries, even of grammar and the aspirate. God, too, loomed largely in these produc-

tions—a Cockney "Gawd" again—chiefly requisitioned for purposes of blasphemy and furious emphasis. There was no glimpse anywhere of sober and self-respecting human beings—only a wild carnival of drunken, bragging, boasting Hooligans in red coats and seamen's jackets, shrieking to the sound of the banjo and applauding the English flag.

Faint almost to inaudibility have been the protests awakened by these Cockney caricatures in the ranks of the army itself. Here and there a mild voice has been heard, but no military man has declared authoritatively that effusions like those which I have quoted are a libel on the service, if not on human nature. Are we to assume, then, that there are no refined gentlemen among our officers, and no honest, self-respecting human beings among their men? Is the life of a soldier, abroad as at home, a succession of savage escapades, bestial amusements, fuddlings, tipplings, and intrigues with other men's wives, redeemed from time to time by acts of brute courage and of *sang froid* in the presence of danger? Is the spirit of Gordon quite forgotten, in the service over which he shed the glory of his illustrious name? If this is really the case, there is surely very little in the Anglo-Saxon military prestige which offers us any security for the stormy times to come. That Englishmen are brave, and capable of brave deeds, is a truism of which we need no longer to be assured; but bravery and brave deeds are not national possessions—they are the prerogative of the militant classes all over the earth. Englishmen in times past were not merely brave, they could be noble and magnanimous; their courage was not only that of the bulldog, but of the patriot, the hero, and even the philanthropist; they had not yet begun to mingle the idea of a national imperialism with the political game of brag.

I am not contending for one moment that the spirit which inspired them then has altogether departed; I am sure, on the contrary, that it is living yet, and living most strongly and influentially in the heart of the army itself; but if this is admitted and believed, it is certain that the Tommy Atkins of Mr. Rudyard Kipling deserves drumming out of all decent barracks as a monstrosity and a rogue.

The truth is, however, that these lamentable productions were concocted, not for sane men or self-respecting soldiers, not even for those who are merely ignorant and uninstructed, but for the "mean whites" of our eastern civilization, the idle and loafing men in the street, and for such women, the well-dressed Doll Tearsheets of our cities, as shriek at their heels. Mr. Kipling's very vocabulary is a purely Cockney vocabulary, even his Irishmen speaking a dialect which would cause amazement in the Emerald Isle, but is familiar enough in Seven Dials. Turning over the leaves of his poems, one is transported at once to the region of low drinking-dens and gin-palaces, of dirty dissipation and drunken brawls; and the voice we hear is always the voice of the soldier, whose God is a Cockney "Gawd," and who is ignorant of the aspirate in either heaven or hell. Are there no Scotchmen in the ranks, no Highlanders, no men from Dublin or Tipperary, no Lancashire or Yorkshire men, no Welshmen, and no men of any description who speak the Queen's English? It would seem not, if the poet of "The Sergeant's Wedding" is to be trusted. Nor have our mercenaries, from the ranks upwards, any one thing, except brute courage, to distinguish them from beasts of the field. This, at least, appears to be Mr. Kipling's contention, and in the service itself it seems to be undisputed.

How, then, are we to account for the extraordinary popularity of works so



contemptible in spirit and so barbarous in execution? In the first place, even fairly-educated readers were sick to death of the insincerities and affectations of the professional "poets," with one or two familiar exceptions, and, falling the advent of a popular singer like Burns, capable of setting to brisk music the simple joys and sorrows of humanity, they turned eagerly to any writer who wrote verse, doggerel even, which seemed thoroughly alive. They were amused, therefore, by the free-and-easy rattles, the jog-trot tunes, which had hitherto been heard only in the music-halls, and read only in the sporting newspapers. In the second place, the spirit abroad to-day is the spirit of ephemeral journalism, and whatever accords with that spirit—its vulgarity, its flippancy, and its radical unintelligence—is certain to attain tremendous vogue. Any thing that demands a moment's thought, or a moment's severe attention—anything that is not thoroughly noisy, blatant, cocksure and self-assertive, is *caviare* to that man in the street on whom cheap journalism depends, and who, it should be said *en passant*, is often a member of smart society. In the third place, Mr. Kipling had the good, or bad, fortune to come at the very moment when the wave of false imperialism was cresting most strongly upward, and when even the great organs of opinion,—organs which, like the Times, subsist entirely on the good or bad passions of the hour—were in sore need of a writer who could express in fairly readable numbers the secret yearnings and sympathies of the baser military and commercial spirit. Mr. Kipling, in a word, although not a poet at all in the true sense of the word, is as near an approach to a poet as can be tolerated by the ephemeral and hasty judgment of this day. His very incapacity of serious thought or deep feeling is in his favor. He represents, with more

or less accuracy, what the mob is thinking, and for this very reason he is likely to be forgotten as swiftly and summarily as he has been applauded; nay, to be judged and condemned as mean and insignificant on grounds quite as hasty as those on which he has been hailed as important and high-minded. Savage animalism and ignorant vainglory being in the ascendant, he is hailed at every street-corner and crowned by every newspaper. Tomorrow, when the wind changes, and the silly crowd is in another and possibly saner temper, he is certain to fare very differently. The misfortune is that his effusions have no real poetical quality to preserve them when their momentary purpose has been served. Of more than one poet of this generation it has been said that "he uttered nothing base." Of Mr. Kipling it may be said, so far at least as his verses are concerned, that he has scarcely, on any single occasion, uttered anything that does not suggest moral baseness, or hover dangerously near it.

That we might not entertain one lingering doubt as to the nature of the spirit which inspires his easy-going muse, Mr. Kipling himself, with a candor for which we cannot be sufficiently thankful, has recently laid bare, in a prose work, the inmost springs of his inspiration; in other words, he has described to us, with fearless and shameless accuracy, in a record of English boyhood, his ideal of the human character in adolescence. Now, there is nothing which so clearly and absolutely represents the nature of a grown man's intelligence as the manner in which he contemplates, looking backward, the feelings and aspirations of youthful days. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," says the author of the immortal Ode, and heaven is still with us very often as we more closely approach to manhood. In Goethe's reminiscences of his childhood we discover, faintly

developing, all that was wisest and most beautiful in a soul which was distinguished, despite many imperfections, by an inherent love of gentleness and wisdom; the eager intelligence, the vision, the curiosity, are all there in every thought and act of an extraordinary child. When Dickens, in "David Copperfield," described under a thin veil of fiction the joys and sorrows of his own boyhood and youth, there welled up out of his great heart a love, a tenderness, a humor which filled the eyes of all humanity with happy tears. When Thackeray touched the same chords, as he did more than once, he was no longer the glorified Jeames of latter-day fiction—he was as kindly, as tender and as loving as even his great contemporary. Even George Elliot, with imaginative gifts so far inferior, reached the height of her artistic achievement when she went back to the emotions of her early days—when, for example, she described the personal relations of Tom and Maggie Tulliver, or when, in the one real poem she ever wrote, she told in sonnet-sequence of the little "Brother and Sister." It would be cruel, even brutal, to talk of Mr. Rudyard Kipling in the same breath as fine artists like these; but all writers, great or little, must finally be judged by the same test—that of the truth and beauty, the sanity or the folly, of their representations of our manifold human nature. Mere truth is not sufficient for art; the truth must be there, but it must be spiritualized and have become beautiful. In "Stalky & Co." Mr. Kipling obviously aims at verisimilitude; the picture he draws is, at any rate, repulsive and disgusting enough to be true; yet I trust, for England's sake, that it is not—that it is, like nearly all his writings, with which I am familiar, merely a savage caricature.

Only the spoilt child of an utterly brutalized public could possibly have written "Stalky & Co.," or, having written it, have dared to publish it. These are strong words, but they can be justified. The story ran, originally, through the pages of a cheap monthly magazine, and contained, I fancy, in its first form, certain passages which the writer himself was compelled, in pure shame, to suppress. Its purpose, almost openly avowed, is to furnish English readers with an antidote to what Mr. Kipling styles *Ericism*, by which label is meant the kind of "sentiment" which was once made familiar to schoolboys by Farrar's "Eric, or Little by Little;" or, to put the matter in other words, the truly ideal school-boy is not a little sentimentalist; he is simply a little beast. The heroes of this deplorable book are three youths, dwelling in a training school near Westward Ho; one of them, the Beetle, reads poetry and wears spectacles, the two others, Stalky and M'Turk, are his bosom companions. This trio are leagued together for purposes of offence and defence against their comrades; they join in no honest play or manly sports, they lounge about, they drink, they smoke, they curse and swear, not like boys at all, but like hideous little men. Owing to their determination to obey their own instincts, and their diabolic ingenuity in revenging themselves on any one who meddles with them, they become a terror to the school. It is quietly suggested, however, that the head-master sympathizes with them, especially in their power to inflict pain wantonly and to bear it stoically, which appears to him the noblest attribute of a human being. It is simply impossible to show by mere quotations the horrible villainess of the book, describing the lives of these three small fiends in human likeness; only a perusal of the whole work would convey to the reader its truly repulsive

\* Stalky & Co. By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan.)

character, and to read the pages through, I fear, would sorely test the stomach of any sensitive reader. The nature of one of the longest and most important episodes may be gathered from the statement that the episode turns on the way in which the three young Hooligans revenge themselves, on a number of their schoolmates who have offended them, by means of a dead and putrefying cat. And here is a sample of the dialogue:

"In his absence not less than half the school invaded the infected dormitory to draw their own conclusions. The cat had gained in the last twelve hours, but a battlefield of the fifth day could not have been so flamboyant as the spies reported.

"My word, she is doin' herself proud," said Stalky. "Did you ever smell anything like it? Ah, and she isn't under White's dormitory at all yet."

"But she will be. Give her time," said Beetle. "She'll twine like a giddy honeysuckle. What howlin' Lazerites they are! No house is justified in makin' itself a stench in the nostrils of decent—"

"High-minded, pure-souled boys. Do you burn with remorse and regret?" said M'Turk as they hastened to meet the house coming up from the sea."

Another equally charming episode is the one describing how a certain plebeian called "Rabbits-Eggs," through the machinations of the trio, wrecked the room of one of the masters, King:—

"*Moi! Je! Ich! Ego!*" gasped Stalky, "I waited till I couldn't hear myself think, while you played the drum! Hid in the coal-locker—and tweaked Rabbits-Eggs—and Rabbits-Eggs rocked King. Wasn't it beautiful? Did you hear the glass?"

"Why, he—he—he," shrieked M'Turk, one trembling finger pointed at Beetle.

"Why, —I—I—I was through it all," Beetle howled; "in his study, being jawed."

"Oh, my soul!" said Stalky with a yell, disappearing under water.

"The—the glass was nothing. Manders minor's head's cut open. La—la—lamp upset all over the rug. Blood on the books and papers. The gum! The gum! The gum! The ink! The ink! Oh, Lord!"

Then Stalky leaped out, all pink as he was, and shook Beetle into some sort of coherence; but his tale prostrated them afresh.

"I punked for the boot-cupboard the second I heard King go down stairs. Beetle tumbled in on top of me. The spare key's hid behind the loose board. There isn't a shadow of evidence," said Stalky. They were all chanting together.

"And he turned us out himself—himself—himself!" This from M'Turk. "He can't begin to suspect us. Oh, Stalky, it's the loveliest thing we've ever done!"

"Gum! Gum! Dollops of gum!" shouted Beetle, his spectacles gleaming through a sea of lather. "Ink and blood all mixed. I held the little beast's head all over the Latin proses for Monday. Golly, how the oil stunk! And Rabbits-Eggs told King to poultice his nose! Did you hit Rabbits-Eggs, Stalky?"

"Did I jolly well not? Tweaked him all over. Did you hear him curse? Oh, I shall be sick in a minute if I don't stop!"

As I have already said, however, the book cannot be represented by extracts. The vulgarity, the brutality, the savagery, reeks on every page. It may be noted as a minor peculiarity that everything, according to our young Hooligans, is "beastly," or "giddy," or "blooming;" adjectives of this sort cropping up everywhere in their conversation, as in that of the savages of the London slums. And the moral of the book—for, of course, like all such banalities, it professes to have a moral,—is, that out of materials like these is fashioned the humanity which is to enoble and preserve our Anglo-Saxon Empire! "India's full of Stalkies,"

says the Beetle, "Cheltenham and Haileybury and Marlborough chaps—that we don't know anything about, and the surprises will begin when there is really a big row on!"

Perhaps, after all, I am unjust to Mr. Kipling in forgetting, for the moment, to credit him with a poet's prophetic vision. For, if "Stalky & Co." was written before and not after recent political developments, it certainly furnishes a foretaste of what has actually happened! The "surprises have begun," although the "rows" have not been very "big" ones, and the souls of Stalky and his companions have been looming large in our Empire. Studying certain latter-day records, indeed, listening to the voice of the Hooligan in politics, in literature, and journalism, is really very like reading "Stalky & Co." Some of our battles, even, faithfully reproduce the "blooming" and "giddy" orgies of the schoolroom, and in not a few of our public affairs there is a "stench" like that of "the dead cat." Yes, there *must* be Stalkies and M'Turks and Beetles working busily, after all, and representing the new spirit which appears to have been begun in the time of Mr. Kipling's boyhood. But whether they really represent the true spirit of our civilization, and make for its salvation, is a question which I will leave my readers to decide.

So much, however, for the voice of the Hooligan, as reverberating in current literature. It is needless to say that it would hardly have been necessary to seriously discuss such literature, if the object was merely to protest on intellectual grounds against its popularity; one might as well examine seriously the current contributions to *Answers* and the *Sporting Times*, or hold up to artistic execration the topical songs of a Drury-Lane pantomime. But even a straw may indicate the direction in which the wind is blowing,

and the vogue of Mr. Kipling, the cheerful acceptance of his banalities, by even educated people, is so sure a sign of the times that it deserves and needs a passing consideration. Behind that vogue lies, first and foremost, the influence of the newspaper press, and I cannot do better than quote in this connection some pregnant words contained in a recent work by a writer of undoubted insight, Mr. George Gissing: "A wise autocrat might well prohibit newspapers altogether, don't you think?" says one of Mr. Gissing's characters. "They have done good, I suppose, but they are just as likely to do harm. When the next great war comes, newspapers will be the chief cause of it. And for mere profit, that's the worst! There are newspaper proprietors in every country who would slaughter half mankind for the pennies of the half that are left, without caring the fraction of a penny whether they had preached war for a truth or a lie." "But doesn't a newspaper," demands another character, "simply echo the opinions and feelings of the public?" "I am afraid," is the reply, "it manufactures opinions and stirs up feeling. . . . The business of newspapers in general is to give a show of importance to what has no real importance at all, to prevent the world from living quietly, to arouse bitterness, when the natural man would be quite indifferent. . . . I suppose I quarrel with them because they have such gigantic power and don't make anything like the best use of it."<sup>4</sup> If this statement is accepted as true, and few readers who have studied the recent developments of journalism, will be inclined to doubt it, it will be understood at once how the popularity of Mr. Kipling has been accelerated by "that mighty engine," the newspaper press.

It is no purpose of mine, in the pres-

<sup>4</sup> *The Crown of Life.* By George Gissing. (Methuen & Co.)

ent paper, to touch on political questions, except so far as they illustrate the movements of that back-wave towards barbarism, on which, as I have suggested, we are now struggling. I write neither as a Banjo-Imperialist nor as a Little Englander, but simply as a citizen of a great nation who loves his country, and would gladly see it honored and respected wherever the English tongue is spoken. It will scarcely be denied—indeed it is frankly admitted by all parties—that the Hooligan spirit of patriotism, the fierce and quasi-savage militant spirit, as expressed in many London newspapers and in such literature as the writings of Mr. Kipling, has measurably lowered the affection and respect once felt for us among European nations. Nor will any honest thinker combat the assertion that we have exhibited lately, in our dealings with other nationalities, a greed of gain, a vain-glory, a cruelty, and a boastful indifference to the rights of others, of which—in days when the old philanthropic spirit was abroad—we should simply have been incapable. But it is not here, in the region of politics and militarism, that I wish to linger. My chief object in writing this paper has been to express my sorrow that Hooliganism, not satisfied with invading our newspapers, should already threaten to corrupt the pure springs of our literature. These noisy strains and coarse importations from the music-hall should not be heard where the fountains of intellectual light and beauty once played, where Chaucer and Shakespeare once drank inspiration, and where Wordsworth, Hood, and Shelley found messages for the yearning hearts of men. Anywhere but there; anywhere but in the speech of those who loved and blessed their fellows. And let it be remembered that those fountains are not yet dry. Poets and dreamers are living yet, to resent the pollution. Only a little while

ago the one living novelist who inherits the great human tradition tore out his very heart, figuratively speaking, in revolt against the spirit of savagery and cruelty which is abroad; though when Thomas Hardy wrote "Jude, the Obscure," touching therein the very quick of divine pity, only a coarse laugh from the professional critics greeted his protest. Elsewhere, too, there are voices not to be silenced by the clamor of the crowd; as near as our own shores, where Herbert Spencer is still dwelling; as far away as South Africa, where Olive Schreiner has sought and found human love in the dominion of dreams; and there are others, shrinking away in shame from the brazen idols of the Mart, and praying that this great Empire may yet be warned and saved. To one and all of these has been brought home the lesson—"Woe to you when the world speaks well of you!" and they have elected to let the world speak ill of them rather than bow down in homage to its calves of gold. For, to speak the truth as we see it—to confront the evil and folly of the hour—is as dangerous to-day as when Socrates drank his hemlock-cup.

I have left myself no space, I find, to draw a final contrast between the coarse and soulless patriotism of the hour and that nobler imperialism in which all true Englishmen, to whatever political camp they may belong for the time being, must still believe. In the federation of Great Britain and her colonies, and in the slow and sure spread of what is best and purest in our civilization, there was indeed hope and inspiration for our race, and a message of freedom for all the world. But true imperialism has nothing in common with the mere lust of conquest, with the vulgar idea of mere expansion, or with the increase of the spirit of mercenary militarism; its object is to diffuse light, not to darken the sunshine; to feed the toiling millions, not



to immolate them; to free man, not to enslave him; to consecrate and not to desecrate the great temple of humanity. Some of its ways, like the ways of nature herself, must inevitably be destructive; the weaker and baser races must sooner or later dissolve away; but the process of dissolution should be made as gentle and merciful as possible—not savage, pitiless, and cruel. True imperialism should be strong, but the strength should be that of justice, of wisdom, of brotherly love and sympathy; for the power which is bred of a mere multitude equipped with the engines of slaughter will, in the long run, avail nothing against the eternal law which determines that the righteous only shall inherit the earth. We are a people still, though we seem, for the time being, to be forgetting the conditions on which we received our charter, and deep in the heart of England survives the sentiment of a world-wide nationality, as expressed in the passionate lines of a modern poet:—

Hands across the Sea!  
Feet on British ground!  
The Motherhood means Brotherhood  
the whole world round!  
From the parent root,  
Sap, and stem, and fruit  
Grow the same, or soil or name,—  
Hands across the sea!

There sounds the true imperial feeling, which will survive, I think, long after the repulsive school of patriotism which I have called (for want of a better name) the Hooligan school, is silent and forgotten. Let me, at least, hope that it may be so—that Englishmen, after their present wild orgy of militant savagery, may become clothed and in their right minds. There is time to pause yet, although they are already paying the penalty—in blood, in tears, in shame. Let them take warning by the fate of France, let them try to remember the old sanctions and the old enthusiasms; for if they continue to forget them they are in danger of being swept back into the vortex of barbarism altogether.

*Robert Buchanan.*

*The Contemporary Review.*

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## PENUMBRA.

The far indifferent blue of night  
Broods on the marshes, faintly green,  
Velled in the soft ambiguous light  
Of evening vapor whitely cool,  
Dreaming over the slumbering pool,  
Wrapping the rushes in between.  
The rushes rustling through the night.

Night is brooding over the sky,  
And in the heart of the shrouded lake;  
The bat quivers in silence by;  
The sound of frogs jars and is still,  
Elusive, like a faery mill;  
And hesitating stars awake  
Dimly about a dreaming sky.

*A. Bernard Miall.*

## A ROMANCE IN SCHOLARSHIP.

In the winter of 1895-6 two learned ladies, Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Gibson, were travelling in Southern Palestine in further search of Syriac manuscripts, in the acquisition of which they had previously done great service to New Testament scholarship, by discovering an unknown Syriac text of the Gospels. Among the manuscripts thus obtained there was a bundle of fragments, mostly written in Hebrew, which, on their return to their Cambridge home, they naturally submitted to their friend, Dr. (now Prof.) S. Schechter, reader in Rabbinic in the University of Cambridge, and Professor of Hebrew at University College, London.

Now, fragments of manuscripts are notoriously most difficult to identify, however skilled the examiner. In the case of Rabbinic literature, there are variations in language and mode of treatment which enable the expert to determine roughly the period at which a particular piece of Hebrew prose or Hebrew poetry was written, but the wide extent of that literature renders it very improbable that, unless the fragment is from some well-known work, its exact *provenance* can be determined. For one whole period—that intervening between the close of the Canon of the Old Testament and the composition of the Mishnah, the foundation text of the Talmud—practically no remains of German are extant, and the development of the language during that period of at least four hundred years (250 B. C. to 150 A. D.) can only be guessed at from the stage reached in the Mishnah. Not that the Jewish mind was inactive during that period, but the sole remains of its activity are represented by the books known as the Apocrypha of the Old Testament, now

extant in Greek, but suspected in many cases of being translated from the Hebrew. These, up to the rise of Protestantism, were regarded as integral parts of the Bible by all Christendom, and even to the present day are recognized as useful "for the instruction of the faithful," if not of binding revelational authority. A revised version of the English translation of the Apocrypha was produced as late as 1895 by the same company of Revisers as had given a new version of the Old and New Testaments.

The Jews themselves have somewhat unaccountably neglected the study of the Apocrypha, though they represent for them the sole remains of their national literature during so long a period of their history. Accordingly very few Jewish scholars devote much attention to them, and it is the rarest thing in the world for a person versed in Rabbinic literature to have aught but a passing acquaintance with the Apocrypha. It happened, however, that, by a curious chance, the attention of Jewish scholars had been quite recently drawn to one particular book of the Apocrypha—that known as the wisdom of Sirach, or Ecclesiasticus, not because of its connection with Ecclesiastes (for it is more analogous to the Book of Proverbs), but because of its suitability for ecclesiastical use in churches. Prof. D. S. Margoliouth, in his inaugural lecture as Laudian Professor of Arabic in the University of Oxford, had revived interest in this book by attempting to re-write the original Hebrew, for in this one case we have definite proof in the Prologue that it was originally written in the sacred tongue. Now it happens that there are a few quotations from a Hebrew version of Ecclesiasticus scattered through the Talmud

and other early portions of Rabbinic literature, and Dr. Schechter collected these together and published them in the *Jewish Quarterly Review* in 1891. He was probably the only Jewish scholar living who had thus been prepared by previous inquiry to identify a Hebrew version of any portion of *The Wisdom of Sirach*.

It happened that, among the many fragments contained in the bundle submitted to Dr. Schechter, there was one leaf, much torn and smudged, and scarcely legible to any but the most expert eyes, yet Dr. Schechter at once identified it as a Hebrew version of *Ecclesiasticus* xxxix. 15; xl. 8. After all its travels through the ages, and after traversing a whole continent, the insignificant fragment had, by the luckiest of chances, fallen into the hands of the one man prepared by his previous studies to identify it, and it was as if a lost page of the Bible had been restored by modern scholarship.

This fortunate and remarkable discovery has led to others, almost equally remarkable. It was not difficult to guess the *provenance* of the Lewis-Gibson fragment. One of the oldest Jewish communities in the world is that of Cairo, which has persisted throughout the many vicissitudes of Egypt up to the present day. Now, it is a custom among Jews never, if possible, to destroy any portion of a manuscript written in the holy tongue. Attached to most of the synagogues of the East, at least, there is a receptacle known as the *Genizah*, in which are deposited all Hebrew writings, which, owing to imperfections of different kinds, are no longer of any use. It had become known that the *Genizah* of the Cairo synagogue possessed an exceptional number of these disused manuscripts, and leakages from it had found their way from it to European libraries, especially since the English occupation of Egypt. Many of these fragments have been acquired

by the Bodleian, and Dr. Schechter's discovery naturally set the curator of the Hebrew manuscripts in that repository, Dr. Neubauer, in search for further portions of the Hebrew of *Ecclesiasticus*. The search was almost immediately successful. Nine more leaves immediately following the Lewis-Gibson fragment, and containing the Hebrew of *Ecclesiasticus* xl. 9,—xlix. 11, were identified by Dr. Neubauer, and published by him and Dr. Cowley at the Clarendon Press, not much more than six months later than Dr. Schechter's discovery. The publication has naturally roused unusual interest among Biblical scholars, and was followed by editions for the use of the German learned public by Drs. Smend and Schlatter, and for the French *savants* by MM. Joseph Halevy and Israel Lévi.

Dr. Schechter now conceived the happy idea of applying to the fountain-head, and without any resort to surreptitious means to ascertain whether any more fragments of *Ecclesiasticus* were left in the *Genizah* at Cairo. His application was met in the most liberal manner by the Chief Rabbi and Warden of the Jewish community of Cairo, who, on his personal application in the ancient city, placed at his disposal the treasures of their *Genizah*. This was little more than a dark hole in the loft of the Cairo synagogue, covered literally with the dust of centuries, and Dr. Schechter for several weeks devoted himself to the preliminary examination of the masses of documents that had slumbered peacefully through all the centuries of Cairene history, awaiting their resurrection at his hands. Rejecting those that seemed of little value, Dr. Schechter carried away with him many thousand fragments, which have now been presented to the University Library of Cambridge in his name and that of Dr. Taylor, Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, who

has throughout taken the deepest interest in these enquiries.

Diligent search among the treasures thus removed to Cambridge revealed a number of literary treasures of exceptional interest to the student of Rabbinic literature; among others, autograph letters and juristical responses of the great Maimonides. Above all, Dr. Schechter was successful in discovering further leaves of the same MS. of *Ecclesiasticus*, including, by a lucky chance, the last leaf of all, which, as will later on be seen, is of crucial importance for the criticism of the Apocryphal book. Here, again, chance played some very fortunate pranks. The Oxford fragments had turned out to be continuous with the odd scrap discovered by Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Gibson, and running on consecutively from xl. 9 to xlix. 11. Dr. Schechter's new discoveries consisted of four leaves, containing passages from xxx. 11, almost up to the verge of the Oxford MS., but with two serious blanks, while the remaining three leaves, obviously from the same manuscript, took up the tale from where the Oxford fragments left it to the end of the book. Again chance intervened, and among the scraps of Hebrew recently acquired at the British Museum the missing leaves of Prof. Schechter's new discovery were found, so that practically the whole of the latter portion of the book, from chapter xxx. to the end, has been recovered, though scattered from Cairo to such different quarters as Southern Palestine, Oxford, Cambridge and London. In addition to these continuous passages, all from the same manuscript, Professor Schechter was fortunate enough to discover four other leaves of a different text (termed by him MS. A.) including scattered fragments from ii. 6 to xvi. 26,

and has just published the whole of his discoveries with the requisite critical apparatus and an accurate English translation by Dr. Taylor.<sup>1</sup> There is every hope that other leaves of the two manuscripts may turn up, and practically complete the Hebrew text of *Ecclesiasticus*. As it is, more than three-fifths of it have been already recovered.

The remarkable coincidences that have combined to help in this recovery do not exhaust the resources of the "long arm." As recently as 1882 Professor Bickell, well-known for somewhat hazardous reconstructions of *Ecclesiastes* and *Job*, suggested that the last eighteen verses of the Book of *Ecclesiasticus* contained a sort of alphabetic psalm, analogous to the similar alphabetic encomium on the *Virtuous Woman* with which concludes the Book of Proverbs, the model on which *Ecclesiasticus* is formed. He was daring enough to restore from the Greek text the original Hebrew, so as to make it an acrostic, the letters beginning each successive line being those of the Hebrew alphabet, in order. It is well known that some of the later Psalms are of this character, *e. g.*, Ps. 119, and strangely enough there exist in Rabbinic literature, no less than two "Alphabets of Ben Sira," showing by their very title a Rabbinic tradition confirming Prof. Bickell's suggestion. The newly-restored text confirms his reconstruction, at least as to the opening words, in nearly half the number of cases. This is certainly a triumph of critical ingenuity on which Professor Bickell is to be congratulated.

Another scholar has attempted a reconstruction of the original Hebrew, but not with such success. Professor Margollouth, to whom I have already referred, was of opinion that the original Hebrew of *Ecclesiasticus*, when

<sup>1</sup> The Wisdom of Ben Sira: Portions of the Book *Ecclesiasticus*. Edited by S. Schechter,

M.A., Litt.D., and C. Taylor, D.D. Cambridge University Press: 1899.

discovered, would show signs of metrical arrangement, and he had attempted to restore a couple of passages on the lines of his theory. One passage has turned up in the newly-discovered text, but though confirming in some degree Professor Margollouth's re-construction, nowhere exhibits traces of that metrical arrangement which he had prophesied before the recent discoveries. It is, perhaps, not altogether to be wondered at that Professor Margollouth now stoutly contends that the new text is not the original at all, but merely a re-translation into Hebrew. His ingenuity even goes further, and he would explain the exact process by which the re-translator set to work. He suggests that a Persian Jew, hearing from a Christian friend of the interest in the book, obtained the Syriac version of it, and getting a friend who knew Greek to translate the Greek text into Persian, he thereupon composed the recently-discovered text with the aid of the two versions, the Syriac and the Greco-Persian. This, according to Professor Margollouth, would explain the resemblance of the present Hebrew at one time to the Syriac, and at another time to the Greek, while at others the text represents mistakes made by the Persian friend of the re-translator (probably a Christian) in translating from the Greek. Not even M. Bertillon could be more ingenious; it certainly strikes an outsider as much too ingenious, and it is at once put out of court by the simple statement in one of the glosses that one of the manuscripts used by the copyist finished at a certain point; in other words, the variants are of two MSS. not of two versions. The existence of long passages of the Hebrew, which do not occur either in the Syriac or in the Greek, is also a crushing evidence against Professor Margollouth's ingenuity.

Yet it would be idle to deny that there are certain aspects of the new

text which cause one to wonder whether it adequately represents the original. From a rough calculation I have made, there are something like sixty-seven verses, or parts of verses, in which the Hebrew has no equivalent in the Greek; but, on the other hand, there are, according to my calculation, no less than seventy-one cases where the opposite holds. The Hebrew itself is of a somewhat remarkable character; not alone does it directly imitate the books of the Bible, but it does so in a way which is familiar to quite late Rabbinic Hebrew in the post-Talmudic period, and is not found in the intervening period. Again, there are a large number of passages in the Talmud and the Midrashic literature quoted from Ben Sira, yet of over sixty that are enumerated in Messrs. Cowley and Neubauer's edition, very few indeed are found in the present version, and rarely in verbal agreement with it. Even the writer of the manuscript observed their absence—almost by itself a sufficient proof that he was not the author of the version. The use made of Scripture by the writer, again, is quite of a Rabbinic character, and betrays traces of the allegorical exegesis which is found in so much profusion among the Talmudic Rabbis, and later on had so much influence in the Church. All this, so far as it goes, would seem to indicate rather a re-translation in Rabbinic times than a mere copy of the Hebrew original. A similar re-translation is known of the book of Tobit, so that the possibility of such a process is empirically proved.

But against all these objections may be put counter-arguments which practically nullify them, whereas there are positive arguments which render it almost impossible that the recently-discovered text is not immediately related to the original Hebrew from which Jesus ben Sirach translated Ecclesiasticus into Greek. As regards the omis-



sions in the Hebrew of passages found in the Greek, this is only evidence of two families of texts, of which we have independent evidence elsewhere in the old Latin and Syriac versions. If the Hebrew is a distinct imitation of Biblical Hebrew, the original character of this imitation can be traced in the Greek version; and besides, as Dr. Taylor points out, the Greek translator himself, in his interesting prologue, declared that his grandfather had obtained "great familiarity with the Law and the Prophets and other books," and "was drawn on also himself to write somewhat." That the quotations from Ben Sira in the Talmud do not occur in the Hebrew text, is only further evidence of its faulty state. The "mosaic" use of Scripture passages in making up the text, which is found later on in Rabbinic literature (but not during the Talmudic times) can also be traced in the original of the Greek text, though, of course, not with such clearness. As for the use of the Hagada, or homiletic exegesis of Biblical passages, it was possible that this had developed as early as Sirach's date, since we find the beginnings of it in the later Biblical books, and almost fully developed in Philo.

On the other hand, the more positive evidence of the original character of the present Hebrew text—or, perhaps we should say, the text from which it is derived—is shown by many convincing pieces of evidence, both internal and external. We know that such a Hebrew original existed late down in the Middle Ages, for not alone is it quoted with almost the force of Scripture by the Talmud, but St. Jerome had seen it ("Hebraicum reperi," he says), while Saadyah the Gaon (Excellence), who was born in Egypt about 880, and died at Bagdad about 942, distinctly refers to a copy he had seen, and mentions that it was written with the same apparatus of critical marks as was only

given to books of scriptural authority. Now, one of the MSS. discovered by Professor Schechter gives the text arranged in stichol, just as the Psalms or Proverbs are arranged in Hebrew Biblical MSS., while it is attributed, both by Saadyah and the present text, to Simon ben Joshua ben Eleazar ben Sira, whereas the Greek text, written by the grandson of the original author, omits the name Simon and calls him simply Jesus ben Sirach. It is at once obvious from this that the Hebrew cannot have been derived either from the Greek or from the Syriac, which follows the Greek in this particular.

But it is the evidently closer relation to the original shown by the additional passages of the newly-recovered text, which proves it most conclusively to be immediately connected with that from which the Greek translator derived his version. An instance may be taken from the first leaf discovered by Professor Schechter—*Ecclesi xxxix.*, 29-31.

#### GREEK.

Fire and hail, and famine, and death,  
All these are created for vengeance;  
Teeth of wild beasts, and scorpions  
and adders,  
And a sword punishing the ungodly  
unto destruction.  
They shall rejoice in His command-  
ment,  
And shall be made ready upon earth,  
when need is;  
And in their seasons they shall not  
transgress His word.

#### HEBREW.

Fire and hail, evil and pestilence, these  
also are [formed] for judgment.  
Beast of tooth, scorpion and cobra, and  
a sword of vengeance to ban  
[the wicked].  
All these are created for their uses,  
and they are in His treasure-  
house, against the time when  
they are required.  
When He commandeth them they re-  
joice, and in their prescribed  
tasks they rebel not against His  
word.

This is a part of an argument to prove that all things are good, and is intended to answer the obvious question which all of us have asked: What is the good of serpents and other venomous things? The argument is much clearer in the Hebrew than in the Greek.

But it is especially in the newly-recovered hymn on the last leaf of MS. B that the evidence of originality is strongest. This begins:—

"O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good;  
For His mercy endureth for ever;"

and continues giving thanks, after the model of Psalm cxxxvi., "to the God of praises," "unto Him that keepeth Israel," "unto Him that formeth all," "unto Him that redeemeth Israel," "unto Him that gathereth the outcasts of Israel," "unto Him that buildeth His city and His sanctuary," "unto Him that maketh the horn of the house of David to bud"—and then has this remarkable line:—

"O give thanks unto Him that chose the sons of Zadok to be priests."

Now, the priests of the line of Zadok practically ruled Judaea during the late Persian and Greek period, up to the time of the Maccabees, when the Zadokite high-priests took the side of the "ungodly" Hellenising party, and were replaced by the Asmonæans, about 160 B. C. It is practically impossible that a pious writer later than that date should have contemplated the continuance of the priesthood of the Zadokite family, and quite inconceivable that a re-translator of the tenth century would have thought of them at all. Professor Schechter ingeniously suggests that the whole Psalm was omitted by the grandson of the original writer just because of this unpopularity of the Zadokites during the Maccabean per-

iod,<sup>2</sup> and altogether the existence of this line gives by itself ample proof of the original character of the newly-discovered text.

It does more; it throws a light upon the character of the book which will make it of primary importance for the history of Jewish religious development between the two Testaments. Biblical scholars have for some time been convinced that the somewhat mysterious sect of the Sadducees were, at any rate in name, connected with the party which held with the Zadokite high-priests, so that "Sadducee" is merely a Greek spelling of "Zadokite." Even before the discovery of our text it had been suggested by Geiger that the Wisdom of Sirach was really a Sadducean book, and was for this reason ultimately removed by the Pharisaic Doctors of the Talmud from the canon, for which it had so many claims. The Talmud betrays evidence of a long continued dispute on the point whether Sirach "rendered the hands unclean," *i. e.*, was regarded as a holy book, and thus taboo. This marked reference to the sons of Zadok in Simon ben Sira's Hymn shows clearly that he was of the old-fashioned party, who laid the greatest stress upon the words of scripture, and regarded the question of a future life as one not affecting either religion or morality. In his eschatology Hades appears to be a place of eternal sleep; for him Death was already dead. The Wisdom of Sirach will henceforth be regarded as the Wisdom of the Sadducees.

That intense veneration for the words of Scripture which was characteristic of the Sadducees, and is shown so clearly in the Hebrew of Ecclesiasticus recently discovered, raises an important question which will probably render it

<sup>2</sup> This would also explain, I would suggest, his omission of the reference to the continuance of the high priesthood in Simon's line, given by the new Hebrew text of I. 24, and in the Syriac, but omitted in the Greek.

discovery epoch-making in the history of Biblical criticism. According to Jewish tradition, the canon of Scripture was closed about 300 B. C. by Simon the Just, one of the last men of the "Great Synagogue." Now, during the last fifty years a succession of higher critics (including Hitzig, Olshausen, Professors Cheyne and Wellhausen, and even such cautious writers as Professors Delitzsch, Dillmann, and Driver) have contended that the date for the close of the canon must be put much later. They fixed the date of Daniel at about 164 B. C., and, encouraged by this triumph of critical ingenuity, have brought down the dates of several other books, and many of the Psalms, within the second century B. C. They are almost all agreed, for example, that Psalms xlv., lxxiv., and cxlviii., were written in the Maccabean period, after 160 B. C. Now Professor Schechter, in his admirable introduction, has drawn out an elaborate list of the quotations from the Bible occurring in the newly-discovered fragments, and finds them extending over the whole of the Biblical books, *with the sole exception of the Book of Daniel*. No less than eighty-seven quotations or parallels are found from the Psalms, ranging over the whole five books of them, and including those just mentioned, which have been so authoritatively attributed to the Maccabean period. Professor Schechter's discovery has at once negatived this, and goes far to rehabilitate the old Jewish tradition of the fixation of the Old Testament canon about 300 B. C.

Much here depends upon the date to be attributed to the original of Ecclesiasticus. Here, again, we meet with that curious set of coincidences which, as we have seen, have occurred so frequently in the external fate of the book. There are two references in the Greek text which would seem to fix the date: the Greek translator speaks of himself

as writing in the thirty-eighth year of the King Euergetes, while in the text itself there is an eulogium of the high-priest Simon, son of Onias. It is very tantalizing, but the fact remains, that there were two kings named Ptolemy Euergetes, and there were two high-priests named Simon, son of Onias. Euergetes I. reigned from 247 to 222 B. C.; Simon I. died about 280 B. C.; Euergetes II. reigned from 170 to 116 B. C., and Simon II. died about 200 B. C. We might accordingly make the grandson Jesus live under Euergetes I., and his grandfather, Simon ben Sira, refer to Simon I., or take the later alternatives. Almost all scholars have adopted this second alternative, for the reason that it enables them to give an exact date for the Greek version, since only Euergetes II. had a thirty-eighth year of his reign, which would correspond to 132 B. C. The Simon referred to in the text would therefore be Simon II., who died about 200 B. C., and the date of the Hebrew text would consequently be a few years later than that. Professor Schechter—perhaps naturally—is inclined to adopt the former alternative, and thus date his Hebrew text about 280 B. C. This would render his case stronger against the Higher Criticism, but would scarcely allow for the strong Rabbinic character of the Hebrew, which approximates so closely to that of the Mishnah of the second century A. D., and to my mind scarcely allows for sufficient growth of such reverence for the Biblical text as is shown in the recently-discovered original. But whether Simon ben Sira lived in 190 or 280 B. C., it would be impossible for him to quote Maccabean Psalms posterior to 160 B. C., so either date is equally awkward for the Higher Critics.

Altogether, therefore, it would seem impossible to exaggerate the interest and importance of the recent discovery. It seems destined to throw light upon

the fixation of the Old Testament canon, upon the development of Hebrew between the Old Testament and the Talmud, upon the theology of the Sadducees, while incidentally it will give pause to those who have so confidently attempted to revise the Hebrew text of the Old Testament from the Septuagint Version, as well as to those Higher Critics who have been so positive about

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dating separate Psalms. In short, it will do much towards filling up the blank pages between the Old and New Testaments, while, quite apart from this intrinsic interest, the circumstances surrounding the discovery of the Hebrew text of Ecclesiasticus must always constitute a romantic chapter in the history of Biblical scholarship.

*Joseph Jacobs.*

## CITIES OF THE FAR EAST.\*

### I.

#### SINGAPORE AND HONG KONG.

Singapore, Oct. 3d, 1897.

I came near never reaching Singapore. It was all the fault of a young lady from Holland, who had been married by proxy. This tall girl, with her complexion of lilies and roses—journalist, novelist, musician and amateur painter—whose blonde head was ever seen emerging from clouds of lace, was going out to join a playmate of her infancy, whom she had not seen for six or seven years, but who, for a month or so, had considered himself her husband. There was a romantic charm about our fair fellow-traveller which greatly beguiled the tedium of the voyage. She affected strength of mind and a fine freedom from old illusions; but the new possessed her to such a degree that she would have been quite spoiled if her eyes had been less bright, and the smile upon her cherry lips less frank and winning. When, from the height of her feminist theories, she discoursed to us of marriage, we used to be afraid that she intended to avenge upon her future lord all the wrongs inflicted in all ages upon women by the selfishness of man. She was

entering the wedded state with the scales of justice nicely poised in her hand, and a threat of divorce upon her lips.

As our days on shipboard slipped away, it was evident that her daring spirit quailed a little before the image of the husband, whom she did not very clearly recollect. But she was, at least, firmly resolved not to imitate those inexperienced and silly young creatures who fling themselves headforemost into the enemy's arms.

We were coasting the green island of Sumatra. The sun was rising, and islands of the archipelago, which is entered through the Straits of Malacca, lay here and there amid the warm and heavy billows of the Indian Sea, bathed in the languid light of spring. Not until afterward did I recall the fringe of faint blue tree-tops on the horizon-line, the villages twinkling amid their tall shrubbery, the cabins on piles, peeping out from waving leafage, and reflected in the blue waters of the flower-garlanded bay. I had eyes only for the strange maiden, where she leaned over the prow of the ship, her laces fluttering around her head like a flock of doves. Big-bellied junks were gliding about us—curious craft, surmounted by grinning lines of grotesque human masks—canoes and flotillas of Chinese and Ma-

\* Translated for the *Eclectic Magazine*.

layan rafts. All at once I detected the waving of a pair of bare arms, quite red in the sunshine, and the figure of a man in white detached itself from the mass of gravely-gesticulating creatures clad in brilliant rags, and came forward to the very edge of the quay, bare-headed, with a pith helmet held between his thumb and forefinger. It was *he*, and he had recognized *her*, though as yet they could only see one another's profiles, distinctly outlined in the rarified air of the bright, hot morning. She, too, advanced, with all her soul in her eyes, as fast as the motion of the ship would permit; her theories, her arguments, her prudence, her apprehensions, and her categorical statements, all dissolving in the kisses which she flung him, by handfuls, over the netting.

"There he is! Oh, my dear—" and suddenly perceiving that he was uncovered, and oblivious, for her sake, of the perils of the tropic sun, she cried out, before she had come within hearing, in a voice which had fully recovered the accent of feminine authority:

"Put on your hat, this moment!"

Their kisses, their wet-eyed laughter, their ardent joy, our ship coming to port with love at the prow, and the shining city wreathed in vegetation less grandiose than that of Ceylon, but more hospitable; the darksome forests looking as innocent in the fresh morning light as orchards in fairy-land; the sea streaked in every direction by the passage of fantastic, red-sailed boats;—all these things go to make up a first impression of Singapore, which it is a delight to me to recall and record under the early starlight of my first evening here.

I am still too much under the wonderful spell of Colombo to be greatly astonished by anything in this new place. I was haunted by the memory of what I had left behind me there, as I drove into the town by a shady,

flowery road, with marshes on either side, and the little hamlets very like Cingalese villages. There is nothing remarkable about the European quarter except the massive grandeur of the banks.

The omnipotence of money is affirmed in every line of these sculptured and stifling-hot palaces, whose thresholds are haunted by representatives of every nation upon earth. The Protestant temples, with their dry and meagre architecture, look out of place under a sky of cobalt blue; while here, as at Colombo, the great hotels amid their gardens, the great villas behind their iron gates, with lawn-tennis going on everywhere in the golden shadow of the exuberant shrubbery, all combine to present a complete picture of English life, with its rigid religion, its passion for sport, and its immense aptitude for physical comfort. Add to these things a museum, where the stuffed creatures—panthers, tigers, dwarf elephants, and snakes of every description—produce a most melancholy effect in the midst of the sunny halls, only two steps away from their primeval forests; and a botanical garden, which looks down upon the whole town, and would be almost as fine as the Peradenya of Kandy—if the trees only cast any shadow. The impression it has left on my mind is that of a scorching solitude of lawns, magnificently broad and sad, long winding walks, and pitiful palm-trees, all red at the tips.

We also visited a hot-house for orchids. The flowers, with all their hues intensified in the sunshine, seemed aglow with a kind of baleful life, diffusing an unparalleled splendor. Sniffing, at no great distance, the odors of a menagerie, I had a passing hope that there I might see, caged indeed, but comparatively fresh from their lairs, and inhaling with wide nostrils the effluvia of their native home, some



of those wondrous beasts whose bastard brothers constitute the attraction of our zoological gardens and travelling circuses. Alas! a skinny ape or two, a single eagle, a few waders, and two immense pythons asleep in the mud, whom we could not wake even by poking them with our sticks between the bars of their cage, represented the entire fauna of these roaring and venomous isles.

But the chief interest of Singapore lies neither in its gardens nor in its buildings, nor even in that harbor which receives the strangest shipping in the world. This little island which the Sultan of Johore sold to the English, and of which they have made the Gibraltar of the Far East, affords the unexpected spectacle of a Chinese colony. The quarter of the banks and hotels, of the churches, the court-house and the Temperance Club, is surrounded by streets where the roofs are shaped like the keels of boats, and the houses are painted blue and adorned by dangling signs with letters of gold. Not only does living China overflow the streets and squares, but the Chinese dead besiege the isolated villas; and their cemeteries invade the shady groves upon the surrounding hill-tops. Tombs, looking, at a distance, like wayside fountains and shining like falence, —very pretty tombs, with low, round columns, stand ranged along the grassy slopes, or twinkle in the sunshine all about untilled fields.

The different Asiatic races all meet at Singapore, constituting as motley a populace as the crowds that swarm in the realistic penumbra of the "Thousand and One Nights;" but the waves meet without mingling, and the Chinaman is not submerged. There are Malays with prominent jaws, drowsy, but vindictive; excellent coachmen, but when their masters discharge them they come back by night and cut the horses' hamstrings. There are

Hindoos from Pondicherry, who are, for the most part, laundrymen; and Siamese with skeleton faces, covered tightly with yellow skin. There are Bengalese, in their many-colored robes; and Arabs, invariably serious, as though they felt themselves personally responsible for the beauty of their race; and men from Java, both negroes and Jews, who always appear as adjuncts of the Chinese; either commanding or commanded, paying or paid by them. The rest of the world lives by and for the Chinaman. He loads the vessels with coal and his caravans embark upon them. He draws the jinrikisha, and sprawls over the cushions of the landaus. He is the indispensable slave and the irresistible master; the exploiter and the exploited. He will not suffer the slightest infringement of his traditions, or mitigation of his hereditary filth. The coolies all but went on strike rather than conform to the simplest requirements of cleanliness and hygiene. And they positively defy death, by their fecundity.

The English themselves yield the front of the stage to the Chinese, and are content to play ball in the background and be beaten by the Oriental at horse-racing. I was told that out of ten recent races, the Chinese have won seven. The Germans flatter these canny tradesmen, who calmly offer for sale the most bare-faced counterfeits. They keep both the meanest shops and the richest bazars, and they never persecute the traveller. They wait for him without impatience, receive him without enthusiasm, and fleece him without haste; being saving of their strength and sure of their affair. Foreigners are decidedly repugnant to them. Their moon-faces, melancholy or vacant as the case may be, all exclude, when they come in contact with a stranger, a contempt which is felt through all their politeness. They always contrive, by some sly, childish

trick or other, to humiliate us before them, to flatter their own vanity in some mysterious way without compromising their interests. I know no other people, except the English, who give one, at first sight, so marked an impression of pride and self-confidence. The stuffs in which they envelop themselves, their thick-soled slippers, their long floating queues, all seem to enhance their personal importance. Women of the lower classes—the only ones whom one meets in the streets, wearing black pantaloons and blouses so sleek that in the full sunshine they appear as though bathed in a kind of moist radiance—stalk abroad with matronly assurance, their hands on their hips and their stomachs protruding.

Tall merchants in silk robes move rapidly about, fan in hand, head up, forehead anxious, and nostrils dilated like those of dogs following the scent. And what a variety of types—from the bestial ugliness of flat and shapeless mugs to the pale, oval countenance of the disdainful young Adonis! All the women I have seen were either plain or positively hideous; many of the men, the young men especially, have a certain indolent grace, and their lips, which are more mobile than their eyes, wear an expression of haughty scepticism. They walk with heads a little advanced, and arms enveloped in their big Pierrot sleeves, paying no attention to what goes on about them. I have a notion that they despise other Asiatics, almost as much as they do Europeans.

The streets and shops overflow with a busy throng. There are but few beggars, very little apparent misery, very little noise. Through the windows of the Chinese houses, which have a projecting upper story, supported by painted wooden pillars, one catches glimpses of sumptuous interiors with massive gilt furniture. Along the streets wind carts drawn by clumsy *zébus* and laden with crimson wood, closed carriages

with blinds to which small horses are harnessed, and jinrikishas with two seats, in which a poor wretch in a pointed hat pulls along, at a resigned trot, a couple of taciturn Chinamen.

Sunset surprised us in a more tranquil quarter, far away from the port. Groups of Malays were wending their ways to their mosques, and we stepped into the courtyard of a grotesque Hindoo temple. There were men playing cards before monstrous heads of Siva, scarlet, with coal-black eyes, and white tusks curved like rams' horns. Under a shed the hippogriffs, once attached to a car in some festal procession, spread their huge painted wings; while the main entrance of the temple, surmounted by several rows of ornamentation, was draped with red cloth, on which was inscribed in black letters, *God save the Empress of India!*

I have no doubt that this inscription was quite sincere, and I can understand the Chinese burning little sticks of incense before Queen Victoria's tablet. The island of Singapore was acquired without bloodshed, and the colony is a privileged one. The English paid for it in pounds sterling. They have drained the marshes and despoiled the forests; and those who dutifully accept their laws may enjoy that sense of security which is the portion of free men. Immigrants from India will find a magistrate empowered to look after their interests; Malays, a master more equitable than their Sultan; Chinese, indulgent mandarins who suffer them to get rich. It may well be said that these expatriated folk, naturally lazy and prone to pilfering, learn in their new homes the necessity of labor and the advisability of good faith; but, to judge by the individuals whom I knew, I hardly think they are all instructed in virtuous living. If the European colony of Singapore, which is made up of English, Germans, Dutch, Swiss, and about seventy Frenchmen, almost

all invisible, except during the evening when they drive back and forth before the Grand Hotel de l'Europe—if this colony, I say, is in the main decent and correct, the steamers that ply the Eastern seas foster among our yellow brethren a desire to cater to the vices of the whole world, and there are plenty of little *Japonaises* about ready to extend their kind of welcome to the traveller arriving in the Empire of the Rising Sun.

Hong Kong, Nov.-Dec., 1897.

Hong Kong is the most remarkable result of European conquests in the Far East. It is three weeks now since I landed, and my first astonishment has been growing, day by day, into a profound admiration.

The English took possession of a little, bare, steep, rocky island, a few fathoms off the shore of China, and in less than half a century they have evoked from it a vision of imperishable beauty. It is a fortress built with an eye to the future—a city of the Arabian Nights—the first port of the universe after New York, or, to borrow an image from the English themselves, "it is the sparkling and mysterious clasp of the golden chain that encircles the world." Facing the peninsula of Kow-long, whose crenellated walls and buttresses appear to surround the port, divided from the sea by a thronging barrier of clubs, banks, manufactories and consulates and by one long street by where all the races of the globe are represented, its edifices crowned by palaces, its palaces planted amid tropical gardens, its gardens overtopped by smiling villas and masses of gay flowers—all these combine to produce the fairy-like impression of an espallier city, trained like a vine along a rampart of schist.

The promontories bristle with airy residences—cottages, hotels, hospitals, barracks, and the hum of labor is diffused far and wide over the waters of

the bay. Vagabond China swarms all over the quays; porters with bamboo rods over their shoulders; rowers of native boats; men who carry palanquins, and men who drag "rickshaws;" coolies with their pigtails, either twisted up into chignons or carried round the head like crowns; *lazzaroni* sleeping like cats on the window-sills or terrace ledges. The broad street, which runs parallel to the sea, beholds Europe, Asia and America promenading beneath its arcades; Japanese in their short frocks; tall Hindoo sepoys, whose black or scarlet turbans overshadow with their ample architecture the dark, proud beauty of the Mussulman; Philippines, whom some tricky god of the Malay Archipelago seems to have moulded out of Chinese clay; Portuguese half-breeds, with the faces of strolling players; Parsees, in their long, black coats and shakos minus the visor—all with strong, Semitic faces; sink-merchants, dealers in pearls—smugglers upon occasion, but reckoned honest in the main, who, when they die, in default of the great vultures of Bombay, have themselves buried upon some hill-top with their faces turned towards the gates of day. This stream of heterogeneous folk, reinforced by Slavs, Germans and Anglo-Saxons, and constantly fed by tributaries from China, rolls on between the magnificent esplanades of the Queen's Road, laden with violent contrasts and sounds of Babel. And high over the many-colored heads, the turbans and pointed hats, the mangy rags, and the rainbow tunics, blonde Englishwomen with a parasol in one hand and a fan in the other, gently swaying in their bamboo chairs, are borne aloft to the broad and rhythmic tramp of Chinese bearers in a white flannel livery, like the royal icons of this procession of many nationalities.

There is no open conflict among these men who come from the four

points of the compass, and differ as widely as possible in language and religion. They hate, fear and despise, or wholly misunderstand, one another, but self-interest, more powerful far than prejudice or spite, enables them to keep their balance on the steep slope of their instincts. They feel that they are under the dominion of a law of harmony and order which transcends their private caprices and protects them from themselves. Chinese guilds work freely under the British flag. At the base of that fine amphitheatre whence the Englishman surveys the passage of European clouds over the face of Asia, Chinese commerce finds righteous rules and equitable judges—all, in short, that is needful for its own prosperity. I have never breathed a keener air of social independence than in this free port, at the mouth of invisible cannon of the latest pattern.

And what sights! What activity! Here is Europe and its great shops. The booksellers display French novels, flanking English and German works on Buddhism, Confucianism, the past, the present, and the future of the Oriental world. Chinese fancy shines in the gilding and porcelain of the curiosity-shops and the bazars, newly decked in Christmas finery, diffuse over the pavements an odor of the shavings in Nuremburg workshops, blended with the perfume of sandal-wood boxes. The vaults of the great market, where a miscellaneous crowd circulates under swaying lamps, roar like an underground factory. And now we are in China—a relatively cleanly China—with galleried houses full of golden gleams and silver tinklings. Money-changers, their noses bestridden by enormous spectacles, with fat round faces and owl-like eyes, lean over counters heaped with wooden beads, ringing and spinning with the deft fingers of conjurers, the *piastres*—the pretty little *piastres*! Fantastic characters pursue

one another along their signs like antic devils. The insides of the shops are like scenes in the opera with their bronze stairways and friezes and their carved brackets, of which some are in open-work patterns, and some in solid sculpture of birds and foliage covered with gilding. The drug-shops are like the dream of an alchemist, who revisits his flashing laboratory in the sleep of intoxication. At adjacent door-ways the copper-smith hammers his metal; the basket-maker weaves his bamboo strips; the cook cleans his chickens; the chandler ties up his sticks of incense; the printer engraves his tablets; the cotton-carder draws hoarse dull sounds from the one-stringed harp on which he does his carding. Along the streets decked with inscriptions, banners, lanterns and dried fish, with here and there an American bar, or a Chinese sailors' boarding house, pours a rapid tide, swollen with life and with death. There are the strangest of funerals proceeding to the sound of fifes and cymbals. The coffin, in the form of a tree-trunk, is deposited on the pavement, and children dressed in white kneel or fall flat on their faces around it. There is a pell-mell of mourners, lantern-bearers, shrines and funeral baked meats; a ceremony begins amid the hustling of the populace, and then, suddenly, undertakers, shrines, lanterns, mourners, the coffin and the roasted pig, start off at a gallop and vanish in the twinkling of an eye. Then there are weddings, quite similar to the funerals; and processions, half comic and half religious, where painted girls and hieratic children walk side by side. The Chinese themselves have forgotten the origin of these queer customs, but they love them because they excite their nerves.

As you climb the slope of the mountain the uproar dies away. You are now in the region of schoolhouses and temples, peaceful dwellings and flow-

ery terraces. It is the Los Remedios quarter where the Portuguese and the exiles from Manila live, amid gardens of palm and cactus which seem to spring out of the very rock, and whose opulence invests the prevailing stillness with a warm and pensive beauty. Villas and the ramparts of fortifications rise one above another amid the pine and fig-trees. It is at sunrise or sunset that you get the best view of these magnificent monuments of quiet industry. Keep on climbing, however; there is a road up to the very top of the mountain—the aqueduct road, which follows the undulations of the hill-crest, and leads, at the end of a couple of miles, to the great reservoir. Thence you can survey on your left and at your feet the city and the bay, where the ships look like flies caught in a spider's web, with the dingy warehouses of Kow-long backed by the white mosque of the Mussulman garrison; while to your right extends a lonely landscape of gentle slopes and valleys reddened by the touch of autumn, granite quarries worked by the Chinese, and small fishing-stations. The sound of bubbling water, the murmur of captive streams is all about you. And everywhere the reflection of a sovereign order which neglects no least detail, and has transformed a mountain path into an inviting highway; everywhere the traces of a conscious and self-respecting greatness measuring its efforts with care, and building for the future. Surrounded by lofty peaks, here naked and there clad with verdure, commanding a valley which, by its depth, is rather a ravine, the colossal reservoir displays its Roman magnificence—its broad surface of emerald water. As I gazed at that face so expressive of pride and security, reflecting the clouds of heaven but untroubled by their passage, I had a mysterious feeling of sadness, and my heart sank within me.

The city will soon climb to the sum-

mit of the mountain and drink from the brim of this dazzling cup. It has already annexed the entire shore, travelling by shady ways almost as far as the valley formerly selected by the English for the repose of their dead. They have made their cemetery fairer and gayer than a public garden. Thickets, vases of flowers, lawns, rock-work and sparkling fountains—all have been lavishly employed to embellish the last *villegiatura* of the English at Hong Kong; and if their inveterate love of sport survives, the dead can hear plainly from their mortuary Bowling-green the gallop of the racing steeds.

At nightfall the English leave the business quarter, and are carried up to their high-pitched homes by Chinese coolies, whose regular strides impart a cadenced motion to the palanquins. You can see them climbing the rocky acclivities in single file, their feet dangling from their litters, their heads thrown back, emitting short puffs from their brier-wood pipes.

The wary Chinese light sticks of incense before their doors to keep off evil spirits. The itinerant merchants set up at the street corners their stands of peeled oranges and their little furnaces for frying. The florists adorn the sidewalks with brilliant heaps of fragrant crowns and garlands. In the Chinese shops, employers and employed are partaking of their evening rice at the same table, while here and there from behind the closed shutters of dubious houses is heard the melody of flutes and guitars. If there is no display of debauchery save on certain illuminated verandas in the centre of the town, where lightly-clad European women sit enthroned, one half suspects its presence everywhere. . . .

But the nights of Hong Kong are wonderful! How often I have traversed the hanging gardens in their trance of quiet shadow, feeling as



though some peerless magician had conjured up and were unrolling under my feet unreal pathways, and doubting whether the ramparts and palaces and the masses of shrubbery in their marble immobility, yet shedding from their summits so exquisite a perfume under the stars, would not all vanish with the first pale touch of dawn upon the sea. I would then turn and begin making my way down from the fairy heights, until presently the spell that enchained me was broken by the hoarse cries of certain Chinamen, who barred my way. They were palanquin-bearers offering their services, but when I declined them they did not insist, but went back and squatted once more under their litters.

Such is the great city. I do not think that racial energy, subservient to a commanding will, and guided by strong, practical intelligence, ever left a deeper impress anywhere than here upon the rocks of Hong Kong. The talons have gripped deep into the flesh of the prey. And yet, though day by day you stand more and more abashed before the amazing work that has been accomplished here, you are presently led to suspect among the people whose apogee it marks, I will not say the premonitory symptoms of decline, but a certain alarm for its continued supremacy. I do not think they give much heed to that Chinese competition which has been set up on the opposite shore. Their anxiety, which is by no means purely commercial, comes from those patient, indefatigable, economical, square-headed Germans, who are so clever in exploiting the colonies founded by others, and whom, for twenty years or so, they have been meeting at every step in their too-contracted universe. Here they are at Hong Kong.

The sight which I beheld on the salt seashore of South America greets me again upon the stage of the Far East. More than half the commerce of Hong

Kong is in the hands of the German colony. It grows and heaps up treasure; and insensibly, with no rude jostling, it shoves the English back. The attention of the traveller is called to the fact by the animosity which the mere name of Germany excites in an English colonist, and the antagonism between the two races is continually blazing out in their daily life. The Englishman—haughty, cool at play, and overbearing in his cups—his too-frequent cups! for he seems to get drunk in obedience to an imperative watchword;—an excellent organizer but only a moderately good worker, with whom idleness assumes the elegant form of sport—the Englishman at Hong Kong drinks deep, plays polo, almost always keeps a Chinese or half-breed mistress, is a frequent guest at the houses of “the American ladies,” spends freely and carries matters with a high hand generally. I have been amazed to see how little trouble he gives himself about anything, and how empty his days really are. Society is divided into provincial lotteries. The officials despise the merchants; the manufacturers have no intercourse whatever with the officials. And these petty prejudices would merit no attention were it not for the insufferable assumption which emphasizes their pettiness, and the magnificent display of solid British greatness which renders their absurdity all the more conspicuous.

The German colony, on the other hand, is more homogeneous, forms a compact family, works diligently and plays little. The Germans possess one faculty which is lacking to the English—and alas! to the French as well—that of adapting their productions to the need of any nation. It is German industry which the Chinese employ by preference, and which is gradually getting hold of all the great markets of the world.

“In fifty years,” once said to me a

young Hamburg merchant, whom youth, it may be, rendered a trifle overconfident, "Hong Kong will be a German colony. We shall have the money and we shall have the land!"

"And how about the water?" I asked.

He replied by a verse from the Bible and a quotation from Shakespeare.

In the city of Hong Kong, so rich in contrasts, one of those which interested me most was that of the two clubs. The English club fronts the sea—a stately building standing quite by itself—exposed to the blazing sunshine all day long, and always full of arrogant faces. The German club, in a steep street in the heart of the town, is a broad, low, heavy-looking building with arcades as massive as the arches of a bridge built against the solid rock. The folks who come out of it look simple, honest and self-possessed, and I have seen some of them exceedingly polite to the Chinese.

There are not more than half a dozen French merchants at Hong Kong, but that does not matter. Not to mention our consul, who is kindness itself, we are represented by men whose influence may outlast the granite palaces. Foreign Missions have established a bureau of intelligence, a printing-house and a hospital. The bureau is in the town, the printing-press and the hospital are on the mountain-side.

One morning I took the funicular railway which carries one up with dizzying rapidity, through thickets of pine and bamboo, amid hotels whose sumptuous peristyles overlook immensity. In the dewy dawn the lawns before the villa porches and the rectangular tennis-courts looked like so many aerial lakes. Chinamen laden with balanced baskets traversed the steep pathways between the verdant hedges, and the road to the sanitarium divided the solitary slope by a band of rose-color and gray. It was the first time since I left France that I had been able to walk

freely in the open sunshine, delivered from the fires of the equator, with a fresh breeze caressing my cheeks. All things wore, to my eye, a homely charm, the bushes by the roadside and the murmur of a cascade which fell from the heights above. I crossed a bridge, skirted a reservoir of limpid water, beyond which the huts of a Chinese village stood huddled together like a timorous flock, and caught sight of two large white buildings surmounted by belfries and a cross.

I asked to see the Fathers, and was shown into a library, where I found myself in a circle of long-bearded apostles, grown gray in the service of God, who had just finished breakfast and were peacefully smoking their pipes. They took me to their printing-house, where they are themselves both overseers and workmen; and where they cast the type for the Chinese Annamite and Thibetan characters. Hence fly abroad on all the winds the comforting words and sweet parables of the Gospel. Verily, to hear them laugh and joke you would not guess that these men had led lives of incredible hardship, made all manner of sacrifices, and run the risk of torture and death. Yet they have come together from remote corners of Asia, where it has pleased God to try to the utmost the courage of his servants. One of them had gone tramping for thirty years up and down the treacherous ways of Lhasa; another had lived through eternities of solitude in the heart of China. This one was tanned brown by exposure to the burning sun of India; that one had come down from icy Manchuria; others had traversed Cambodia and Tonkin. Their old soutanes were white at the seams; they had travelled afoot from dawn to dusk, exploring the oldest ruins of the human race, detecting under innumerable guises the everlasting malady of the old Adam, weighing in their balance the dust of those idols in

whom millions of men, who never knew love, have worshipped their own fears; and now here they were in their declining days gay and simple, full of faith and fervor, still ever valiant and ever serene. They invited me, with a smile, to visit their cemetery. They meant their sanitarium. Monseigneur Ozoaf, the present Archbishop of Tokio, while he was still an attorney at Hong Kong built a chapel there at his own expense, in which he had copied the Gothic sculpture of the Sainte Chapelle in Paris. The victims of fever, dysentery, liver-complaint, when death calls them from their missionary labors, may say their last prayers in an oratory where the hands of opium-eating Chinese pagans have faithfully reproduced the most exquisite gem of Christian piety. They can also salute once a fortnight, across the luxuriant gardens which hang between them and the shore, the French flag of the *Messageries Maritimes*.

We talked about the Chinese and the difficulties that attend missionary work among them; not the material difficulties and dangers, of which these men make little or no account, but the sleepless energy which it demands, the incessant small sacrifices which it necessitates, the disappointments that attend it, and the sad habit which the soul of the teacher must needs acquire of getting all its counsel and encouragement from within. I asked them whether the generous enthusiasm of the young missionaries did not subject them to some cruel disenchantments, and one of them answered:

"Oh, as for enthusiasm, it is needful at the start, and perhaps for the first few months after one arrives. But after that the glow subsides and it all becomes a mere matter of will."

I was resolved not to quit Hong Kong without visiting the Orphanage of The Holy Infancy. I had seen the outside of orphanages before, and it had never

occurred to me to desire to visit them; but I had never before been in China. I remembered having heard light talk in times past about the wholesale purchase of Chinese children from horrible monsters; and, sooth to say, I fancy that the little Orientals eat the ogre quite as often as they are devoured by him. But this work now appears to me the sweetest, the most humane, the most beneficent in the world, if only because here, upon British soil and amid an extraordinary commingling of nationalities, it brought me in direct contact with the warm and motherly heart of France. Upon these imposing heights where England mounts her cannon, and Germany stuffs her strong boxes, and where Asia learns something new every day concerning the power of the check, and the argument from brute force, it does not displease me to see France unfurling the banner of St. Vincent de Paul. Moreover, the buildings themselves, partly erected on land from which the sea has receded, seem steeped in sunshine and in peace. An Alsatian—a very charming woman—was my guide on this occasion. Ten years at Hong Kong had faded the roses and sharpened the contour of her cheeks, but her eyes beamed with inextinguishable youth, and she had a kind of grace which accorded well with her masculine, almost military, bearing, and set in strong relief her perfect frankness and simplicity.

The orphanage consists of a "tower"—to which Chinese parents bring children whom they consider past help—of a workshop where those whom it has been found possible to save are employed; of an old woman's home, and a boarding-school patronized by Portuguese half-breeds, and even the daughters of rich Chinamen. We first visited the infirmary. The tiny creatures who lay there dying on their white cots were the strangest little hu-

man masks it is possible to conceive. Heads—like poppy-heads—too large for the bodies to which they were attached—where the nose formed a hollow, and the eyes were designated by a barely-discernible line drooped as from dessicated stems.

"Look at this one," said the sister to me. "It is a boy, and he is going to die. There is never any hope for the boys, the boys they bring here. A Chinaman never hesitates about getting rid of a daughter, but to give up a son is like abandoning his hope of a future life. This child will die before night. He has been baptized. He is happy—"

"Will the parents come for the body?"

"They will come and look at it. We show them always, because of those ugly slanders you have doubtless heard which represent us to the Chinese as ghouls and vampires. They have the credulity of children—but they have found out at last that we are not so bad."

We crossed a court planted with green shrubs, where thousands of little white garments that looked like naval streamers were drying on lines in the sun, and entered a great hall spread with matting. All the babies who had been snatched from death were crawling about there, in the broad white light. They climbed, stumbled, rolled over and stuck together with the perpetual motion of a heap of small humanity and the absolute silence of a bed of crabs. I admired the cleanness of their hands and faces and the few rags they wore, but what faces! You would have said that all the little porcelain monsters, nodding mandarins, hydrocephalous gods and stone fetiches you ever beheld had come to life and were exercising their limbs. The sister caught up and caressed some of them, wiped the noses of others, and in general made much of the small caricatures of humanity.

"They belong to us," she said. "They are our children. We have given them life, and this is what we do with them."

The work-room into which she took me was a school of embroidery. Little Chinese maidens of twelve or fourteen—some even older—were seated at their task of knitting fine laces in various patterns. They were under the direction of a young sister from Auvergne, fresh as a mountain rose, who sat erect in the midst of them—her eyes with their long, madonna-like lashes bent steadfastly on her own work. The poor girls with their flat, snub-nosed, grinning faces, evidently came from the lowest order of an imbruted race. Yet they produced a singular impression of impenetrable reserve and disciplined gentleness. Only one of them looked up and regarded us with bright, inquiring eyes.

"Do you see that one?" the sister said to me. "She is deaf and dumb; she can only hear the big brass and the bass-drum when the military band passes. But whatever happens here she is the first to comprehend it; and, in fact, she knows everything that goes on. You may be quite sure that she understands us. Don't you, my child?" she added. And the little oriental eyes twinkled, and the girl laughed aloud.

The next room was set apart for the blind. The youngest of the children was under seven; the oldest, not yet sixteen. They sat behind the sewing table in rows rising above one another like harpstrings, and I could not bear to look at their piteous faces, but followed the action of the needle, awkwardly enough handled by the youngest of the pupils, slipping on the stuff and pricking the small fingers; her nearest neighbor managed it better, the third with still more skill; and so it goes on, gaining intelligence at every step, until it begins to divine the logic of the straight line, discovers it,

launches into basting at a gallop, loses its way, finds it again, begins to take smaller and more exact stitches, and finally arrives at perfect and assured self-command. The miracle is wrought in profound silence. The little girls in their eternal night wear an aspect of almost sacerdotal gravity.

Not far off a lady from Canton, with tiny feet, a convinced and fervent Catholic, was teaching others of the orphans the Chinese letters. I asked the sister whether they did not also teach them French or English.

"God forbid!" she cried. "It would be their ruin! We will not even place them with the most respectable women in the city. As soon as they are marriageable, the Fathers find them husbands in the interior of China, far away from the coast, and I can assure you they have no difficulty in so doing, for our girls are very much in request. But now I must show you the old women—and that will be all. The first of them took refuge with us during the plague, five years ago. We made them welcome, and our asylum was founded."

I climbed two flights of stairs to a chamber occupied by a group of the most sinister-looking scarecrows who ever illustrated the possibilities of human decrepitude. I had now gone over the whole gamut of Chinese ugliness—from infancy to extreme old age. These animated mummies, still kept going by a sort of posthumous respiration, were slowly twisting hempen cord. A smiling young Chinaman hovered about them.

"That is the only boy we ever raised," said the sister. "He is an idiot; but you know we try to utilize the smallest atoms of human life that God entrusts to our care, so he takes the blind old women to mass, and he is prouder of his charge than a Swiss."

On our way down two children burst out upon us, flinging themselves into

the sister's arms and hanging to her skirts. They were a girl and a boy of about the same age, both Europeans and very pretty, washed and combed and nicely dressed, with large, bright eyes and fair, rosy cheeks.

"Aren't they sweet?" said the sister in an aside to me, as she returned their caresses. And when they had scampered off:

"They are two foundlings," she said, "who were left on our hands—love-children, I think they are called. I knew something of the mothers. I have even seen the father of the boy. He is a Dutchman. We have brought them up, and they are the very sunshine of the house. Come here, love! You're losing your hair-ribbon!"

And as she gathered up the child's tresses and re-tied the bow, she whispered to me:

"Kiss her, for she is a little French girl!"

I do not know how long I stayed in that house, but it seemed to me that I learned something new every instant from that noble woman. She spoke of the Chinese and praised their probity and sense of justice, and the strength of their affections.

"Yes," she repeated, "we love the Chinese, and we have some reason to believe that they do not hate us. On the vigils of our feast-days they send us poultry and quarters of beef. Some of the richer ones send their children to our school. But even the lowest of the people, who used to insult us in the streets, begin to understand that we wish them well and follow our protégés with envious eyes. They are so poor! I had a striking instance of this last year. One of our orphan girls ran away; we never knew why. Happily we got word that she was going to sail for Canton, and when she arrived at the wharf I was there before her. She objected strongly to going back with me, and we were soon surrounded by



coolies, bristling with wrath and running out their long, lean chins at me, because I had laid hands on a Chinese girl. But God gave me courage to turn on them and say, 'This girl was brought to us by her parents fifteen years ago in a dying condition. She has grown up among us and eaten of our bread, morning and evening, every day since then. Now she is making off without

so much as a "thank you." Do you think that right?' They turned their eyes from me to the girl, who was plump and buxom, with round cheeks and a shining forehead, and began wagging their heads, while their indignation took quite a new turn.

"'You're an ingrate,' they cried, 'to be running away, *fat as you are!*'"

*André Bellesort.*

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(To be concluded.)

## THE VAN DYCK EXHIBITION AT ANTWERP.

The exhibition brought together this autumn at Antwerp to celebrate the tercentenary of the birth of Anthony Van Dyck is, or rather was, the most complete if not the most splendid display that has hitherto been made of his art. It lacked many things that were included in the memorable exhibition held at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1887, but showed the man all round, with the light and shade which go to make up the artistic as well as the human personality as he has not hitherto been shown. What made the Antwerp collection in one sense unique was the bringing together, within the halls of the museum temporarily set apart for the purpose, of his most important sacred works, both of the first and the second Flemish periods. It is all very well to say, as many admirers of the exquisite portrait-painter have said, and will say again, that we do not want this side of his art. Quite apart from the consideration that it is easy for those who choose to put aside in their estimate the time and the *milieu* to go too far here in the way of depreciation, we cannot fairly judge the man or the artist without these great pages torn from the book of his life-work. Not only are they important in themselves, but they are invaluable for the purposes of study in juxtaposition with

his portraits. The one phase of art serves as a comment upon the other, and aids us to follow out the wonderful technical changes and developments which took place in the practice of the man who, within the short space of twenty-five years—for his extant productions range from a date before 1617 to 1641—gifted the world with a great series of masterpieces. This particular phase of Van Dyck's art is the only one that cannot be adequately followed out in England. In the Royal Galleries, as in the private collections throughout the land, he may be studied in an incomparable series of portraits, not only of the English, but of the Flemish and Italian periods; but for his sacred works we have to go to the churches of the Low Countries, to the galleries of Antwerp, the Louvre, Vienna, Berlin, Munich, Madrid, and St. Petersburg. This is why those students of Van Dyck who have not seized the opportunity of studying him this autumn in his birthplace have done wrong; they have missed an opportunity which cannot possibly recur. Some consolation they may derive from the well-founded hope that the forthcoming exhibition of Sir Anthony's life-work at Burlington House will be more brilliant and more comprehensive as an illustration of the finest side of his art.

—that of the portrait-painter. No doubt the doors of the English treasure-house will be opened wider still than they were for Antwerp, generously as most of the great houses of the United Kingdom—following the example so nobly given in this, as in so many other instances, by Her Majesty the Queen—responded to the appeal put forth by the fair city which even now has not ceased to be a centre for art and artists. Still what we shall have will be rather a magnificent collection of pictures—the pick of the basket as regards the Van Dycks which have an abiding resting-place in England—than a complete unfolding of the master's life-work in all its aspects.

It is easy enough to point out the weak places in the most interesting collection which has now again, after two short months, been dispersed. It has disappointed some unreasonable worshippers of Sir Anthony, even as the great display made last year of Rembrandt's *œuvre* at Amsterdam disappointed many Rembrandt fanatics, but chiefly those who had with his art in its successive developments but a superficial and restricted acquaintance.

The ideal exhibition, in the one case as in the other, would have been a very different one. But then the connoisseur and the student should approach a collection of this kind fully armed with such preliminary knowledge of his master as can be obtained by a study of his works in the chief galleries of Europe, or failing this, by an intimate acquaintance with all obtainable reproductions from these works. Invaluable assistance in this particular was rendered both at Amsterdam and Antwerp. At the former exhibition we had for the purposes of study the whole series of reproductions which are to appear successively in Dr. Bode's exhaustive work on Rembrandt. At Antwerp there was set forth in separate series of minor galleries a

supplementary collection, comprising not only the whole of the famous "Iconographie" or "Centum Icones," based on the paintings and etchings of Van Dyck, together with the first states of many of the etchings themselves, but reproductions either in photogravure or ordinary photography, of by far the greater part of his works in the public and private collections. Both the interest and the usefulness of the temporary gathering of great pictures were doubled by this happy arrangement, and the opportunities for close and immediate comparison which it afforded led to not a few identifications as well as to some important rectifications. It is to be hoped that it will be possible to organize a supplementary exhibition of this kind in some of the vacant galleries at Burlington House, or in case this should prove impracticable, then to supplement at the British Museum what may be wanting in this respect at the Royal Academy.

Before attempting a hasty survey of the treasures gathered together at Antwerp, let us consider for a moment what an ideal exhibition, completely and splendidly representative of Van Dyck's art in every aspect, should have contained. To represent the first period of passionate striving under the shadow of a still greater master, the unreasonable idealist might demand, in addition to what there was—as will be presently seen—at Antwerp, the "Ecce Homo," in the two original versions of Madrid and Berlin; the great "Prendimiento" or "Betrayal of Christ" at the Prado, of which, however, two original versions, presently to be discussed, were actually in the exhibition; the "St. Martin dividing his Cloak with a Beggar," which is in the Rubens Room at Windsor as a Rubens; the "Brazen Serpent" of Madrid, which, in virtue of a gigantic signature, still passes there as the work of Van Dyck's master; the "St. Jerome" of Dresden, and two quite

distinct presentments of the "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian" at Munich. To illustrate the Genoese or Italian period, which was unquestionably the one most meagrely represented at Antwerp, one would have to ransack the palaces of Genoa, and bring from the Palazzo Rosso—now through the generosity of the late Duchess of Galliera a municipal museum—the beautiful "Paola Adorno, Marchesa Brignole-Sale," which it would be so interesting to place in juxtaposition with the still finer "Paola Adorno" of Hampden House; her spouse in the "Equestrian Portrait of Anton Giulio, Marchese Brignole-Sale;" and the "Cristo della Moneta," so avowedly Titianesque, and yet bearing such strong traces of the first Flemish manner. The delicious "Putto Bianco" would come from the Durazzo Palace, and another beautiful "Portrait of a Child" from the Spinola collection. The Tribuna of the Uffizi would have to deliver up its curious "Equestrian Portrait of Charles V.," and the Pitti its unrivalled "Cardinal Bentivoglio," and in this class of Van Dycks the English collections would have shown themselves hardly behind the Italian could they have been temporarily deprived of such treasures as "The Balbi Children" from Panshanger, the "Marchesa Balbi" from Dorchester House, the "Marchesa Brignole-Sale and her Son" from Warwick Castle. The sacred art of the Italian period would be best illustrated by the Venetian "Repose in Egypt" of the Alte Pinakothek at Munich, and that still more avowedly Titianesque piece the magnificent "Virgin and Child" of the Schönborn Gallery at Vienna. The transitional moment between the Italian and the second Flemish manners would have an example of unrivalled beauty in the famous "Madone aux Perdrix"—or, more reverently, "Madone à la Ronde d'Ange"—which found its way in the last century, to-

gether with the rest of the Walpole collection, into the collection of Catherine the Second of Russia, and is now one of the most envied possessions of the Hermitage. To give a complete representation of the second Flemish period we should seek to lay under contribution the galleries of Munich, Dresden, Cassel, St. Petersburg, Madrid and Vienna, as well as the great Liechtenstein collection in the last-named city. Though this is the period which is least splendidly and least completely illustrated in England, the nation is fortunate in possessing in the Wallace collection at Hertford House the two most masterly full-lengths of the time which immediately preceded Van Dyck's final migration to England in 1632. These are the companion portraits of the distinguished connoisseur and amateur Philippe le Roy, and his youthful but less than comely spouse. The Louvre would be asked to contribute to the ideal display the great equestrian portrait "François de Moncade, Marquis d'Aytona," and the exceptionally grave and noble "Vierge aux Donneurs." To show in its finest and most personal aspect, and in that only, the English period of Van Dycks, we should want, in addition to the familiar masterpieces at Windsor, the best things from Wilton House, Panshanger, Petworth, Longford Castle, and The Grove, to enumerate which—so familiar must they be to all students and admirers of Van Dyck—is surely not necessary on this occasion. Still, to supplement these typical English Van Dycks we should have to place by the side of the exquisite "Lord Philip Wharton" of the Hermitage, which was actually at Antwerp, the "Prince Maurice and Prince Rupert," and the "Duke of Richmond" of the Louvre; we should have to rob the Salon Carré of the "Charles I.," which is, if not the most imposing, yet by far the most attractive, among the *portraits d'ap-*

parat of the Stuart king, as it is one of Sir Anthony's very finest works throughout. We should seek to win temporarily back from New York the superb full-length "Duke of Richmond," which was once in Lord Methuen's collection at Corsham. We should beg from Turin the great equestrian portrait "Thomas François de Carignan, Prince of Savoy," from Berlin the bust-portrait of the same personage, and above all, from the Turin Gallery that incomparable canvas "The Children of Charles I," which is first in order of date as in excellence of these familiar representations. This is an achievement which, in silver radiance and purity of color, in triumphant and seemingly effortless beauty of execution, the accomplished master himself has not again approached.

But we are wandering too far from our subject, and must return to Antwerp and the great collection which, for a few weeks, the Antwerpers and their guests from all parts of the world had the opportunity of enjoying and studying.

To watch the developments of Van Dyck's art through the four successive periods into which not only outward circumstances, not only the onward movement of time and the change of *milieu*, but the corresponding transformations of style and method naturally divided it, is to watch in its growth from splendid youth to admirable maturity not indeed one of the greatest creative individualities that have dominated the world of art, but a talent as exquisite in distinction as true to itself in every successive phase, a technical accomplishment as surprising of its kind in solidity, brilliancy and charm as any that could be pointed to even in the seventeenth century.

We do not feel, as we did in surveying the life-work of a Rembrandt, that we are assisting at the creation of a

new art which, by reason of its colossal technical power, ever subservient to the purposes of true expression, which by reason of its grandeur and pathos, its all-embracing pity, its revelation of the innermost springs of human life and feeling, stands alone, and contains already the essence of that which is to give its chief value to the art of our own day. We do not feel—as with Rembrandt—that side by side with the growth of the art there is laid bare to us with absolute *naïveté* the moving tragedy of a simple human soul, the poignant quality of whose emotion appeals to our time with an irresistible attraction of sympathy which it had not even for the master's own. Again, we do not feel ourselves swept away—rebellious, it may be, yet powerless to resist—by the tremendous physical vigor, by the mighty *joie de vivre* which constitutes the essence of a Rubens's genius, and furnishes the best excuse for his wildest pictorial excesses. The elemental force of his art as of his personality, the aggressive splendor, the ardent flame of his color, are not to be looked for in Van Dyck, at any rate after that period of glorious promise in early youth to which we are now coming. What our master does give at the first stage is a febrile, nervous passion all his own, then an aristocratic grace, a refinement which the great art of the Cinquecento in Italy will mature the more easily, the more perfectly, because its attraction is exercised upon an art naturally akin to it. To Van Dyck belongs the glory of having approached more nearly in portraiture to the Venetians at their highest than did any other painter born north of the Alps; of having assimilated, by no mere process of imitation, that divine suavity of Italian art by which, above all other things, it is distinguishable from art that is not Italian. And yet he remains—how otherwise could we rank him so high among the great

masters?—in essentials a Fleming, a man of his own race and his own time, but a Fleming from whose individuality the national qualities of boisterous vigor, of kinship with the lower humanity, of breadth and expansiveness have been strained away—not, it must be owned, without loss as well as gain. If as a portraitist of high-bred women Van Dyck had but few rivals, if no painter of his time better knew how to realize their fragile grace and the haughty reserve touched with a certain allurements with which they presented themselves to the outer world, he was yet pre-eminently the painter of men. No one has known, as he did, how to conjure up the pensive charm, the thoughtful, apprehensive mood, the manliness, void of self-assertion or truculence, which marked the noblest and most engaging cavaliers of Charles's court.

The *pittor cavalleresco*, as his brothers of the brush, half in scorn, half in envy, were wont to name him in Rome, was, indeed, the very man to prize and to emphasize those attractive if superficial qualities of person and disposition which he found in the ardent youth and the accomplished manhood of the British aristocracy. He was the man whose own temperament would lead him naturally to interpret, as attractive melancholy and a sadness of mysterious import in the countenance of Charles the First, that characteristic aspect which another and an inferior painter might well have translated as an impenetrable and morose reserve. Van Dyck's genius qualified him to render with an even more complete intuition of their true idiosyncrasy the English king and his court than it had enabled him to realize the dignity and splendor of the Genoese aristocracy, and the more self-conscious *hauteur* which marked the great nobles of the Low Countries.

Before proceeding to discuss the Ant-

werp Exhibition—no longer as it might have been, but as it was—it may be well to say a word about the two or three canvases, excellent in quality, yet not Van Dyck's, which through the force of circumstances had found their way into it. It is unnecessary, now that the noble display is a thing of the past, to discuss those weak and second-rate things which, although they might not reveal our master's own brush, issued from his studio or his immediate *entourage*. Silence will best meet the case in this instance, and all the more appropriately because the class of pictures to which we refer is only too common in the private collections of England. Those canvasses, however, merit and invite discussion, which, because they do reach a certain standard of merit may mislead those who seek to trace Van Dyck's progress through art if they are added without question to his life-work. First, we have an interesting little "Pietà," lent by Madame Edouard André—exhibited, yet wisely not catalogued—which has no possible claim to be considered as a Van Dyck of any period. Then there is the capital "Portrait of a Man" (No. 93 in the catalogue), put down to the second Flemish period, between 1627 or 1628 and 1632. This is a virile, solidly-modelled performance, rather opaque in the flesh tones, of which neither the conception nor the handling suggests the master at this moment of his career, or indeed any other. The most important instance in which the writer ventures to challenge the attribution to Van Dyck is that of the remarkable full-length "Marie-Anne de Schodt," contributed by Messrs. Lawrie & Co. The peculiar quality of the flesh, both in the lights and shadows, is such as we find neither in Van Dyck nor in Rubens: the general tone, the illumination are other than those of either the one or the other great master. Above all, the absolutely *bourgeois* conception



of this Antwerp dame, the keenness and humor of the characterization are such as cannot be associated with the *pittor cavalleresco*, who never, even in his first period, when Antwerp engrossed him and colored his art, would have conceived or painted thus. The visitor to the exhibition would have searched vainly for anything to match this excellent piece in general aspect or in personal character. To the writer it appears to be due to Jordaens, but to Jordaens in an unusual mood of moderation and self-restraint, and therefore less easily recognizable than he really is. It is only fair to the owners of the picture to add that it has an excellent Antwerp pedigree as a Van Dyck, and that the Belgian critics and organizers of the exhibition have apparently accepted it as such without reservation.

The first period of Van Dyck's practice at Antwerp—those years of *Sturm und Drang* during boyhood and earliest manhood, before the fruitful *Wanderjahre* in Italy—was not only sufficiently but nobly represented in his native city. The more we contemplate this initial phase of Van Dyck's active practice, which was ended—if we adhere to the earlier and more generally accepted date—by his departure for Genoa a few months after he had completed his twenty-second year, the more we must wonder. It is only now that, as we acquire a more intimate acquaintance with his style in his first Antwerp manner, we begin to convince ourselves, for reasons solidly based on the pictures themselves, that many of his most remarkable works, some of them still catalogued under the name of Rubens, some still put down to a much later period in the artist's practice, belong literally to the boyhood of Van Dyck. The writer cannot refrain from frankly recording his opinion that in some respects this is his greatest time. It is certainly his moment of

greatest creative power in sacred art, and here, though he naturally, like most of his contemporaries in Flanders, moves as a satellite of the great central sun, Rubens, he is, in a sense, more personal, more himself, than he can be held to be in the second Flemish phase of his career. To understand the exact quality of this febrile energy, this ardor of conception and execution, one must contemplate the superb portrait of the artist by himself, contributed by the Duke of Grafton. Here a slender and beautiful youth, with fair skin and rich waving hair of light brown, presents himself to the onlooker with no aggressive swagger, yet with the confidence which comes of the proved power to please. His aspect denotes a temperament colored by that element of the feminine—not the effeminate—which often goes to complete and light up true creative genius, and is far from denoting any lack of true virility of mind. This is the finest presentment of the artist by himself dating from the first Antwerp period. It even surpasses the brilliant if rather hasty improvisation of the Hermitage Gallery at St. Petersburg, and may be placed, too, in front of the portrait of the *Alte Pinakothek* of Munich, which has generally been accepted as the finest of its type. This last, which is slightly more reposeful and dignified than the others, may date from an early period in the Italian journey.

A certain fatigue is imprinted already on the features of the phenomenally successful and brilliant youth: he is devoured by the energy, feverish rather than truly robust, which must belong to the painter of the "St. Martin," the "Prendimiento," the "Brazen Serpent," the "Ecce Homo."

The earliest picture in the exhibition to which a date could be attached was the well-known "Christ sinking under the Cross," from the Church of St. Paul at Antwerp, painted in 1617—that

is to say, when the artist was but eighteen years of age. Here, with many crudities and marks of inexperience, such as we should naturally expect to detect under these circumstances, may be noted the extreme breadth and passion of the conception, and the marked power revealed in the modeling of the nude. The painting is raw, and crude to excess in the lights, heavy in the abrupt and opaque shadows. Of exactly the same period as this very early piece is a hitherto not generally known canvas, "The Good Samaritan," contributed from the collection of Prince Sanguszko in Galicia, and further authenticated by a drawing from the rich collection of M. Léon Bonnat of Paris. Here, however, the defects arising from inexperience greatly outweigh the qualities. Opportunity was afforded, moreover, for renewing acquaintance with the famous "St. Martin dividing his Cloak with a Beggar," from the Church of Saventhem near Brussels, to which was obstinately attached a romantic legend, now discredited, showing the youthful master detained, like Rinaldo, on the very threshold of his journey to Italy, by a love-idyl, and during the pause thus brought about painting this picture for the church of the temporary halting place. This pretty story is now shown to be based on no solid foundation, and in lieu of it we must needs put up with the prosaic fact that Van Dyck on his return in 1629 proposed, at Saventhem, for the hand of Isabella van Ophem, and was refused. But with the legend some modern critics of authority have discarded the previously accepted date of the work (about 1621), and have sought to place it as late as 1629—that is to say, in the second Flemish period—making of it thus a very much later replica of the "St. Martin" of Windsor Castle. The picture itself, as lately seen in juxtaposition with the earliest works of Van Dyck, completely shat-

ters this new theory. It follows naturally and closely upon the "Christ sinking under the Cross" and the "Good Samaritan," showing exactly the same crudities, the same technical characteristics in a slightly more mature form. The Saventhem "St. Martin" must have been painted in or before 1621, and it is the precursor, not the reduced version, of the "St. Martin" of Windsor, a work more advanced in style, freer in execution, richer and more pictorial in aspect, if less concentrated in the dramatic expression of the subject. One connecting link between the two pictures is the admirable little sketch in oils of the same subject, contributed from Captain Holford from Dorchester House. It differs in a marked degree from both, yet is manifestly a preparation for the Windsor "St. Martin," and from the point of view of pictorial accomplishment a vast stride in advance of the Saventhem effort. It is much less easy to deal with the "Brazen Serpent," sent by Sir Francis Cook from his collection at Richmond. Its relation to the great "Brazen Serpent" of Madrid, which has only in comparatively recent years been recognized as a work of Van Dyck's early time, and is still nominally catalogued as a Rubens, is an obvious one. Yet it cannot well be accepted as a preparation for that striking work, in which a higher stage of development, a far greater spontaneity of execution is reached. In the Richmond version there are, side by side with passages of great dignity and beauty, others—especially some women's heads—which either inexperience or limited capacity renders completely inexpressive, while the draperies and the hair are, in some passages, rendered in a peculiar, scratchy technique, a mechanical impasto, which we do not find again in the early work. Altogether the picture is a great puzzle. If we are to believe, as we well may, that Van Dyck, even in his earliest

time, had pupils, we may attribute a share in it to one of these. The climax of this early manner is reached with the wonderful "Prendimiento" or "Betrayal of Christ," which was presented by Van Dyck to his master on his departure for Genoa, and preserved among his treasures until his death. This is his greatest dramatic work. Not again will he conceive with this resistless energy, or with a brush certain already in its greatest audacities scatter fire—not literally only—as he goes. Not again will he work in sacred art as independently of example and tradition. That Van Dyck recognized the value of his conception is proved by the pains which he took with the several extant variations on the subject, the best of which are throughout originals, entirely from his own hand. The comparatively small version sent by sir Francis Cook is the first original of the series. It is done with a spontaneity, with an unerring certainty and force, for which in a painter of twenty-one years of age it would be almost impossible to find a parallel. Next must come the vast finished version which belonged to Rubens, and now, as the "Prendimiento," hangs in the Prado Gallery. Here the group of Peter and Malchus has been entirely redesigned, and as regards pictorial effect, for the better. Last in order comes the large finished version contributed by Lord Methuen to the Antwerp exhibition. In this, which is painted with unabated ardor, and with all the skill of which the youthful artist is capable, there are to be noted several important variations. The group of Peter and Malchus has entirely disappeared, and in the place of the venomous old centurion clad from head to foot in dark mail—the same who does duty in the "Ecce Homo" of Madrid, and the similar but inferior version at Berlin—appears the noble head of an apostle.

Not the least surprising section of Van Dyck's work at this initial stage is his portraiture, which we are only now by degrees separating from that of Rubens. The work of his pupil and friendly competitor is so frank in the characterization, so massive in the blocking-out of the heads, so exuberant in vitality, that to have confounded it with the work of Rubens himself is hardly a crime of *lèse majesté* against the latter. It is only of late years, for instance, that a whole series of portraits of men and women in the Dresden Gallery have been taken away from the elder master and restored to the younger. Then again, in the Hermitage we have the great portrait of Rubens's first wife, Isabelle Brant, and the "Suzanne Fourment with her daughter Catherine," both of which must clearly be placed to Van Dyck's account, even though M. Max Rooses himself continues to claim them for his hero, Rubens. With these two superb pieces there go perfectly well two others of at least equal beauty, the portraits—belonging to the Serge Stroganoff collection, in the same Imperial city of St. Petersburg—of Nicolas Rockox and his wife. At Antwerp there were four or five examples of the first order, prominent among them being the superb "Portrait d'un Syndic," lent by Madame Edouard André of Paris. This was sold at the Rothmansale as a Jordaens, and as such had, for the sale catalogue, been forcefully if not altogether faithfully etched by Waltner. It is still, by some connoisseurs, claimed for that painter, but by the majority of competent judges must surely now be accepted as a noble Van Dyck *première manière*, especially now that opportunities have been afforded for close comparison with such indubitable and first-rate works of the same time as the "Portrait du Sieur Vinck" (M. François Schollaert), the "Portrait de Madame Vinck" (M. Paul Dansette),

and the "Portrait d'Homme" (Comte della Faille de Leverghem), a work, this last, which before Rembrandt shows many of Rembrandt's characteristics. The most charming and the most consummate, if not the strongest or the most self-assertive, piece of this time is Lord Brownlow's "Lady with her Child," sent from Ashridge. Here is foreshadowed already, as it is in but few portraits of the initial period, that feeling for aristocratic grace and reserve which is to be so fully developed in the Genoese, the second Flemish and the English styles.

The writer ventures, with some confidence, to place further in this same category, as early portraits by the master, two of his most famous works, the "Van der Gheest" of the National Gallery, which for so long was known and admired as "Gevartius," and the double portrait of Frans Snyders and his wife in the Cassel Gallery. When Van Dyck returned to Antwerp in 1627 or 1628 he painted, it may be, with greater subtlety and distinction, with great fusion, with a greater power of atmospheric envelopment; but he did not paint thus, with this frankness and breadth of vision as of execution, with this vigorous accent and this well-marked impasto. Moreover, in the case of the "Snyders and his Wife" dates are all in favor of the writer's assumption. The great animal-painter was born in 1579, and would thus in 1621 have been forty-two, whereas he would, on Van Dyck's return from his travels, have been forty-nine, an age which the grave, handsome personage in the Cassel picture has certainly not reached.

The Genoese, or, more properly, the Italian, period was the one most meagrely represented in the exhibition, and it is here especially that one would have liked to invoke the aid of the Genoese and the English owners. Luckily, through the generosity of the Duke of Abercorn, the organizers of the ex-

hibition were enabled to present one masterpiece of the first order in illustration of this important phase of Van Dyck's art. This was the great full-length "Paola Adorno, Marchesa Brignole-Sale" from Hampden House, which more than rivals in beauty that better-known "Paola Adorno" of the Palazzo Rosso at Genoa, round which another romantic legend has been woven, picturesque and suitable enough to the personages involved, even though it is based on as slender a foundation as the Saventhem story. There are differences much more marked than might be imagined between the color-scheme and the general design of the two great works, while in splendor of aspect and general preservation, the Hampden House picture is now far ahead of its Genoese rival. There is, perhaps, a more distinct individuality, a greater charm in the characterization of the "Paola Adorno" of Genoa, as she stands in all the freshness and beauty of youth, almost overweighted by the splendor of her costume. We could more readily believe of *this* Paola the romantic story which binds together for a brief space the lives of the Genoese *grande dame* and the ardent young Fleming. But the mastery of the painter is much more triumphantly exhibited in the Duke of Abercorn's canvas, in which, instead of the blue robe, by which the Palazzo Rosso portrait is remembered, she wears one of similar mode and equal magnificence, but fashioned of warm white satin and gold. Finer painting of its kind than this portrait exhibits, especially in the costume and accessories, is hardly imaginable. The splendors of the Flemish and the Venetian schools are here united. This work was deservedly—as M. Henri Hymans has recorded in an interesting article in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*—one of the successes of the exhibition. A noble if not a very well-preserved full-length of the same Geno-

ese period, to which the attractive melancholy of the handsome personage lends an additional charm, is the "Portrait of a Gentleman of the Brignole Family," lent by Baron Giorgio Franchetti of Venice. The Brussels Gallery included among the pictures lent for the occasion to the sister city a vast full-length, newly acquired for the State museum, and here exhibited as the "Portrait of Ambrogio Doria, Doge of Genoa;" it was dated, according to the catalogue, 1626. This picture is, at a first glance, undeniably imposing, presenting as it does to the spectator in his official aspect a handsome and gracious personage, seated in great pomp and rather stiffly, wearing a long robe of black satin, with a toque of peculiar shape, and white ruffles at the neck and wrists. The good impression made at a first glance, is not, however, maintained. The more we gaze the more difficult we find it to believe that in 1626, after he had produced the "Bentivoglio," the portraits just now described, and other masterpieces of the Italian time, he could have painted flesh so pallid and chalky, shadows so black and opaque as these. It seems much more likely that the canvas is the amplification or imitation of a Van Dyck by some contemporary Genoese artist influenced by him. One thing is certain, and that is that the personage is here wrongly named. In the first place the costume is not that of a Genoese doge in the seventeenth century, but of a Procurator of the Genoese Republic. In the next the dignitary represented is not Ambrogio Doria, but Gian Vincenzo Imperiale, a distinguished man of letters of that great family, whose father was the Doge Gian Giacomo Imperiale. This we may gather from a genuine half-length portrait by Van Dyck, of the same nobleman, still preserved by the Marchese Cesare Imperiale at the Villa dell' Albergo d' Oro near Genoa. This

portrait, seemingly one of great beauty, is reproduced and described at length by Senor Mario Menotti in one of a very interesting series of articles entitled "Van Dyck à Genova," and published in the Archivio Storico dell' Arte.

Discretion might suggest an avoidance of discussion in the case of the interesting and technically admirable "Holy Family," sent by M. Rodolphe Rann from his magnificent collection in Paris, and set down to Van Dyck's Italian period. The picture makes on a first acquaintance an impression so widely different from anything else in the galleries, or indeed in the *œuvre* of the great painter, that one's first instinct is to challenge the attribution. A close study of the picture has convinced the writer that it is, all the same, the right one. The "Holy Family" must have been painted very soon after the arrival in Italy, and under an Italian influence, which for once is distinctly other than Venetian.

The catalogue is assuredly in error in assigning the well-known "Dædalus and Icarus," lent by Lord Spencer from Althorp, to the period before 1621. This rich-toned and effective piece is markedly and avowedly Titianesque, in the types as in the rendering of the flesh, and can only have been painted in Italy. The contrast between the fair, youthful flesh of the Icarus and the embrowned complexion of the Dædalus recalls the similar contrast in the world-famous "Cristo della Moneta" of Titian now in the Dresden Gallery. This work, either in the original or a repetition, Van Dyck must indeed have known, since he paraphrased it in the already-mentioned picture of the Palazzo Rosso at Genoa.

The second Flemish period of our master, commencing with his return from the grand tour in Italy and lasting until he departed in 1632 to take up his residence permanently at Charles's court, was at Antwerp superabundant,



ly represented, as regards vast altar-pieces contributed by the churches of Antwerp and the neighboring cities; sufficiently, yet with no overwhelming splendor, as regards minor subjects coming within the category of sacred art, and portraits.

The promoters of the exhibition had at one time hoped that the Czar would contribute from the Hermitage not only the "Lord Philip Wharton" but the not less famous "Madone aux Perdrix," which in the beauty and novelty of its motive stands alone among Van Dyck's works of the same class. This was not to be, however; scruples, very natural under the circumstances, prevailed, and those who would see the picture must still seek for it at St. Petersburg. This great work must, judging by its conception and mode of execution, have been executed very soon after the return to Flanders, and when the painter, still under the spell of Titian,—by which, indeed, in his "Holy Families" he was ever, in a greater or less degree, bound—had nevertheless unconsciously begun to look at things from the national point of view. Some mystery surrounds the smaller repetition of the picture now in the Pitti Palace at Florence, which differs in important particulars from the incomparable original at the Hermitage. This is not strong or personal enough in execution to be attributable to the master's own brush. And yet the conception is in many respects more Titianesque than that of the greater example. Notably is this the case as regards the group of the Virgin and Child with St. Joseph, which is purely Venetian. In the working out, too, of the Florentine canvas—for instance, in the floral detail of the foreground—there is not so much of the Flemish accuracy as is to be found in the Hermitage version. Can it be that the Pitti example is derived from an original by Van Dyck which preceded the "Madone aux Perdrix" in order of

date? There is such a picture, closely agreeing in design with that of the Pitti, in the collection of Lord Ashburton, but the writer, not having seen it recently, does not venture to say whether this last is the original of the earlier version. The "Mystic Marriage of St. Catherine," lent by the Duke of Westminster to Antwerp, has many of the technical characteristics to be noted in the Hermitage version, and must belong to much the same period. The catalogue—for reasons which are no doubt good ones, although the writer is not acquainted with them—put the Grosvenor House picture down to the year 1631, which appears to be a date just a little late for the style and tendencies of the work. With the usual Titianesque characteristics are mixed here certain marked recollections of the Parmese school, especially noticeable in the type and the graceful but affected pose of the Virgin. The design of the "Mystic Marriage" recalls, indeed, although the composition is reversed, that of the "Campori Madonna" by Correggio in the Estense Gallery at Modena. It is the vast altar-pieces, already so often referred to, which give a unique color and aspect to the exhibition, even though there are ample grounds for holding that they lay bare the weakness of Van Dyck's art in its maturity, and show retrogression in this all-important branch from the splendid beginnings of his earlier youth. There were assembled in the same suite of galleries, for the first and only time, besides the well-known canvases belonging to the Museum of Antwerp, the "Ecstasy of St. Augustine," from the church of that saint at Antwerp; the "Elevation of the Cross," from the church of Notre Dame at Courtrai; the "Crucifixion" (known as the "Christ à l'Eponge"), from the Church of St. Michael at Ghent; the "Calvary," from the Church of St. Rombaut at Malines; the "Crucifixion,

with the Virgin, St. Mary Magdalene, and St. Francis of Assisi," from the Church of Notre Dame at Termonde. Though Van Dyck appears here still dominated in the main by Rubens, and by no means seeking to emancipate himself from the Rubenian formula in sacred art, he shows very clearly, too, in these most onerous undertakings, which can hardly have been to him a labor of love, that he has submitted to the influence of the Bolognese school, then at its zenith. The formula may be in the main Rubenian still; the gray, severe tonality, deliberately selected and adhered to, is in the strongest contrast to the glow and the richness from which the elder painter only exceptionally abstained, even in such subjects as this, and then only partially abstained, since he allowed to translucent grayness all its vigor and effectiveness. Very noticeable, and the reverse of attractive, is, in Van Dyck's altar-pieces of this time, the purely rhetorical quality of the passion, the direct appeal by the personages, as in the sacred works of the Carracci school, to the sympathies of the spectator—and the average spectator, too—who is more likely to be moved by rhetorical passion than by a deeper and less demonstrative pathos. It is not so much the sacred drama lived through again as the sacred drama deliberately and not ineffectively presented from the stage dramatic standpoint that he gives us.

All the same we must not shut our eyes to the vast ability even here revealed. The finest work of this class, the "Ecstasy of St. Augustine," is also the first in order of date, since it was painted in 1628. The lower part of the great canvas in which the saint is depicted in an ecstasy of prayerful appeal, is conceived much as a Ludovico Carracci or a Domenichino might have conceived it, but painted with greater pictorial attractiveness than the protagonists of the Bolognese school had

at command. The upper part of the canvas, completely filled with a flower-like group of boy-angels in type like those of the "Madone aux Perdrix," is of the rarest beauty. The solemn, but too cold and formal, "Christ on the Cross, with St. Dominic and St. Catherine of Siena," produced as a memorial of the artist's dead father, dates from 1629. It is interesting above all on account of the inscription added by Van Dyck himself: "Ne patris sui manibus terra gravis esset hoc saxum Cruci adolvebat et huic loco donabat Antonius Van Dyck." To this same year, 1629, belongs the great "Deposition" contributed by the Museum of Antwerp. This is certainly the most masterly, the most genuinely-imposing performance of its class and time; in it fine balance and monumental grandeur of aspect make amends for the too artificial and deliberate character of the conception. This must not be confounded with another "Deposition" of the same class and of the same monumental character, yet in many particulars of a different design, which is in the Berlin Gallery. Exceptional again, both from the dramatic standpoint and by reason of the singular beauty and appropriateness of the color-scheme, is the "Pietà" of smaller dimensions, also belonging to the Antwerp Gallery. Strictly speaking, this last belongs to the English period, since it was painted in 1634-35 for the Abbé Scaglia, at the time of that final visit of the master to his native city, from which dates some of his most admirable work. It is what the impressionists used to call a "symphony" in silver gray and blue, the beauty of which is wonderfully enhanced by the pale, glowing blonde hair of an angel, and the rich black of a drapery brought into the scheme with an audacity that only complete success would justify.

As illustrating the portraiture of this second Flemish period, in which Van

Dyck produced work of a more weighty dignity and reserve than at any subsequent time, and of an execution, too, which was certainly not less consummate of its kind, one would have wished—it has been said already—for the presence of certain masterpieces which were not to be found at Antwerp. Nothing there showed the highest level of his ability at this particular moment as the "Philippe le Roy" and "Madame le Roy" of the Wallace collection, as the "François de Moncade" and the pair of anonymous full-lengths in the Louvre, as the "Duke of Croy" and the "Burgomaster" and "Burgomaster's Wife" of the Munich Gallery would have done. The tonality in the great series of pictures of this time contrasts singularly in its austerity with the rich, deep glow of the Genoese portraits on the one hand, with the lighter and more delicate sheen of the English portraits on the other. The lover of this phase of Van Dyck's art might nevertheless find much to attract, if not completely to satisfy him in the galleries of the exhibition. If Prince Liechtenstein had not consented to part with his famous three-quarter length "Maria Luisa de Tassis," the Duc d'Arenberg had sent a very similar, and, in point of characterization, if not in the degree of fascination exercised, hardly less remarkable portrait, the "Anne-Marie de Camudio, femme de Ferdinand de Boischot." The rendering is not less sumptuous than finely—for Van Dyck, unusually—interpretative of the sitter's true individuality. Then we had the "Portrait de Malderus, Evêque d'Anvers" from the Antwerp Gallery, the "Martin Pepyn" from the same place, the "Portrait d'Alexandre della Faille,"

from the State Gallery at Brussels, the "Portrait du R. P. Jean-Charles della Faille," and other things not calling for special enumeration here. The Duke of Grafton's "Portrait of the Organist Liberti" is one of numerous replicas of the well-known picture in the Alte Pinakothek at Munich, another and a finer repetition being that at the Prado.<sup>1</sup> The large full-length of Marie de Médicis (Chevalier Decker), painted in 1631, and identified by a view of the Scheldt and Antwerp in the background, is historically in the highest degree interesting. All the same, the imposing canvas has suffered so much that it would not be fair to regard it as a typical example of Van Dyck's second Flemish manner.

Thanks in a great measure to the generosity of the English collectors, the final period of our master's practice, during which—with one important interval in 1634-35—the English King and the English Court completely engrossed him, was splendidly illustrated in the city which had by England been deprived of his great services. It has been held with some show of justice that this English period is, in a sense, coincident with the weakest and most uncertain phase of Van Dyck's art. This appreciation—or depreciation—can certainly only apply to such portion of the work carried out during that time as the overworked painter, careless of the danger to his future fame, caused to be executed by pupils and assistants. It is wholly unnecessary to repeat here the well-worn description of Van Dyck's method in the building up of the portraits demanded of him by cavaliers and courtly dames. Too many of the private galleries bear witness to the unfortunate results of the process.

<sup>1</sup> The "Van Dyck in Youth," and the "Organist Liberti," contributed by the Duke of Grafton to the Antwerp Exhibition, are described in Evelyn's Diary, under the 16th of October, 1677, as "two of Van Dyck's, of which one was his own picture at length when young, in a leaning posture,

the other an eunuch singing." The "Carondelet with his Secretaries," by Sebastiano del Piombo, which is still in the same collection as a Raphael, is in the same passage of the Diary described as "that incomparable piece of Raphael's, being a Minister of State dictating to Guicciardini."

and to the feeble, nerveless character of the paintings thus produced and inevitably classed as the master's own. The clamorous impatience of fashion has ever been harmful to the painter, whether that painter be Raphael, Rubens, Van Dyck, Reynolds, Lawrence, or Millais. When, however, our master was stimulated by his subject, and did his work himself, he painted with a sovereign skill, with a command of all the resources of his art such as he had not at any previous stage of his practice exhibited. In support of this assertion it is but needful to cite such famous examples as the "Lord Philip Wharton" of the Hermitage; the "Henrietta-Maria" of Longford Castle; the "Children of Charles I" of Turin; the "Abbé Scaglia" of Dorchester House; the "Beatrice de Cusance" of Windsor Castle, the "Lords John and Bernard Stuart" of Panshanger, and those two half-lengths of Henrietta Maria at Windsor Castle—the full-face and the profile—which were destined for, but apparently never sent to, Bernini.

Apart from all the rest stands the well-known "Earl of Arundel with one of his Grandsons," lent by the Duke of Norfolk. This, the undoubted original of more than one repetition, has never looked as magnificent as it did at the recent exhibition. Though, judging from the age of the personage represented, the portrait owned by the great Arundel's descendant must necessarily be included in the English period, it is like nothing else in it. Here we have not an imitation of Titian, but a crossing of swords with him—an emulation of his finest efforts in the same class. And Van Dyck hardly appears inferior here to his prototype—so dignified and yet so faithful is the characterization, so superb the glow and transparency of the sombre yet jewel-like color, so admirable the *tenue* of the whole. The greatest and most discriminating patron of art of his time deserved to be

thus honored by the painter best fitted to depict him. In quite a different style the often-cited "Lord Philip Wharton," from the Hermitage, is a masterpiece of the first order. It is generally from the age of the sitter set down as having been executed in 1632, though the execution might lead us to place it a year or two later. This youthful Apollo, in the habit of an English nobleman, unaffectedly faces the spectator, looking out of the canvas with all the freshness, with all the ingenuousness of his nineteen years. He wears, carelessly thrown over a simply-fashioned coat of steel-gray velvet, a mantle of orange-tawny, the very original color-harmony being completed by the rich dark green of a hanging behind the figure. To parallel such a representation as this of aristocratic youth in its bloom, giving the physical beauty, the delicate sensibility of the young cavalier, with the happy suggestion of true virility beneath, one must turn back to Venetian art in the golden moment of its first prime, and call up the portraits left to the world by Giorgione, by Titian in his youth, by Sebastiano Luciani in his Giorgionesque phase. Other works of the same class, but of ampler and more magnificent proportions, are the well-known portrait-group, "Lord George Digby, Earl of Bristol, and Lord William Russell, Duke of Bedford," lent by Lord Spencer from Althorp; and that similar piece, "Lord John and Lord Bernard Stuart," from Lord Darnley's collection at Cobham, which hardly yields in attractiveness to the different portrait-group of the same charming youths at Panshanger. Appropriately truculent and self-assertive is the full length from Knole, "Edward Sackville, fourth Earl of Dorset." One of the most superb show portraits of Van Dyck's English time—and something more than this—is the full-length of a splendidly-costumed young nobleman, sent by

Herr Herzog from Vienna, and catalogued as "William Villiers, Viscount Grandison." The execution is all Van Dyck's own and a close analysis of the color, as subtle as it is daring and brilliant, would not be without its use. This Viscount Grandison is a very Osric in the elaboration of his clothes, and the naïve delight he takes in them is discreetly and even humorously indicated. To the Van Dyck exhibition of the Grosvenor Gallery (1887) the Duke of Grafton, under the title of "George, Viscount Grandison," contributed either this same work or one precisely similar. It must suffice to recall the fact that those celebrated Van Dycks, "Charles the First in three Positions," and "Three Children of Charles the First," went from Windsor to Antwerp, there filling important gaps in the display. The not less familiar "Thomas Killigrew and Thomas Carlew," bearing the date 1638, is exceptionally important as affording proof of Van Dyck's unabated artistic sensibility, in a subject chosen and worked out by himself. Belonging to the English period, but painted at Antwerp in 1634, is the magnificent full-length "Abbé César-Alexandre Scaglia," sent by Captain Holford from Dorchester House, than which a subtler piece of characterization or a finer picture was not to be found in the exhibition. The Antwerp Gallery had sent its own well-known repetition of this piece, presented by Abbé Scaglia himself to the Récollects of Antwerp, and on the strength of this *provenance*, as of an elaborate inscription—sometimes, not by true connoisseurs of Van Dyck's art, however—put forward as the original. The committee had the fairness and the good sense, notwithstanding the close connection of some of its members with the municipal Museum, to place the two canvases almost side by side, so that the truth might once for all assert itself. In this juxtaposi-

tion the Antwerp version showed a fairly accurate yet pale and colorless copy of the admirable original from Dorchester House, the claims to supremacy of which can never again be questioned, even by those with whom "local patriotism" asserts itself above connoisseurship.

It is, unfortunately, impossible to discuss on the present occasion the fine collection of drawings which accompanied the paintings, and in some instances served to explain their genesis. These were contributed from the rich cabinet of the King of Italy at Turin, and from the noted collections of the Duke of Devonshire, M. Léon Bonnat, Mr. Heseltine, Sir Charles Robinson, and others.

Though Sir Anthony Van Dyck died before he had achieved his forty-third year, and died, too, at the zenith of his powers, if not in the fulness of his physical strength, a careful consideration of his life-work in the very representative section of it brought together at Antwerp, serves to confirm the conviction that when he thus prematurely vanished from the world he had said his last word. Had he been relieved from the stress of his life of work, fashion and sensuous delight in England, had his shattered health been restored, he would no doubt in the future have continued to paint as exquisitely as he did in his best things, to the very end of his wonderful career. But a new and final development, a supreme efflorescence such as the art of Rubens showed during the last fifteen years of his life, was not to be looked for. This had already come with the climax of the English period, and Van Dyck, though he died at an age which, with some men—with a Titian, for instance—has coincided with the youth of an artistic career, cannot be said to have carried with him to the grave any undeveloped element of his genius or art.

*Claude Phillips.*



## THE SENTIMENTALISTS.

The moralist is justified in issuing grave warnings against sentimentality. An artificial excitement of good feeling, an expenditure of emotion without adequate cause and in pure waste, it is the foible or vice of effeminate men and half-educated women. Brought to the test of the real, it proves, in most cases, to be the comedy of sentiment; and even if sincere, it undergoes a ludicrous collapse, being incapable of reduction into practice. Sentimentality, then, might loosely be defined as an indulgence of feeling for the feeling's sake, or as wasteful emotion; but so much is denounced under the term, that definition is rendered impossible. Indeed, the one thing definite about sentimentality is that the English-speaking races detest it thoroughly, whatever it may be. Nay, it would almost seem as if, under penalty of severe censure, we must embrace utilitarianism in its most rigid form, and decide forthwith that all sensibility is sentimental, and all feeling intrinsically disgraceful.

What, then, do we understand by this term of disparagement or condemnation; this term which in our common usage means everything, or something, that is very bad? Before we use it, we ought at least to have made it clear to ourselves what this everything, or something, is. And perhaps we may be helped to clearer comprehension by a little journey into the land of the sentimentalists; by a brief examination of certain writers who are commonly accused of sentimentality. To begin with, we shall find that these writers, each in his own way, labored to ascertain the permissible degree of sentiment, the not too much, and the not too little; and that they were hampered in their task by a defective termino-

logy,—a terminology which is still defective, and more confusing than ever. Thus our English writers of the eighteenth century required sensibility, and deplored its excess. But they could not express this excess by any simple word. The French of to-day can draw a distinction between the sensible man who is naturally open to sympathetic emotions, and the sentimental man who artificially excites his own good feelings for the pleasure, or presumed honor, which he derives from them. But our ancestors knew not what to understand by "sentimental;" and at present we are reputed "sensible" almost in proportion to our lack of sensibility; while, again, it is very possible for our French contemporaries, and barely possible for ourselves to use "sentimental" as an epithet without implying summary condemnation.

It was in the middle of the eighteenth century, and considerably before the appearance of "The Sentimental Journey," that one of Richardson's many devoted correspondents declared herself at a loss to understand the meaning of the word "sentimental," so much in vogue of late. "In letters and common conversations I have asked several who made use of it, and have generally received for answer, it is—it is—'sentimental.' Everything clever and agreeable is comprehended in the word; but I am convinced a wrong interpretation is given, because it is impossible that everything clever and agreeable can be so common as this word. I am frequently astonished to hear such a one is a 'sentimental' man; we were a 'sentimental' party; I have been taking a 'sentimental' walk." Now Richardson himself barely employs the word. In "Sir Charles Grandison" it is after a sententious tirade against

romantic girls who prate of first love, more rightly styled first folly, that Lady Grandison draws up suddenly, fearing she is too sentimental: "The French only are proud of sentiments at this date; the English cannot bear them; story, story, story, is what they hunt after, whether sense or nonsense, probable or improbable." This is to say that Richardson, offering amusement in the hope to secure reformation, protests against the neglect of the lay-sermons which he embodies in his stories. Not that he really feared, or had need to fear, such neglect. He was indeed especially admired as a director of consciences. "A Friend" could collect, in a stout volume (printed for S. Richardson) what he calls the Moral and Instructive Sentiments, Maxims, Cautions and Reflections, of the truly illustrious philosopher and modestly anonymous author, whose works amiably illustrate and enforce the proper virtues of Man and Woman, Parent and Child, Old Age and Youth, Master and Servant! Nowadays, it may be, we do not consult this collection of "elevated thoughts, beautiful sentiments, and instructive lessons" in our hours of embarrassment with regard to the whole, or particular, duty of man. We remember Richardson if we remember him at all, as an artist who furnished a noble tragedy in his account of that *Clarissa* whose virtue brought her no material rewards, and as a moralist who laid himself open to caricature, who was ludicrously immoral when he celebrated the worldly success of the prudential *Pamela*. But it is worth while to remember also that Richardson possessed an intimate and minute knowledge of the human heart, and labored worthily to apportion the rightful dues of reason and feeling, of sense and sensibility. The sentiment he wished to inculcate is of the domestic and "proper" order; and his heroes are sentimental (as he understood the

meaning of the word) because they are apt to deal in sententious maxims and moral aphorisms.

Here the question arises whether our ancestors, in the age of Richardson, were accustomed to improve the occasion, and favor their friends and acquaintances with spoken sermons-in-little. Unless English nature has wholly changed in a century, the mouther of fine phrases would most probably have been shunned, or treated to some such curt objurcation as was bestowed by Sir Peter Teazle upon his nephew. We can prove at most that the display of sentiments and of moral aphorisms was allowed and prized in epistolary correspondence; and that, in certain cases, this moralizing was prompted by, or associated with, wasteful emotion. Thus Miss Seward, one of our "sweet sermonizing epistolarians," could regret the absence of a friend in the following manner:—

Pleasant were the weeks we have recently passed together in this ancient and embowered mansion! I had strongly felt the silence and vacancy of the depriving day on which you vanished. How prone are our hearts perversely to quarrel with the friendly coercion of employment at the very instant in which it is clearing the torpid and injurious mists of unavailing melancholy. . . . Virtuous friendship, how pure, how sacred are thy delights! Sophia, thy mind is capable of tasting them in all their poignance; against how many of life's incidents may that capacity be considered as a counterpoise!

And not only could such a letter be handed about and copied as if it were written by Madame de Sévigné, but an admiring public, or section of the public, could welcome six volumes of the kind.

After Richardson came Rousseau, his admirer, and the first European writer, as Richardson was the first English writer, to awaken the enthusiastic ad-

miration of women. In the midst of a polished and immoral society he gave forcible expression to the sentiment of peaceful and domestic life. French women were delighted to recognize themselves in the Julie of "La Nouvelle Héloïse," and discover that they were possessed of hearts and feelings. They apostrophized virtue and principle in their letters, like their English sisters, but with the added fervor which distinguished Julie from the heroines of Richardson. And more than this they followed their master in conceiving the necessity of a self-revelation which should be unpleasant and complete. As for the master himself, the apostle of Sensibility, who was so potent for good and ill, Hume well described him in a letter to Blair: "He has only *felt* during the whole course of his life, and in this respect his sensibility rises to a pitch beyond what I have seen any example of. . . . He is like a man who was stripped not only of his clothes, but of his skin, and turned out in that situation to combat with the rude and boisterous elements." This physical image of a shuddering and mortal exposure is not a whit too strong. A life in which sensibility is taken as the sole rule of conduct will be a life of painful error. Reverie will usurp the place of action, and pleasurable emotion that of duty. Rousseau confesses, in the pride of his humility, that he is exceptional, and wholly unfitted for a society which is based on obligation. He has his uneasy consciousness that the good-will of emotion is apt to come short of the deed; but a self-deceiver, and fully convinced that his heart is good, he lays the blame not on himself but on civilization. In short, it was impossible for him to enter into reasonable relations with any single human being.

In England, Hannah More,—a blue-stocking of sentiment according to De Quincey,—is the first writer I find who employs "sentimental" in its disparag-

ing connotation. Publishing, at the age of twenty-two, an essay on "The Danger of Sentimental or Romantic Connections," she complains of the wanton perversion of that good and plain term "sentiment." Sentiment is now but the varnish of virtue to conceal the deformity of vice; and now the worst of men and women are sentimental, that is to say, they plume themselves on their ability to speak and write sentimentally. Upon which she proceeds to deal with that betrayal of rustic and confiding maidens by town rakes, which supplies, as we may remember, the almost inevitable theme of novels in the eighteenth century. Your all too credulous damsel, according to Hannah More, has her head originally turned by the reading of pernicious romances, and confirms her insanity by sentimental correspondence, sweetest if clandestine, with a sentimental friend who encourages her to dwell upon the tyranny of sordid parents and the supreme importance of romantic and disinterested love. She is now in a fit condition to become the victim of a designing man who, perceiving much vanity and some sensibility in the object of his pursuit, addresses his compliments to the perfections of her mind rather than to those of her person, answers sentiment by rhapsody, and outvies her in contempt of illiberal prejudices. And our motherly Minerva of twenty-two, by way of conclusion, is inclined to think that the fatal error is due to a confusion of sentiment and principle; sentiment is of the head, whereas principle has its righteous seat in the heart. The proposition would be somewhat startling, did we not remember that she is reprobating what the French call *amours de tête*; and, of course, she is wholly free to indite a rhyming epistle in praise of sensibility, and tell over on each fit occasion the bead-roll of the contemporary great to whom the val-

ued quality may be ascribed. These, and herself are for deeds not for words. The true votaries of sweet Sensibility, she is sure, will not "waste on fancy what should warm the heart," or "weep o'er Werther while their children starve." She welcomes Mackenzie, "the tender moralist of Tweed," but will have none of the "perverted Sterne," however touching may be his page.

Censure may at once be passed on Sterne in his character as the philanthropist, if the censure is made proportionate to the offence. Such genuine sentiment as is to be discovered in his letters goes forth to his daughter. He is interested in the material comfort of his wife, but endures her absence with easy philosophy. Once on a day, indeed, he yearned to steal from the world with her to some little sun-gilt cottage on the side of a romantic hill, there to learn of Nature how to live. Once on a day, if she were absent, he would hire her lodgings, bedew his solitary meal with tears, and give a thousand pensive penetrating looks at the chair she had so often graced in their quiet and sentimental repasts; or he would visit the good Miss S—, their *confidante*, and vent "such affectionate gusts of passion that she was constrained to leave the room, and sympathize in the dressing-room." But now, of course, the tone of his epistolary correspondence with her must be that of amiable indifference; for he believes, in all good faith, that matrimony is incompatible with sentiment. Yet he must ever have a Dulcinea, in order that he may "harmonize his soul." And pray how may you grudge him his method of harmony, if, like his Sentimental Traveller, he "never does a mean action, except in some interval between one sentimental passion and another?" He but needs, as he assures us, to make himself believe that he is in love, and then he may proceed in the

French way, sentimentally; though, indeed, the French "have no precise idea annexed to the word," and are arrant bunglers, since they "make love by sentiments." It is amusing enough that he can report to his Dulcinea-Eliza that he has passed a sentimental and tearful afternoon with Mrs. James, talking of nothing but her "sweet virtues and endearing conduct," or with old Lord Bathurst who "heard me talk of thee with uncommon satisfaction,—for there was only a third person, and of sensibility with us." But when he holds out to two at least of his Dulcineas the possibility that some day he may be a widower, or asks his daughter to sympathize with him in his grief, that the "incomparable woman," her mother's rival, lies ill, it is not so much ridicule as contempt which he deserves.

It is commonly understood that sentimentality is incompatible with the sense of humor, and yet Sterne ranks with the great humorists; he has added Uncle Toby to the scanty number of those typical creations which serve to excite endless reflection and comment upon the mysteries and incongruities of human nature. It is true that Uncle Toby is an incarnation of sentiment. But he is presented humorously; and I know not whether it is more truly surprising that Sterne, being what he was, could approve himself, in this instance, the dramatic humorist, or that he could offer sentiment with so little admixture of doubtful elements.

Now the sensibility of the eighteenth century was, in its best form, humanitarian. Uncle Toby is the most humane of men, and not only benevolent but beneficent, when occasion offers. His sentiment is infused with faith, hope and charity; he has the guileless and simple heart; his wisdom is that of love. But humor depends, as it were, on a conspiracy between writer and reader. In the case of Uncle Toby, we and Sterne perceive that he is an

object for tender mirth, lovable and absurd, and lovable almost because of his absurdity. He delights in war, and is wholly humane; the man of sentiment, he may not understand his brother, or be understood by his brother, who yet does not fail in affection. And it is part of the humor that we should make a return upon ourselves, and consider that our instincts are for peace, but also for war; and that irony may play forever upon our sympathetic and social intercourse. But Sterne is no Cervantes, and we may not be sure that his design goes further than to make us share his admiration of Uncle Toby, and laugh with him at his discovery that Uncle Toby lacks that common-sense which we and Sterne are proud to possess. Sterne did well also to seclude his hero of humane sensibility so thoroughly from the world, for sensibility would fare but poorly in the press of men. A different hero were required and a pathos other than Sterne could command. A Colonel Newcome, for example, proves to be a pathetic figure whose suffering is unmerited, or merited, because he has not somewhat of the wisdom of the serpent added to his child-like simplicity.

Be this as it may, Sterne presently designed, in "The Sentimental Traveller," to foster in the world at large that sensibility, that spirit of humanity, with which Uncle Toby was so admirably endowed. He would teach us to "love each other better than we do," and this by narrating a little journey of his own, "a quiet journey of the heart in pursuit of Nature." But in giving free exercise, in this journey, to his natural affections, he has also set loose that personal humorist, that jester with the satyr's leer, who remained fairly abashed and silent in the presence of Uncle Toby. He is journeying forth in quest of those adventures which he is sure will never fall to the man who interests his heart in the pass-

ing scene; but he mars his pathetic incidents by pushing into the foreground to display his tear-bedewed handkerchief and his superfine feelings. For he is both a master and a master offender in the art of pathos. Yet if we set aside his tricks of false pathos and lewd innuendo, we can follow the Sentimental Traveller with delight, so natural is he in his affectations, if not in his affections; and so engaging when he confesses, with a smile, his lapses from sentiment, or applauds with light malice the victories which his tender sensibility carries off against oppressing wisdom. And, besides, he offers us a series of vignettes so lively and vivid that we are tempted to define sentimentality as the art of extracting the picturesque from a given situation. Our Traveller is light of heart, facile in sympathy, amused and ready to amuse; an optimist who is expressly concerned to show that, if we but yield ourselves to the gentler passion and affections, we learn the better to appreciate, not only one another, but, as he adds, the world.

And here Sterne parts company with his disciples; with Heine the Sentimental Traveller of the "Reisebilder," and with Jean Paul Richter, the main body of whose work is, as it were, a sentimental journey through life. For these two are humorists and pessimists; humorists, whose sentiment is a rebellion against the despotism of fact. It matters not that Matthew Arnold, in giving this definition of sentimentality (a definition much the same as that which Heine furnished), was seeking to characterize the Celtic temperament. One may readily grant that the Celt is marked by sensibility or sentimentality (Matthew Arnold uses the terms as convertible), and yet not refuse the quality to the men of other stocks. There are families of spirits, families which are represented at various epochs and in different nations. Rous-



seau the Swiss, Helne the Jew, Richter the Teuton, Byron and Shelley, Petrarch and Tasso,—these speak, each in his own way, for that family of sentimentalists who are not to be satisfied with life as it is. Men of action are swift in condemnation of these sentimentalists as unfit for life; but the hasty judgment is the uncharitable, and the uninformed. Richter, for example, is a rebel of sentiment; but then he wields the lash against his own kin. In his "Titan" he shapes forth a varied group of men of excessive feeling, that he may express his mistrust of them; and in his "Flegeljahre" he divides himself into two brethren, of whom the one is dreamy and unpractical, and the other decisive and energetic. Protesting against the form and fashion of this world, he is guilty, if you will, of taking refuge in an idyllic world of his own creation; but the inhabitants of this idyllic world are presented to us by a humorist, presented as creatures to excite our tenderness and mirth in that they are human, which is to say possessed of qualities which conflict together. It is this very conflict which furnishes moralists and theologians with arguments for the necessity of another life; man is unfit for this world, in the sense that the full harmony of his being, the complete satisfaction of his moral needs, is not to be realized under the present order. Indeed, from the pages of Richter you might bring together a whole breviary of aspiration.

Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling," also, is a Sentimental Traveller. Like Sterne, Mackenzie would foster philanthropic sensibility by "recitals of little adventures in which the dispositions of a man, sensible to judge, and still more warm to feel, had room to unfold themselves." But he is no humorist, either personal or creative; no Democritus and Heraclitus, the laughing philosopher and weeping, in one. Sentiment,

to him, is a sad and serious matter; it is as a weeping philosopher that he records "a few incidents in a life undistinguished except by some features of the heart." The friends of young Harley fear that he is too careless of his interests, and would have him go up to London to press a suit with that spirit and assurance which becomes a man who would make a figure in the world. But Mackenzie cannot allow him to press this suit, for he sharply divides mankind into two classes; you are of the wolves or of the sheep upon whom they raven; a Man of the World or a Man of Feeling. Harley, journeying forth, has his candor traded upon, and finds ample occasion for the exercise of sympathy and beneficence towards the victims of an unfeeling world. Returning with a heart "warm as ever in the cause of virtue," he falls sick of a fever caught in charitable ministrations. He has loved in silence an heirless of like sensibility with himself; and it is on his deathbed that he hears that his love is shared.

Mackenzie, to cover his pathos, employs a language of the heart that is all too soft and melting; but he is not without sense of the dangers of an excessive sensibility. He will deplore that "degree of sentiment which, in the bosom of a man destined to the drudgery of the world, is a source of endless disgust," and will approve his Rawlinson when he disclaims the title of a romantic lover. Like Hannah More, he is alarmed at the influence of "those poetical descriptions of the beauty of virtue and honor," which the circulating libraries afford. But he is all for "romantic enthusiasm" at the thought that it is held up to ridicule by the men of the world. "The world is in general selfish, interested, and unthinking, and throws the imputation of romance or melancholy on every temper more susceptible than its own." It is not the romantic turn, he considers, which needs dis-

couragement in an age of frivolity and false honor. His Annesley, in "The Man of the World," "looks on happiness as confined to the sphere of the sequestered life;" and, in the education of his children, he has taken it for his task to preserve humanity of disposition without allowing it to degenerate into fatal weakness. But, then, Annesley and all his household must fall a prey to Sir Thomas Sindall, the Man of the World. The world! Mackenzie will perish with the sheep rather than join the ravening herd. You have much, if not all, of Mackenzie in the paragraph with which he concludes his first, and more famous book: "I sometimes visit Harley's grave; I sit in the hollow of the tree. It is worth a thousand homilies; every noble feeling rises within me! Every beat of my heart awakens a virtue! But it will make you hate the world—No: there is such an air of gentleness around, that I can hate nothing; but, as to the world—I pity the men of it."

Three years after the publication of "The Man of Feeling" came that of "The Sorrows of the Young Werther." Much in the same way as French moralists deplore the tears which "Paul et Virginie" cause to be shed, Hannah More, as we have seen, would not have us waste sympathy upon the imaginary woes of Charlotte's lover. Now the design of Goethe, in his own words, was to represent a young man, endowed with deep and pure sensibility and true penetration, who loses himself in enthusiastic dreams, and is undermined by speculation, till at last, distraught by a hopeless passion, he commits suicide. Werther, indeed, is the full and sincere disciple of Rousseau. He has taken the heart for his guide in life. Protesting, but not rebelling, against an exclusive and aristocratic society which will not treat him as an equal, or will value him for his talents and not for his moral worth, he consorts

with the good and simple who lead the pastoral life. Designing to embellish his days with innocent and spiritual pleasures, he is involved in a moral conflict, and refuses either to act or renounce action. Goethe himself, relieved by artistic confession, after his wont, speedily plied professing Wertherians with ridicule. In "Peter Brey" he travestied the Alsatian Lenscheuring who founded a Secret Order of Sensibility, in the Triumph of Sensibility he allowed his Prince Oronaro to dote upon a puppet stuffed with romances (including "Werther" and "La Nouvelle Héloïse") and to worship Nature, without the risk of taking cold, amid portable scenery which he owes to the stage carpenter. Later, to Werther, he opposed his active and practical Hermann; and he deferred his fruitful friendship with Schiller, the disciple of Rousseau, because he mistrusted the tendencies of Schiller's works because the stormy and stressful Robber-Moor was a Werther in full revolt.

It is interesting to note that Schiller found in Goethe a chief representative of the naïve poets who are able to reproduce the real with charm and to inspire content, whereas he describes himself as a sentimental poet, a shaper of ideals which tend to make men unsatisfied with the present order. Something has been already said in the matter. It is enough to point out that Schiller, by drawing this distinction, does not imply disparagement of himself. And disparagement would be unjust; for content and discontent may severally, be noble or ignoble, and men are as good as they are because they desire to be better. But Goethe, losing his friend, found occasion for new mistrust of sensibility. He could praise the author of "I Promessi Sposi," because he possessed sentiment without sentimentality; but the young poets of Germany, he declared, lay sick,—were all sentimental, subjective, romantic.

Against the Heine who was to bury the Romantic school of German poets with laughter and tears, against the Heine who defined sentimentality as the revolt of the heart against materialism, he brought the charge of heartlessness. A terrible charge, surely, to bring against a sentimentalist! Goethe, explaining himself, declared that Heine lacked that spirit of charity of which the apostle writes. The charge is true from one point of view, and yet fails in completeness from another. For if Byron, in his "Don Juan," could pass from the tender to the sarcastic, and check the flow of his feeling to make a mock of the writer and his readers, Heine affords the unhappy spectacle of a double nature, of a nature that is in permanent conflict with itself. He is at once the fervent devotee and the railing renegade of love and poetry; a Don Quixote of the Ideal who gives himself answer by the mouth of a harlequin Momus, or a cynical and all-denying Mephistopheles. He dreamed, and life seemed to him the flat contradiction of his dream. Life was unlovely, the very mock of his dearest fancies. He would return mock for mock. Nay, life itself was but a dream; but then the sentimental dream within the dream,—how should it escape his practised mockery?

But we are far away from the English sentiment or sentimentality, of the eighteenth century, which was domestic and humanitarian rather than lyrical or revolutionary. Twenty years after the appearance of "The Man of Feeling," a young girl added a notable contribution to the endless debate as to the just mean of sensibility regarded as a virtue. A little later in "Emma," she was to furnish a sentence which might serve as a critical epigraph to Mackenzie's work: "If we feel for the wretched enough to do all we can for them, the rest is empty sympathy, only distressing to ourselves." In "Sense

and Sensibility" itself, she exhibits common-sense and self-control in contrast with romantic refinement and excessive sensibility. A close student of Richardson, but, unlike her master, gifted with the power of humorous observation, she is concerned to show that young maidens entering upon life should learn for their own comfort, to see things as they are. Youthful enthusiasm and ignorance of the world may be charming; but there are decided inconveniences attached to them. It is well if the romantic views of life are exchanged for the prosaic with the least possible delay. Marianne Dashwood

was born to discover the falsehood of her own (romantic) opinions, and to counteract, by her conduct, her most favorite maxims. She was born to overcome an affection formed so late in life as at seventeen, and with no sentiment superior to strong esteem and lively friendship, voluntarily to give her hand to another!—and that other a man who had suffered no less than herself under the event of a former attachment,—whom, two years before, she had considered too old to be married—and who still sought the constitutional safeguard of a flannel waistcoat!

Happy Marianne! although she had been forsaken by her Willoughby, whose aversion to second attachments and taste in the matters of poetry and the picturesque were identical with her own; and although she had failed to die of despair, as she fondly expected, or even to drag out the remainder of her days in solitude. Happy Marianne! for her husband could have told her how frequently it happens that, "when the romantic refinements of a young mind are obliged to give way, they are succeeded by such opinions as are but too common and dangerous." Now her sister Elinor marries the object of her first attachment. But Elinor is sensible;

which is to say, she guides her sensibility by common-sense, and does not consider it fit or possible for one's happiness to depend entirely upon any particular person. Whereupon we remember that Jane Austen, thus writing at the age of twenty-two, was prophesying of herself. She was to have, it would seem, her brief and sad romance; but she remained sweetly reasonable and cheerfully unselfish to the end.

Jane Austen's mistrust of sensibility and abhorrence of affected sentiment were such that she has wholly escaped the charge of sentimentality which is so readily brought against the makers of literature. Thus we are apt to pronounce Dickens sentimental, and straightway relieve ourselves from consideration whether, or in how far, he errs against his own requirements that in a work of art, there should be a pervading suggestion, and not a labored exhibition, of sentiment. On the other hand, if Thackeray shows himself the typical Englishman by the restraint which he puts upon his deep and genuine sensibility; if, like the typical Englishman he wishes to see things as they are, and discovers that generous feeling is not altogether common, we mistrust him and fear that he is a cynic. While again, if he lends himself to moralizing, we choose to remember that the English tendency to moralize is due to sentiment. How, then, may we be pleased? It is true that sensibility, the openness to impression and capacity of emotion, is a primary condition of

genius. Dramatists and novelists are constrained, by the law of their art, to set forth the conflicts of heart and head, to raise questions of sentiment. And it would seem that literary talent in general, if it is to win popular recognition, must appeal rather to the heart than to the head. But our present makers of literature may well be afraid to make such an appeal; for we respond to the appeal, and presently begin to mistrust both appeal and response, and seek to relieve uneasiness by prompt usage of the word "sentimental," which at once condemns and begs the question, since it lacks all discrimination.

Perhaps our English embarrassment in dealing with cases and questions of sentiment and sentimentality is due to certain peculiarities of our racial temperament. By character we understand the clear head and warm heart, the "blood and judgment well commingled" which Shakespeare praised in his Horatio, that ideal Englishman. We require strength of intelligence joined to strength of feeling, and find strength best exercised in self-control. Reserved, and intolerant of all weakness, it follows that we shun all exhibition of sentiment on our own part, or on that of others. We judge that sentiment, if strong, is reticent; and that sentiment displayed is sentimentality, a manifest proof of weakness. And thus it would seem that we mistrust sentiment because we value it so highly; because we regard it as a treasure to be hoarded in jealous secrecy.

*Garnet Smith.*

A FAMILY LIVING.

I.

"My dear, it is quite impossible," said the Squire, with that decisive ring in his voice which his daughter knew so well. "I like Heathcote very much. He is a gentleman; his birth and breeding are undeniable; and he is good-looking enough for any young woman, if that were all. But as things are at present, I must say no."

It was a fine oak-panelled room, furnished as the library of a country house. The latticed windows were wide open, and the quaint old garden, with its smooth-shaven lawns and stone terraces, where a sedate peacock was sunning himself in all his glory, wafted a pleasant odor of summer flowers into the cool, quiet room. The two people who occupied it were worthy of their surroundings. The Squire sat at his writing-table, a hale, white-haired man of nearly sixty, but as upright and active as many a young man of half his age. He had a kindly, cheerful face, but it was a strong face too, and the men whom he had led in the Crimea forty years before, though they adored their captain, knew that he was not to be trifled with. His daughter, who stood by his side, made a charming picture of youth and grace, with that dim, old-fashioned room as a background to her fair beauty. Her summer dress of white, with the roses at the waist, showed off her slender figure to perfection. But just now there was a look of trouble on her pretty face and in her sweet gray eyes.

"I don't say that things may not alter," the Squire went on. "I shouldn't have the slightest objection to your marrying a clergyman. A country parson who is as well connected as Heathcote is as good as anybody—that is to

say, if he has a position and an income. At present, however, our friend has neither."

"But, father," said the girl, "Lord Hurlingham is sure to give him a living by-and-by."

"Then if both of you are still of the same mind," answered the Squire, "when the by-and-by comes you can ask me again. But, my dear Marjory, you must understand that I absolutely decline to let you engage yourself to a curate with a hundred and twenty pounds a year."

"He has much more than that, father," pleaded the girl; "and you would give me something, wouldn't you? And the living is sure to come."

"My dear, we will wait until it does," answered the Squire; and he took up *The Field* with the air of a man who has closed an interview.

But Marjory still lingered.

"You know, father, after all, we *are* engaged," she said presently.

The Squire laughed and put down his paper.

"My dear child," he said, drawing his daughter towards him, "I am not going to begin to play the harsh father at my time of life, and I have not the slightest objection to your considering yourself plighted to Heathcote forever. I don't want to make you miserable by saying you sha'n't see him, or anything of that sort. I should consider it an impertinence even to ask you not to do anything which your mother could have blamed you for if she had been alive; and as for Heathcote, I have every confidence in his good faith. I simply say that at present I see no chance of your getting married, and until I do I cannot countenance anything like a public engagement. Now give me a kiss and run away, for I'm busy."



Poor Marjory went disconsolately out of the room. As she closed the door of the library the grandfather clock on the other side of the big stone hall began to chime. Marjory's face brightened. "I didn't know I had been so long," she said to herself as she caught up a shady straw hat from the table and went quickly through the open door out into the garden.

Across the sunny lawn with its spreading cedars, through the little iron gate into the park, and down towards the road that ran the other side of the high stone wall, hurried Marjory. At one point the ground rose to where a clump of beeches and a thick shrubbery of rhododendrons made a delightful, shady spot from which an onlooker might watch everything that went on up and down the quiet country road. Not much went on just here, however, and at this particular time the village was busy over its midday meal, and no one was in sight on the white strip of dusty road that ran under the wall. The view in one direction was obscured by the overhanging branches of the trees which spread over the wall above the stretch of turf that lay between it and the road. Marjory had not been waiting long, however, before the dull thud of the hoofs of a horse cantering was heard, and from under the trees a young man mounted on a chestnut mare appeared, and reined up just under where Marjory was leaning over the wall. He was a very good-looking young man, with crisp fair hair and a pair of laughing blue eyes. You would not at first sight have taken him for a clergyman, for he wore a pair of white riding breeches, high patent boots with spurs, a loose gray jacket, a white straw hat with a black ribbon round it, and he looked very smart indeed. But if any one had criticized his unclerical dress he would have pointed triumphantly to his white tie and to the absence of color in his costume.

"Well, Marjory," he said, "what luck?"

"Oh, Ralph," answered Marjory, dejectedly, "it's no use. Father won't hear of it."

"So he said," replied Ralph, reflectively. "But I thought you might be able to talk him over."

"He says we must wait until you get a living."

"Oh, the deuce!" murmured Ralph.

"Ralph, dear, you shouldn't say things like that—and you a clergyman," said Marjory, reproachfully.

"My dear child," said Ralph, laughing. "I know I shouldn't. But it's very difficult to realize that I'm not an undergraduate still. I should be all right, you know, if I had you to keep me in order."

"I wish you could then," sighed Marjory. "You need it badly."

"You know, after all," said Ralph, becoming serious again, "I can make up nearly three hundred a year, and I suppose you will have something. I don't really see why we shouldn't rub along on that until the living comes. Uncle Hurlingham is sure to give me the first that falls vacant. In fact, he would be only too delighted to get rid of some of those old sticks of uncles and cousins if they could be got to move on a bit. I wish to goodness it wasn't the fashion in our family to make such a lot of us parsons and cram us into the family livings. I would much rather have been a soldier!"

"Then you wouldn't have met me, you know," said Marjory.

"No, you darling, I shouldn't," answered Ralph, standing up in his stirrups to kiss her hand, which hung over the stone coping of the wall, which having been accomplished, he wanted to kiss her lips. This also having been accomplished—not without difficulty, owing to Nora, the bay mare, refusing to stand still—Ralph sat down in his saddle again and proceeded to remark:

"After all, Marjory, I make rather a good parson, don't you think?"

Marjory laughed.

"I don't know so much about that," she said. "I know the poor people like you awfully, but I don't think you talk to them very seriously, do you?"

"Of course I don't," answered Ralph. "Why should I? I expect your father would be rather surprised if I walked into his house while he was dining and asked him how his soul was!"

"He might think it a little odd," assented Marjory.

"Well, if it's odd in the hall it's odd in the cottage," decided Ralph; "and I'm not going to do it. Any other remarks?"

"I shouldn't describe your sermons as exactly brilliant, you know," said Marjory with a smile.

"Well, that's not my fault," answered the Reverend Ralph. "You should talk to the fellow who wrote 'em. But you marry me, my dear little girl, and you shall write them yourself. Then you can't complain. Anything else?"

"I don't think your clothes are very clerical," said Marjory, looking critically at his polished boots and spotless breeches.

"That's where I don't agree with you," said Ralph. "I don't wear them for swagger. If I were a layman I could dress in brown boots and breeches or gaiters, or anything else you like. As I am a parson I can't, so I wear these."

"You know, Ralph," said Marjory, "you would have to give up Nora if we were married now. We couldn't afford to keep horses."

"My angel," said Ralph, "I would give up any mortal thing to marry you! All the same," he added, "we should have to keep one horse. We must get about somehow."

It will be perceived that the Reverend Ralph Heathcote was not very practical in his ideas, and perhaps the

Squire was not to be blamed for refusing to give away his daughter to a young gentleman who expected to be able to keep a wife and a horse on three hundred a year.

Just then the big bell over the hall began to ring.

"I must go," said Marjory, "or I shall be late for lunch. Good-bye, Ralph dear, and do try and behave a little more like a clergyman."

"All right, Marjory," replied Ralph as he rode away. "I'll come up to dinner in a cassock and biretta this evening."

## II.

It was the Squire's somewhat unsocial habit to read his paper while he ate his breakfast, and there was, as a rule, but little conversation between himself and his daughter during the course of that meal, unless the Squire felt bound from time to time to make some criticism on the evil ways of the Radical party, or a comment on any event of social importance. Marjory was used to his ways, and was quite content to sit silent, occupied with her own musings, and maintaining a quiet watchfulness over the Squire's temporal wants.

One August morning, some weeks after the date of the last chapter, she was much more than content not to have to keep up a show of conversation, for on coming down to breakfast she had found among the letters laid by her plate one directed in Ralph's boyish handwriting, the contents of which gave her ample food for reflection. Ralph was shooting in Scotland, and the parish was under the sole care of the rector, who left the parish pretty much to its own devices.

"Hullo, Marjory!" cried the Squire presently. "Here is something that will interest you."

Marjory looked up. She knew from Ralph's letter what was coming.

"We regret to have to announce," read the Squire, "the death of the Reverend Lord Augustus Heathcote, at the advanced age of eighty-seven. The deceased clergyman was honorary canon of Sidnacester, and held the valuable living of Thorpe-cum-Howdale, which is the annual value of 1,300*l*. He was a brother of the sixth Marquis of Hurlingham and uncle of the present peer, into whose hands a valuable piece of preferment thus falls. Lord Augustus was an adherent of the old Evangelical school, and, though not a man of commanding intellect, was much beloved in his parish for his courtesy and his unfailing kindness to the poor."

"Commanding intellect!" commented the Squire. "No I should think not. I have heard my father say that he was one of the wildest young fellows in the University in his day, and one of the most popular."

"I have heard that all the Heathcotes have charming manners," remarked Marjory, with a conscious blush.

"We know of one that has—eh, Marjory?" said the Squire with a sly smile. "Well, now I wonder if our young gentleman will be made Canon of Sidnacester and Rector of Thorpe-cum-Thingummy. I don't know about the 'old Evangelical school,' though. It doesn't sound as if it fitted very well, unless it means a good seat on a horse."

Marjory laughed.

"I shouldn't think they would make Ralph a canon just yet," she said. "I had a letter from him this morning about it." This with an unconscious air, at which the Squire's eyes twinkled. "I wish his language was a little more clerical. I don't know what his bishop would say if he were to read some of his letters."

"I don't think his bishop, or any one else, is likely to be allowed to, is he?" asked the Squire.

Marjory ignored this remark.

"He says: 'You will see by the papers that old Uncle Gus has gone off the hooks. He was one of the best—'. No, that isn't the part."

"Oh, go on," said the Squire. "One of the best what?"

"He was one of the best riders across country," resumed Marjory obediently, "in his day at Cambridge. I wish I was half as good. He was a really good old man, and gave up going to race meetings without a murmur when he got his canonry. So shall I when I get mine. Dear old fellow! I remember staying with him when I was at Eton, the year Ayrshire won the Derby. We got awfully fond of each other, and he taught me more about a horse than I ever knew before. Oh, my dear—ur—ur—ur—ah, here it is! 'Uncle Hurly asked me yesterday whether I was clever among the mothers, or good at bringing down a rocketing Dissenter, because old Gus Heathcote was a dab at both. So that looks all right, but he hasn't said anything definite yet. The fellows here are a rare good lot. We had a little sweep in the smoking-room yesterday as to when my name would appear in the paper as the Rector of Thorpe. I drew the first of September—an auspicious date. I should like to come in with the partridges!' That's all there is about that, I think," concluded Marjory.

"Ah, well," said the Squire, "we must wait and see what turns up."

That morning the Squire went up to town for a few days, and Marjory was left alone among her flowers and books.

But she was anything but unhappy. In the morning she was all about the old house like a gleam of sunshine. Her face had a happy look, and every now and then she would burst out singing in a way that made the servants stop their work and smile at each other. They knew all about it, and why their young mistress was so happy. What

don't servants know? In the afternoon she would take a book and dream away the sunny hours in a hammock under the shade of the big trees on the lawn, or wander by the little brook in the park, where she and Ralph had often fished for trout. In the evening she would sit by the open window of her own little room, which commanded a view of the church and the rectory, where Ralph lived with the old bachelor rector. There she would build all sorts of castles in the air, and lay plans for the time when she would look after all the old people in Ralph's parish, and see that the young gentleman himself did not compromise his position by undue frivolity.

Every morning Marjory looked carefully through the Morning Post for an announcement of Ralph's expected appointment, but none had appeared as yet. On the first of September nothing was there. "He will lose his stake anyhow, the naughty boy," said Marjory to herself.

That evening the Squire was to return, and Marjory went to the station to meet him.

"Here's an evening paper for you," said the Squire as they drove out of the station yard. "I could only get this Radical rag, but it contains the news you want, Miss Marjory."

The news Marjory wanted appeared in the following attractive form:

"We imagine that the iniquities of the system of private patronage in the Established Church have never received a more glaring illustration than the way in which that noble patron of Church and State, the Marquis of Hurlingham, has disposed of his latest piece of preferment. We hear, on very good authority, that the valuable living of Thorpe-cum-Howdale, worth something like 1,500*l.* a year of income with a fine house, has been offered by his lordship to his nephew, the Rev. Ralph Heathcote, who will naturally consider

himself the most suitable person to fill the position. This young gentleman about three years ago was riding with the drag at Cambridge and running horses on the University steeplechase course at Cottenham. The time he could spare from these and similar pursuits he devoted to acquiring that ignorance of theology which is considered indispensable for those who are to take orders in the Church of England. Having been ordained about two years, this young man is appointed to take charge of an important parish; and no bishop, if he wanted to, or any one else, has the slightest power to object to the appointment. Lord Hurlingham is patron of seven livings, most of them of considerable value, and it is a curious fact that five of these are held by clergymen of the name of Heathcote, which happens also to be that nobleman's family name. We had to announce a few days ago the death of the late Rector of Thorpe, and we refrained then from giving any details of the clerical career of the Rev. Lord Augustus Heathcote. We may state, however, that the reverend canon is reported to have left a large fortune, a great part of which is said to have been amassed in his earlier years by a successful course of speculation on the turf, while the remainder was probably saved out of that large income which the ratepayers will now have the pleasure of devoting to making another clerical Heathcote comfortable for life. Our only consolation is that this sort of thing cannot last, and that Lord Hurlingham, and patrons like him, have only to effect a few more of these scandalous jobs before the whole corrupt and indefensible system will be swept away. In the meantime we wish the parish of Thorpe joy of its new rector."

"What a shame, father!" said Marjory indignantly, throwing down the paper.

"Let them rave, my dear," said the Squire calmly. "It will take a good deal more influence than they possess to overthrow our old institutions."

### III.

If Marjory was happy before, what gay tunes did she sing all about the old house now! The strictures of the evening newspaper on her lover had ceased to affect her by the time the carriage had passed through her father's lodge gate, and a letter from Ralph, which was waiting for her on the hall table, caused her to dismiss the very fact of their existence from her mind; for Ralph wrote to say that he was travelling south by that night's mail, and should come up and see them some time the next morning.

"I think I can guess why," said the Squire as he went up to dress for dinner.

After breakfast the next morning Marjory must needs pick flowers for the house; and the best flowers for that purpose, as every one knew, were to be found some distance away in a little strip of rose garden between a high wall and a yew hedge, through which was a short cut to the church and rectory. It was, therefore, not so surprising, as Marjory declared, that when Ralph made his way up to the Hall, as soon as possible after he reached home, he should encounter that young lady busily engaged in cutting off another rose to add to the four which it had taken her some twenty minutes to cut for her basket.

"Oh, Ralph, you did startle me!" said Marjory, as her lover came up quietly behind her along the grass path and put his hands over her eyes.

"You sweet fibber," said Ralph. "You know you've been waiting for me."

"As if I should!" disclaimed Marjory indignantly.

"I am sorry to have kept you wait-

ing, dear," said Ralph, his arms round her waist, "but I had to clean myself up. One does get so beastly dirty travelling by night. What jolly flowers! And how is the Queen of Roses?"

"If you mean that beautiful rose over there—" said Marjory.

"No, I don't," interrupted Ralph. "I mean this beautiful rose over here."

"Then you shouldn't mean anything so silly," answered Marjory with a blush. "And how is the new Rector of Thorpe?"

"Not much the matter with him, the little scug!" replied Ralph, his face falling.

"What do you mean?" asked Marjory in amazement.

"Why, haven't you heard?" said Ralph. "They have given the living to my uncle, who was Vicar of Ashleigh."

"Oh, Ralph!" cried Marjory, the tears of disappointment springing to her eyes, "and we thought it was you!"

They looked at one another in dismay for a few seconds, and then Ralph realized what a blow his announcement must be to her. He drew her towards him tenderly.

"My poor little girl," he said, kissing her on the forehead, "I thought you knew."

Marjory's head rested for a little on her lover's shoulder. Then she wiped away her tears.

"Then that horrid paper was all wrong," she said.

"What paper?" asked Ralph.

"Why, *The Evening Messenger*," answered Marjory. "That was the only one we saw. They said a lot of disgusting things about your being too young to have a living, and now you haven't got a living at all."

"Oh, yes, I have," said Ralph. "I have got the living of Ashleigh."

A light came into Marjory's eyes as she looked up into his face.

"Well, then—"

She began slowly, and then stopped



in perplexity, for Ralph still looked sober.

"Do you know the sum the Vicar of Ashleigh scoops in every year?" he asked.

"No," answered Marjory.

"Seventy pounds," said Ralph. "Let's go in and see the Squire."

They found the Squire enlightened, for *The Guardian*, which had arrived that morning, contained the following announcements:

"Rev. Lord Ralph Heathcote, M. A., vicar of Ashleigh: rector of Thorpecum-Howdale, Heathshire. Patron, the Marquis of Hurlingham."

"Rev. Ralph Heathcote, B. A., curate of Newsmere: vicar of Ashleigh, Kent. Patron, the Marquis of Hurlingham."

"Good morning, your reverence," said the Squire cheerily. "So you are not to be a rector after all. We don't think much of vicars in this part of the world."

"Vicar is good enough for me," answered Ralph dolefully; "but I don't see much chance of that at present."

"Not much chance!" cried the Squire.

"Why, here you are in black and white," and he tapped the open paper with his knuckles.

"Seventy pounds a year and a house," announced Ralph. "Nothing like your bloated clergy for wallowing in luxury."

"Phew!" whistled the Squire, his nose and his face falling together.

There was a short silence, which, being interpreted, meant, "What's to be done now?"

The next move in the game lay with the Squire, who chose to make an unimportant one.

"What a rascally thing that newspaper paragraph was, then," he said, with some show of heat. "Really, those fellows ought to be muzzled."

"Have you got the newspaper?" asked Ralph. "I have only heard about it."

"Run and fetch it, Marjory," said the Squire. "I expect Jenkins took it from the carriage."

Marjory went. There was no necessity to disturb Jenkins over his morning glass of ale in his pantry, for she had appropriated the paper herself.

The Squire, left alone with the as yet undesirable suitor, made haste to talk about the moors, and Ralph had been able to put in no further plea by the time Marjory returned with the paper in her hand.

The subject of the paragraph read it through with some amusement. "Poor old Uncle Gus," he said as he laid the paper down. "He never made a bet in his life, not even when he ran horses before he was ordained. If he has left a large fortune, which I should very much doubt, it has probably gone to almshouses or something of that sort. He was a great friend to the poor."

"Well," said the Squire, with an attempt at cheerfulness, perceiving that he was expected to commit himself in some way before the interview closed, "we don't seem to have got much forrader, do we?"

This tentative opening was not a success. It was received in dejected silence. Ralph and Marjory stood side by side in front of the Squire's writing-table, almost like two children who had done something naughty and were awaiting sentence.

The Squire began again with more seriousness. "I suppose things must remain as they are for a bit longer, eh? What are you going to do about this living—accept it or rub along here until you get something better?"

"I thought you knew, sir," began Ralph with some hesitation, ignoring the last question, "that as you made such a point about a living, and as—I've got a living." Here he came to a full stop. The Squire thought it time to assume his magisterial air. He sat

up in his chair and shuffled some papers on his table.

"My dear Heathcote," he said, "you are talking nonsense, or you would have done if you had completed your sentence. If I refused to give my daughter to a young man on 140*l.* a year of professional income, or whatever the sum is, it is not likely that I shall reconsider my decision because he contemplates a step which will reduce his income to half that amount. What's more," added the Squire, "I don't think you ought to ask it."

Ralph found no reply to this speech, and Marjory could only recall the rare occasions of her childhood on which it had been necessary for her governess to hand her over to her father to be reprimanded. But it was not in Ralph's sunny nature to be downcast very long. He straightened himself up with a sigh.

"Well," he said with a twinkle in his eye, "I must go and prepare my sermon for tomorrow evening."

Marjory cast a hurried look of apprehension at her father, who struggled for a moment with his inclinations and then lay back in his chair with a great peal of laughter.

"It is only fair that we should all have our innings," he said, as he recovered himself. "Come up and dine after you have delivered it."

Marjory walked with Ralph across the lawn, past the shrubberies and as far as the rose garden, where they sat down together in a yew arbor and talked matters over.

"Uncle Hurlingham is an old beast," said Ralph vindictively. "He led me to suppose that I was going to Thorpe. I'll be hanged if I'm going to Ashleigh, anyhow, away from you."

"Oh, but Ralph," said Marjory, "won't your uncle be vexed if you don't accept?"

"Yes, he will," said Ralph.

"But you oughtn't to offend him, ought you?"

"No, I oughtn't."

"Are you going to then?"

"Yes."

They both laughed and the conversation took a new lease of life.

"Look at his impudence," said Ralph, "sending the announcement of my appointment to *The Guardian* by the same post by which he offered me the living."

"Never mind about him," said Marjory. "Let us think about you. Could you manage to live there?"

"Oh, I dare say I could," replied Ralph; "he will have to increase the stakes a bit, although I don't suppose he will do much. And perhaps my old governor will increase my allowance, if he can afford it, poor old chap."

"Then, Ralph, I think you ought to go."

"I think so too," said Ralph, "but I don't want to."

"I dare say not," said Marjory imperiously, "but we can't all have what we want. I think you must accept."

"If you say so," answered Ralph, "of course there is nothing more to be said—except," he added as an apparent after-thought, "that I'm not going to."

So Marjory argued, and Ralph teased her as they sat in the yew arbor in the rose garden, but when he got back to the Rectory, before settling down to compose his sermon, he wrote a note to his uncle accepting his offer of the living of Ashleigh.

In the meantime Marjory, who had kept up a brave show of cheerfulness and courage before her light-hearted lover, went back to her little sitting-room and cried bitterly to herself. Everything was so changed since she had last sat at that open window with the light in her eye and happiness in her heart.

"I shall miss him so," she sobbed to herself; "but I am sure it will be best for him. Oh! how long the time will be."

But the next morning a long envelope, directed in a business-like hand, made its appearance among the one or two square ones which the postman had brought for Ralph. Taking it for a bill, he did not open it until he was well on his way driving to a neighboring parish where he was to take duty. When he did open it, he was for turning Nora's head and making straight back for Newsmere and Marjory, but thought better of it, and kept his news until he appeared in the drawing-room

of the hall that evening, after his Sunday's work was over.

The news was that Reverend Lord Augustus Heathcote's will had been read, and that he was found to have left personalty to the amount of 37,000*l.*, half of which was to be held in trust for the benefit of the poor of the parish of Thorpe-cum-Howdale, and the remainder, after the payment of certain small legacies, was to go to his "dear great-nephew, Ralph Temple Heathcote."

Longman's Magazine.

Archibald Marshall.

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### THE CLOSE-TIME CURATE.

("A speaker at the Birmingham Conference, alarmed at the haste with which some of the clergy rush into marriage, demanded a close time for curates."—Daily News.)

Time was when Love and I were well acquainted,  
Time was when half the parish schemed and planned  
To win a smile from lips that they called sainted  
Or press the fingers of my lily hand.  
No garden party was complete without me,  
I was the first of eligible men,  
And charming girls in dozens hung about me—  
Ah, me! I was an "open" curate then.

Time was when thrice a day the postman brought me  
Socks, sachets, silken slippers for my feet,  
And dainty notes from ladies who besought me  
To lend my sermon—"it was quite too sweet!"  
And offers came from widows who were pining,  
To which some soft refusal I would pen,  
Expressing thanks, but gracefully declining—  
Ah, me! I was an "open" curate then.

But, now, alas, I get no invitations,  
The charming girls about me hang no more,  
No longer do they work me choice oblations,  
The faithless postman passes by my door.  
And I, whose presence ladies all but fought for,  
Have ne'er a party where to make my bow;  
I sit at home unheeded and unsought for—  
Ah, me! I am a "close-time" curate now.  
Punch.

## A SIBERIAN ADVENTURE.

It is now some twenty years ago. I had but recently been married to a Russian lady, when circumstances of urgent consequence compelled me to quit the repose of my honeymoon for a journey across the entire Russian Empire, from Moscow to Vladivostok, on the Pacific Coast. It was already late winter, the most unfavorable time of the year for a long sledge-drive in Russia. The frosts, it is true, were getting less intense, but at more than one part of my route I knew that I should be reduced to a walk by the half-thawed state of the roads, cut up during the long winter by thousands of tea and other caravans. Still, time was of the first importance, and I had none to spare in waiting till the river routes of Western Siberia should be once more open. At the proper time of year the trip was rather pleasant than otherwise: I had often done it before, and was a seasoned traveller. My wife was not, and I endeavored to represent to her the advantages of remaining in comfortable Moscow to wait my return some seven months later. On the whole, however, I was not very sorry when she indignantly refused to be left behind while her newly-wedded husband went to face the perils of the 5,000 miles' drive alone. And except for the few doubtful moments of the perilous experience I am about to relate, I never had occasion to regret her decision to accompany me.

We left Moscow in the middle of March, and had a comfortable night's journey by rail to Nizhni-Novgorod, on the Volga, where our real hardships were to begin. It would take too long to recount the innumerable interesting or painful experiences we had along the 3,000 miles of our route to Irkutsk, which we reached in safety by the

third week in May. With the exception of three stoppages,—at Omsk, Tomsk, and Krasnojarsk,—we travelled in our own sledges with post-horses day and night, along the great *trakt* or post-road, which runs from Nizhni-Novgorod through Kazan, Perm, Ekaterinburg, Tjumen, and the above-mentioned towns, to Irkutsk. The stages are from ten to twenty miles long, and our rate of progression varied from eight or nine miles an hour on a good road to less than two in bad places. On occasions we spent as much as an hour over each mile! The horses, the small hardy breed of the steppes, are worked up to the last ounce in them, on good road or bad; and when they reach the welcome post-house are tied up under a mere lean-to, and there are left all in a lather to freeze stiff until their turn of service comes round again. For some reason, which I have never been able to ascertain, they are invariably tied up with their heads drawn as high as they will go. On taking them out for another stage, the driver, whose whip has a sort of saw-tooth arrangement affixed to the end on the side of the stock opposite the lash, roughly scrapes off with it the hoar-frost which has thickly encrusted their legs, and indeed their whole bodies. At first the poor beast walks with the gait of a Dutch doll, but, as the driver says, he "soon warms them up." Another peculiarity of these marvellous steeds is, that they always get a pailful or more of ice-cold water to drink before starting out for their "trick" on the post-road, with the result that they tremble all over in a manner pitiable to see, but otherwise seem to be only the more fit for their work.

If anywhere this posting could be

honestly considered really delightful, it was in places where we could abandon the regu'ar road, and, descending with a rush the steep banks of a river, fly along at the top speed of the gallant little steeds over the smooth glassy surface of the frozen water. Even here, however, a great deal depended on the state of the weather both before and after the river was frozen: if it "stood," as the Russians say, or "set" as we might say on the analogy of the cooling jelly, during a high wind, the surface was ribbed, uneven, and anything but the pleasantest of roads.

We came, then, to Irkutsk, without anything more than the ordinary accidents attendant on sledge-travelling with post-horses. Local thaws here and there, and a want of sufficient snow in other places, had caused bad roads and seriously delayed us. At Irkutsk the unpleasant intelligence awaited us that Lake Baykal was on the eve of "breaking up," and that a too frequent phenomenon of the lake, a northern gale, might at any moment pile up the ice, cracking and turning and twisting it in all directions and in every imaginable way—which, of course, would render hopeless any thought of crossing until it had sufficiently disappeared to enable steamers to venture their ribs on those unfathomable waters.

Here was a pretty state of things for one who had the best of all reasons for wishing to lose not a moment in getting to his destination! However, I reflected, Irkutsk folk are usually untrustworthy as to the state of the lake at their very doors almost, and had I not on former occasions suffered by trusting to their information. Still, think as I might, there was no ignoring the fact that the season was very late, and the rivers were beginning to

open. But Lake Baykal, being a stagnant sea, with all its rivers running out of it—some say it is connected subterraneously with the Arctic Ocean—is often passable on sledges with a little risk for some time after the rivers are navigable. This decided me to make the attempt to cross behind horses, and without loss of time we set off. I had to buy three *troykas* of horses,<sup>1</sup> as the Imperial post-horses are not allowed to cross the lake after a date which is considered the limit of safety. My wife knew nothing of all this, and I did not tell her: it might do harm and could do no good. She would not listen to any of the reasons for her remaining at Irkutsk, where one of her relations held a government appointment, though I urged them so strenuously that I was at last compelled hastily to assent to her continuing the journey with me lest she should suspect the truth.

We were travelling, as before, in three sledges, each drawn by a *troyka* of horses—my wife in one, myself in another, and the third for our baggage. When we reached the lake, it soon became apparent that the rumors in Irkutsk were true enough for once. The surface of the ice was covered a foot deep in water, and the drivers, pointing to the threatening sky and the state of the ice, represented to me the risk of crossing, with stories of horrors sufficient to alarm any traveller who had had no experience of the ways of the Russian in quest of a *Na chay*—i.e., "tea money"—a *pourboire* but seldom spent on so harmless a beverage! I had, however, crossed the lake before with the water up to the horses' bellies near the banks, and the only alternatives to going forward were to wait some weeks at Irkutsk for the opening of the navigation, or

<sup>1</sup> *Troyka* is the English word "trey," but is used for all kinds of things, while the English word is confined to the pips of cards or the

points of dice. *Troyka* thus in nowise designates the vehicle; three horses hitched to a go-cart would still be a *troyka*.



to make a detour round the southern end of the lake, a distance of 150 miles, with the roads in an indescribable state; indeed the probability by this route was that most of it would have to be done on foot, and at the best no horses would be able to do more than two or three miles an hour. I promised the drivers the additional pay I supposed they wanted, and they set off very willingly, which increased my confidence in my own judgment. Lake Baykal, at this spot, is forty miles wide, and we got half-way over without any mishap, or indeed without seeing any thing more alarming than the innumerable cracks in the ice so characteristic of the lake, and into which one horse or another would every now and then stumble and scramble out again with all the agility of a monkey.

We were in the middle of the lake, and I was already drowsing in recovered confidence of our wisdom in attempting the crossing, when suddenly I was roused by a quick swerve of the horses, and the skidding for yards sideways of my sledge—a most unpleasant sensation, as all who have experienced the feeling of utter helplessness it causes can testify. I opened the hood of the sledge and looked out. My left runner was not more than a couple of feet from the edge of a yawning chasm in the ice some thirty feet wide, showing the water below. It should be said here that the Lake Baykal is peculiarly treacherous in regard to its ice; a strong north wind blowing along the 200 miles of its length for an hour or so will change the whole of the surface at its southern end, where the road is, so that what was before a perfectly safe and frequented path is broken up by gaping cracks with masses of ice floating about in them. For the most part these are crossed without much difficulty, but we had evidently come upon one of the great cracks which are the

forerunners of the general break-up. There was nothing to be done but to run along it till we came to a passable place. Our drivers consulted together, and set off to the south at a good speed. After following up the crack over ten miles they stopped, and, again talking all together, came up to me to say that we were in a desperate situation. I, of course, proffered the usual remedy in the paper currency of the Czar; but it had no effect, and I then knew things must be serious indeed.

What they had to say, speaking all together, and shouting one another down, after the manner of the *muzhik*, was this. We are in the middle of the lake, and the crack appears to have no end; we had better go back; but it just as far back as forward—it's farther, haven't we come ten miles out of the way? we must cross; the storm-clouds are gathering, and it will soon be dark; we can't cross in the dark; we must camp here all night and find a crossing in the morning; but the wind is rising—if it comes on to blow in earnest the ice will break up before morning, and we are all drowned and frozen men; therefore the only thing is to get across; and one of them remembered a desperate attempt he said he had once carried through successfully; and they had found a place where they thought it might be tried; would I get out and look, and perhaps, with God's will, "sanction" their proposal as a last resort? When I at last discovered an idea in the midst of their verbiage I jumped out. My wife was fast asleep in her sledge as I passed it to reach the spot pointed out for the attempt. This was a place where the quick eyes of one of the drivers had descried, through the thickening gloom, a large block of ice floating in the chasm, and apparently solid, whereas all the other pieces seen were either small or merely agglomerations of small lumps.

And what the driver proposed was to

leap the horses on to this floating block and off again on to the firm ice on the other side of the crack. It seemed madness. Much as I had seen of the intelligence, daring, and agility of these Transbaykal little steeds, which are as tough as wire, I doubted whether the horses existed that would take such a leap with a load behind them. Still it was evident the cunning animals, by some instinct probably surer than all our reasoning, felt the full meaning of the peril we were in, and they looked wistfully and intelligently at the floating platform that bridged our way to safety. All along the ten miles we had traversed of the crack their eyes had been to the full as watchful as those of our drivers or my own, and I confess I felt a certain reliance on the indications of their ready instincts. The more I looked at the block of ice and the four-footed stretch of water which separated it from our side, and the apparently less wide gap on the other side, the more I began to see the possibility of doing it. In any case, forward I must if I could, and that prevented any thoughts of turning back. So, putting my papers and money into my wife's sledge without awakening her, I gave the driver his instructions what to tell her if he got safe over and we did not, and left with him a few hastily scribbled words on a torn leaf of my pocket-book; there was no disguising the fact that it was life or death for us at that moment.

The driver, who said he had done this mad trick before, mounted behind the horses of my wife's sledge, drove back a few hundred yards, and, turning, made at the top speed of his eager *troyka* straight for the edge of the crack; the cunning little brutes leapt gleefully out on to the block and off again, safe on the firm ice of the other side. My feelings may perhaps be dimly conceived as I stood beside that

horrid chasm and watched those terrible leaps. At any rate, I can make no attempt to describe them. The sledge followed the horses apparently without getting a drop of water into it, and my wife, happily, still slept on. But the way that block of loose floating ice rocked and swayed after they were safely over made my heart sick at the thought that I must now repeat the attempt under less favorable circumstances. The two drivers drew lots which should take me over, and my own man got it.

It is enough to say, shortly, that I flew over in safety also, but the baggage sledge, though I had lightened it as much as I could to give the poor fellow a fair chance for his life, did not get over; either from want of pluck or experience of the driver—the horses also were perhaps not equal to the other *troykas*—the sledge struck the farther edge of the crack, and as he leapt off to the ice the struggling horses, dragged by the falling weight, fell back and were engulfed.

The *troykas* that had passed in safety were now wild with excitement, or the instinct of danger yet to come; it was as much as the drivers could do to hold them, and as for going to their heads, the Transbaykal breed have a nasty habit of hitting out with the forefeet when angered. It was in vain for myself with the other driver to think of attempting to rescue the baggage sledge and horses, so I took the man into my sledge and we drove off at the full speed of our now maddened little steeds, and by nightfall reached the eastern bank of the lake without further mishap. In the night the storm came, and the ice broke up. But for our desperate expedient we should all have shared the fate of the poor *troyka* of the baggage sledge, and disappeared beneath the waves of a sea whose bottom no soundings have ever been able to reach.

## OLIVER CROMWELL.

At last, after two centuries and a half, London has a statue of the greatest ruler who ever governed the three kingdoms. The hatred of his memory, which so long kept him in exile from the Palace of Westminster, has at length fizzled out in the whining of a handful of Ritualists, Jew financiers, and Jacobites. That churchmen, the parasites of smart society, Irishmen, mediæval æsthetes, and the like should feel sore at honors paid to the great Protector, is not unnatural. But they were not expected to subscribe to the statue, and were not invited to attend the commemoration. They have vented their ill-humor; and now at last a grand effigy of Oliver stands in the precincts of the ancient Hall, on the gateway of which his mangled head rotted for twenty years. It looks on the Abbey, where the nation entombed him with royal honors at the premature end of his short dictatorship.

To oppose the erection of a statue to Cromwell shows a curious misunderstanding of what such a memorial implies. It does not mean that we approve of all that the man commemorated did in life; much less that all parties and sections of the public approve his career. If so, there could be no statues of Wellington, Gordon, Jenner, or George III. If warm approval of all the acts of such an one and absolute unanimity were needed, before a statue could be raised, there would be no statues at all, or none but that of Alfred the Great. And, even in his case, uniform admiration seems almost to dull the public interest; and we perhaps want a few grumblers, as Devil's advocates, even for Alfred.

But just consider those of whom we have statues in London already—Charles I., James II., James II.! Rich-

ard Cœur de Lion, George IV.—four of the worst Kings who ever occupied the throne—to say nothing of Francis, Duke of Bedford, Benjamin, Earl of Beaconsfield, the Duke of Cumberland, and the Duke of York of the last century. There would be plenty of black balls in the box, if these noble persons were submitted to a public ballot. Nobody asks to have the statue of any of these removed—not even that of the miscreant James II., whom Macaulay describes as “a libertine, narrow in understanding, obstinate, harsh, and unforgiving”—one whom the nation drove from the throne in favor of the present Dynasty. There must be a give-and-take in such things. And, if the mass of the public can tolerate the sight in bronze of a sinister brute like James II., we have a right to claim a place for one who represents the good side of that great national struggle, whereof James II. was the incarnation of the evil side.

A memorial of Oliver rests on the fact that he was the leader of a movement which transformed the course of English history, and then, for nearly five years, was the paramount ruler of three kingdoms at an epoch eminent for skillful administration and national power. The most ardent Oliverians do not to-day pretend to justify many things in the Protector's public action, nor do they dream of celebrating him as a perfect character. No one now repeats the extravagant hyperboles of Carlyle, whose sardonic idolatry tends rather to stimulate hostility to the memory of Cromwell, not to disarm it. But the reaction against Carlyle's old-Cameronian hero-worship seems to be going too far; and even some who deeply approve the overthrow of the Stuart absolutism and all that it

meant in Church and State, rather minimize the part that Oliver had in the work, and insist on his failure to bring the work to its full completeness. In these days of so much flabby theology and playing with mediævalism on one side, of so much conventional liberalism and pedantic specialism on the other side, the occasion is one to insist on the supreme importance of the entire life of Cromwell in the successful evolution of the English people.

It is now plain that the Stuart absolutism in Church and State could not have been broken down without Civil War. Of that Civil War, one marked by a rapid and complete success not elsewhere recorded in modern history, Cromwell was the soul. All the great battles were victories of his, were won by his genius alone when all seemed lost. The conquest of the other two kingdoms was also his sole task. No one now, even of his most bitter opponents, doubts Cromwell's great place as a soldier. But his supreme part in the Civil War was much more than that of a soldier. The organizing of a regular army, having consummate discipline and efficiency in all its arms and resources, out of the raw farmers and workmen hastily enlisted, was Cromwell's own achievement, and was perhaps even more decisive than brilliant tactics in the field. But this is to say that, but for Cromwell, the Monarchy and Feudalism might have beaten down the Parliament and people, might have established a retrograde absolutism and a persecuting Church.

But it is as the instrument of a great political and social evolution, much more than as a consummate soldier, that we celebrate Cromwell; it is as statesman, not as warrior, that he stands to-day at the gateway of Parliament, looking down on the minor politicians in Parliament Square. We are told by some eminent historians of

the Protector that his negative or destructive work was invaluable and permanent; his positive and constructive work was mistaken and evanescent. Part of this statement is a mere matter of language; part of it is due to the viewing the broad course of English history from a standpoint somewhat too special and narrow.

What is *negative*, what is *positive* work, in things political and social? Destructive work, in statesmanship, provided it be *permanent*, is *ipso facto* constructive, if it enables the new system to form and to grow. As Luther, Wickliffe, Latimer were primarily destructives in theology, or as Voltaire, Hume, Kant were primarily destructives in metaphysics, though vast constructions have grown up on the ground which they cleared and laid bare, so some of the most mighty left at their deaths nothing permanent except their decisive work of destruction. In societies, to destroy the effete, at the *right time*, in the *right way*, and *once for all*, is to reconstruct. Sulla, Attila, Phillip II., Robespierre, and Marat were mere destructives and anarchists, because their destruction was evil, and what they destroyed was destined to revive. But those who sweep away what is destined to perish past any revival, and, after finally preparing the new ground, design a new type of society and show forth an ideal of a better world, these men are constructive statesmen, even though their direct foundations are entirely modified and rebuilt.

Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Charles the Great, Godfrey de Bouillon, Louis XI., William the Silent, effected memorable works of reconstruction. The first three transformed the world and the whole course of civilization, and the latter three made possible great national reconstruction. And yet the State system, the institutions laboriously founded by each of these, quick-

ly perished; and hardly one of them left anything absolutely permanent behind him, unless it were the city of Alexandria and the Calendar. If we use terms very strictly, and press things rigidly, the residuum of their entire work may be said to lie in destruction, or negative results. Especially would this be true of William the Silent, whose whole career was one of failure and disappointment; for, at his murder, almost everything he had toiled to found was crumbling away. And yet after three centuries the nation he created reveres him as its Father, and the British Empire is now fighting on the Orange River in Africa with the mere offshoot and emigrants from that nation.

Almost every criticism now urged against the statesmanship of the Protector, might be made with tenfold force against that of William the Silent. William's great scheme of uniting seventeen provinces utterly failed and forever; his attempt to harmonize Lutheran and Calvinist, Walloon and Hollander, noble and democrat, broke down before his own eyes. He turned from France to England, from England to Germany, from monarchs to people, from princes to preachers, from magnates to tradesmen. His diplomacy was one long tangle of changes, conflicting principles, ever-varying combinations, as was that of Henry of Navarre, Mazarin, Cavour, or Bismarck. The failures, abortive schemes, vacillations, high-handed acts, and arbitrary blunders imputed to the Protector may all be matched in the history of these statesmen; and, in the case of William the Silent, they were tenfold greater. And yet the world has long been agreed that William created a nation, and that his negative success has really proved to be a positive success of the first order.

That destructive statesmanship should be constructive in result, re-

quires many important conditions. The destruction must be necessary and timely; it must be final; it must prepare a permanent reconstruction. The Protectorate fulfilled all these conditions. Mr. John Morley, in his new and fascinating "Life of Cromwell," quotes a sentence of mine wherein I speak of Oliver's success as a constructive statesman. If Mr. Morley will look again at chapter xi. of my little book he will see that his quotation omits the most important phrase in my sentence. I wrote that Oliver was one of the rare order "of constructive and conservative statesmen." By that I meant that a statesman who, after a great revolutionary clearance, stems the current of destruction, conserves and re-establishes order and good government, *ipso facto* constructs a new and sounder system. After Worcester Cromwell was in supreme authority for exactly seven years, during which his policy was essentially conservative. As he truly said, the needs of the time were "Healing and Settling." For seven years he did heal and settle in the only way possible—often by arbitrary acts, now and then by unjustifiable acts—constantly trying new methods, but always bent on honest settlement. And this seven years of heroic, but often abortive, striving towards settlement in a conservative, but not a reactionary sense, made possible the final Settlement, which thirty years later was brought about in the time of the third William of Orange.

Although many of the Protector's schemes and arrangements disappeared with him, and some of them before him, they were ultimately succeeded by institutions of a similar order and having like purpose, which never could have been founded at all had not Cromwell's reforms and experiments preceded them. Like William the Silent, Cromwell failed at times



because he was in advance of his age, especially in the matter of religious equality, official competence, law reform, and the proper spheres of Parliament and Executive. Had Cromwell had his way he would have made the political system of England akin to that of the United States; and in my opinion it is a pity he did not have his way. But his failure to fall in with the Parliamentary system, which was hardly established for more than a century after his time, was one of those failures for which he is deserving of honor and not of blame.

It is quite true that his rule as Protector was based on the Army, that much of it was oppressive to the defeated party, that it was unconstitutional, such as could not be permanently established in England. Quite true: but the effectual destruction of the old divine-right Monarchy could not have been made decisive in any other way. Feudalism could not have been crushed by a few defeats in the field. And the mediæval *régime* in law, local administration, religious persecution, and arbitrary taxation could not have been broken down without years and years of a military *régime* based on a

different spirit. Marston Moor, Naseby, and Worcester were not enough to transform England from a Feudal Monarchy and semi-Catholic church into a free Commonwealth and Protestant toleration. It needed the five years of the greatest ruler that England has ever known; and if the five years had been fifteen it would have been better for us now. The government of Scotland was oppressive; the conquest of Ireland was atrocious; the foreign policy of the Protectorate was selfish. But all of these were involved in the very nature of the Englishmen of that day. To ask of Cromwell that he should be of different mould was to ask him not to be an Englishman at all. At any rate, in all this he did not go counter to the best hopes and aims of the worthiest men of his own time and nation. In his fine address, Lord Rosebery has summed up, in a curiously happy phrase, the essential force of Cromwell's nature. He was truly "a practical mystic, the most terrible and formidable of all combinations." He combined spiritual inspiration with the energy of a mighty man of action.

*Frederic Harrison.*

*The Speaker.*

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## BALLADE OF A QUIET ROMANTICIST.

Daylong, for a scanty wage,  
Caged, I drive a weary quill;  
But at eve my head's a stage  
Where a thousand actors drill.  
Swords are glancing, fifers shrill,  
Silks and jewels gleam and shine,  
Flutter flounce and ruff and frill—  
And the hero's part is mine.

All for me the fair and sage  
Juliet's at her window-sill;

*A Place in the Country.*

Told Sir Brian lifts my gage,  
 Whose false blood my sword shall spill;  
 O'er my body stiff and still  
 Enid tears her hair divine;  
 Bells are tolled and cities thrill—  
 And the hero's part is mine.

Gentle, simple, knight or page,  
 Every ruffler's skin I fill;  
 Yea, and charm this modern age  
 With sublime detective skill;  
 Wheresoe'er knaves plot ill,  
 Virtue sinks, fair maids repine,  
 There am I to help or kill—  
 And the hero's part is mine.

## ENVOI.

Prince, I envy not your chill  
 State and ceremonial fine,  
 While Romance has all her will,  
 And the hero's part is mine.

Chambers's Journal.

Walter Hogg.

## A PLACE IN THE COUNTRY.\*

"A place in the country"—to the normal Englishman there is surely a magic in the phrase. It is redolent of the strongest social aroma; it casts an old-world glamor over the dull page of commercial life. "Who is so-and-so? What is he?" we ask with mild curiosity, and at the answer, "He has 'a place in the country' somewhere"—and it matters not where—we fall back with a certain sense of relief. For, does not

this, fairly interpreted (there is, of course, a fraudulent counterfeit to every kind of distinction), mean everything? Does it not signify—if not (in the untranslatable Greek phrase) "arch-æoplutic" dignity, ancestral wealth—at any rate, the end and crown of the Herculean toils of money-getting?

The thing may, in itself, be but one more purchase, one more judicious or injudicious investment of capital, but

\* Grose's *Olio* (Grumbler, No. XI. Sketch of Some Worn-out Characters of the Last Age). London: Hooper, 1792.

\* Howitt's *The Rural Life of England*. Illustrated by Bewick and Williams. Second edition. London: Longmans, 1938.

\* *Reminiscences of Thomas Assheton Smith, Esq.; or, the Pursuits of an English Country Gentleman*. By Sir J. Eardley Wilmot. London: Chatto and Windus, 1862.

\* *The Novels of the late Major J. G. Whyte-Melville*.

It interests us chiefly as a social phenomenon. Among a free and great people the social instinct, which is but the national taste in civilization, remains the most intense, able to hold its own with the crude forces of avarice. In plain English, the most impossible of *parvenus* is usually more anxious that we should class him personally as a gentleman, than that we should admire (as is often more easily done) his horses, his pictures, or his wine; and it has always seemed natural to the British mind that a gentleman should possess (if he does not inherit) a place in the country. The two words "country" and "gentleman" fit together like no other pair in the language. In a venerable social homily written by Dr. Richard Allestree ("The Gentleman's Calling," 1667), we may read that—

Wealth [to gentlemen] seems to be, as it were, rained down from the clouds, both in respect of the plenty and the easiness of its acquisition. Fair patrimonies, large inheritances descend upon them without one drop of their sweat. . . "Res non partha labore sed relicta"—the prime ingredient in the completest felicity of this life.

In those happy days there was, speaking in rough outline; but one form of wealth—land. One of the first indications of the appearance of a rival moneyed interest is, as Mr. Lecky tells us, the assertion in the Landed Property Qualification Act of 1712, of the good old principle that Great Britain consisted, politically, of its landowners assembled in Parliament. The effacement of the distinction which once separated the two interests is one of the salient characteristics of modern English life. Nowadays, land-owning, unaided by "money," is apt to become a mere picturesque species of poverty; while "money," with no anchorage upon the soil, seems to the Briton, with his

passion for heredity and continuity, but a gross, unromantic, and unsatisfying form of success.

Even in a sophisticated age there is a child-like simplicity about our notions of what is dignified and dignifying; and perhaps there is in this very simplicity an overpowering force. Property in bank-bills, credits, and balances is all very well, but there is nothing like property, or imagined property, in what is eternal, primeval and indestructible. Commerce may be as necessary and consequently as estimable as you please, but it will never have the primitive dignity of agriculture. Whatever our immediate interests and conduct, we are all affected by a vague feeling that, if what Socialists call the "whole iniquitous system" of capital were, in some inconceivable fashion, abolished tomorrow, people would still be found digging the earth and milking cows, though they might not be promoting companies and jobbing shares. But, apart from these (largely delusive) *arrières pensées*, we do know that, speaking for our own nation in particular, the "country gentleman" is one of its most ancient and most respected institutions. Indeed, the chronic laments uttered over the decay of his class are perhaps a clearer indication of the value set upon it at all periods than of any other fact.

Samuel Pepys refers to the decline as marking an inroad upon the "old rule," that "fifty miles from London a family might last fifty years upon the land; one hundred miles away . . . for one hundred years," and so on. Yet, at the beginning of the eighteenth century it is clear that landowners of 200*l.* to 300*l.* per annum were a numerous class, scarcely distinguishable from the tenant farmer—proud, prejudiced, and busily occupied with local affairs. In the second half of the century it is abundantly plain that the increase of communication with the capital, of in-

dustrial invention, and of foreign—not to say “Imperial”—trade, coincided with the gradual extinction of the small squire.

Francis Grose, the antiquary, has left us a sketch of the already-vanishing rural *régime* of his younger days, which is worth quoting in detail. “Another character now worn out and gone,” was, he tells us, “the country ’squire—I mean the little, independent gentleman of three hundred pounds per annum, who commonly appeared in a plain drab or plush coat, large silver buttons, a jockey cap, and rarely without boots.” He seldom travelled beyond the next county town, and thither only for assizes or elections; he went to church regularly, read the weekly journal, settled parochial disputes between parish officers, and then adjourned to the neighboring ale-house, where he usually got drunk for the good of his country. “He was commonly followed by a couple of greyhounds and a pointer, and announced his arrival at a neighbor’s house by smacking his whip and giving the view-halloo.” He generally drank ale, but might indulge in “strong brandy punch” on Christmas, the fifth of November, or other gala days. His manners, in fact, were those of Tony Lumpkin, in “*She Stoops to Conquer*.” “A journey to London was by one of these men reckoned as great an undertaking as a voyage to the West Indies.” The mansion which he inhabited was of plaster and timber, called “callimanco” work, or of red brick, with a porch, a study, swallow-haunted eaves, a court set round with hollyhocks, and a horse-block near the front door. About the hall hung flitches of bacon; over the mantel-piece guns and fishing-rods and the arms worn by his ancestors in the civil wars; while the vacant places were decorated with stags’ horns.

Against the wall was posted King

Charles’s Golden Rules, Vincent Wing’s Almanack, and a portrait of the Duke of Marlborough; in the window lay Baker’s “Chronicle,” Foxe’s “Book of Martyrs,” “Glanvil on Apparitions,” Quincey’s “Dispensatory,” “The Complete Justice,” and a book of “Farriery.”

In the best parlor, furnished with “Turk-worked” chairs, hung portraits of the squire’s ancestors as shepherds and shepherdesses—the men in full suits and huge perukes, the ladies in flowing robes and lofty head-dresses.

“Alas!” is the author’s melancholy conclusion, “these men and these houses are no more. The luxury of the times has obliged them to quit the country . . . to solicit a place or commission, to live in London, to rack their tenants, and draw their rents before due. The venerable mansion is suffered to tumble down, or is partly upheld as a farmhouse, till . . . the estate is conveyed to the steward of the neighboring Lord, or else to some Nabob, Contractor, or Lamb of the Law.”

Every sentence of this sketch (No. XI of a series of Roundabout Papers entitled “The Grumbler”) is a chapter of social history condensed. The same pessimistic note is struck in Goldsmith’s “Deserted Village:”—

Trade’s unfeeling train  
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain.  
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,  
Unwieldly wealth and cumbrous pomp repose.

What a familiar picture this conjures up of the heavy London mansion, standing where it ought not, on some lovely site in Kent or Surrey!

“The American war,” it was epigrammatically said, a little later, “rendered it difficult for a man to live as a gentleman on 500*l.* a year; the French war

made it impossible." Fate, in fact, had decreed for Great Britain a commercial and industrial triumph. The nation needed new and vaster sources of wealth for its new Imperial liabilities, and they were, as we know, ready to hand, alike in the soil and climate as in the unexploited energies of the people. It is in the latter half of the eighteenth century particularly that the genealogist finds representatives of all the smaller yeoman-families migrating up to London, to the El Dorado of modern commerce, on their way to become gentlemen of the new and less Arcadian and possibly more "unfeeling" school. There is a certain naturalness about the epithet. It would rather seem—though we cannot here discuss the question—that if agriculture were our only means of money-getting, success would be a surer test of personal character and industry than it now is. Perhaps the gentle simplicity regretted by Goldsmith was little more than the slackness of a sleepy and half-peopled country. In any case times were altering fast. A tidal wave of wealth-creation swept over the land, till, cut off from earlier days by the telegraph, the steam-engine, and a hundred other inventions, the history of our own times stands alone, and, from the mere vastness of the scale on which it is conducted, owes little to precedents from the past. The population which, in the time of the great French war, Malthus feared could not subsist for very long, having been replaced by one four or five times its size, and in almost every respect more comfortable and more civilized, the sole developments of the age which has seen this revolutionary change may be expected to be of a proportionate depth and intensity.

To be a "country gentleman"—to return to the particular tendency here considered—was and is (if it be not, economically speaking, as extinct as that of special pleader) a profession in

itself. But the old order changes. A foreign economist taken on a tour through the Home Counties to-day might be astonished at the apparent prosperity of agriculture, at the well-tilled fields, trim cottages, model farms, and smiling homesteads. He might be more surprised to be told that this agriculture is carried on at a considerable loss; that the trim cottages, model farms, and "smell-traps" represent philanthropic and patriotic experiments carried on by a skilled bailiff, who inhabits the smiling homestead, and looks after the well-tilled fields in return for a comfortable salary. Looking further into the problem he might learn that the red-brick pile half hidden by the beech woods, or the great white house on the hill, represents reservoirs of wealth laid on from the metropolis to irrigate the arid deserts of the provinces; that, in fine, the key to the modern "place in the country" is the modern "something in the city."

The paradox, now so familiar to us, has aroused many a gibe and jeer, since we trace the earliest notices of it in contemporary literature. The kindly Richardson assures us that successful "tradesmen"—in "a trading country"—are "not to be despised," though they might naturally feel a little shy in the atmosphere of Grandison Hall, where the "gardens and lawns were as boundless as the mind of the owner." And by the time of Jane Austen (was not even Sir Thomas Bertram, of Mansfield Park, himself one of Grose's "Nabobs?"), we see the "country" beginning to become the prize of the vigorous *nouveau riche*, and the foundations being laid of that substantial, sociable, and cultivated upper or upper-middle class which makes the English provinces what they are to-day.

The struggle, the eternal ethical discord—if one may so call it—between



commerce and rusticity has appeared by turns, in its various stages of development—detestable, ridiculous and alarming. Yet in all such revolutions one can hardly help observing that no precious and cherished English institution is ever allowed to fade altogether from the surface of the country. Rather does it "suffer a sea-change" into something not so different—to our prejudiced view, perhaps—as it might appear to a less partial critic. Our best institutions rather appear as durable but elastic moulds, capable of much expansion and contraction, and the English nature, in each varying but conservative generation, as a fluid destined to fill them instinctively. Thus—to return to the tendency here particularly considered—the country gentleman might, in some historic sense, become extinct. But "*le roi est mort, vive le roi.*" There must be country gentlemen still, although they may be "*clits*."—In Grandisonian language—too freshly minted to be critically classed as "*gentlemen*," and though all that they know of the country is, that its greatest charms can be bought for a price.

The new proprietor, the *marchand enrichi*, in whom Montalembert, in the fifties, saw such hopes for the political future of England, might seem at first sight the most uncongenial appendage that could by any freak of law be attached to "*the property.*" But in England that is nobody's affair but his own. A landlord is always a landlord, a constitutional monarch, who is expected to fill a place and perform certain social duties. If a blue-blooded Norman dynasty is to be displaced tomorrow by a horde of invaders whose title-deeds are writ only in mustard or blacking, the fair field allowed for the experiment is simply one more triumph of British freedom. Nowadays, indeed, so thoroughly have we swallowed and digested all the narrow formulæ evolved in

the times of smaller England—so inextricably has society been mixed in the great mill of our industrial life—that he would be a very expert sociologist who should express surprise that the blacking added a lustre to some noble escutcheon, or that the mustard was managed by a cadet of a ducal house. It would be a gross anachronism, though it once was fashionable, to cast up against the modern country gentleman the striking contrast between his rural position and pursuits and the actual sources of his money.

As to the particular form and *entourage* of his country residence, it is clear that the despotic splendor of the aristocracy in the eighteenth century, when a great lord stood unrivalled by any cotton or railway "*king*," is chiefly responsible, as Mr. Lecky observes, for the modern passion for founding great families. Now, a "*great family*" means, in England at least, as Montalembert had already noticed, a "*place in the country.*" Class legislation and class privileges have passed away, but standards of expense and social types remain. The "*distant blaze*," one may say, of the patriarchal hospitalities of the Dukes of Beaufort, of the month-long revelries of Houghton in the days of Robin Walpole (the inaugurator of the Parliamentary fox-hunter's holiday), still affect the popular conception of a county family, and dominate the imagination of the typical *marchand enrichi*. There, it has always been felt, in the great establishments of the old nobility, was a model of state or of comfort, of luxury or practical enjoyment, that could scarcely be surpassed. In fact if we asked for the average English gentleman's conception of a social paradise, the usual reply would probably be—even in these enlightened days—Hatfield House (or some such useful and solid species of dwelling, ancient or "*Cubitt-built*"), ten thousand acres and twenty thousand a year.

And such a lot has of late become, on several accounts, more desirable, more enjoyable than ever. Town-life and country-life are no longer incompatible, as they were, for any but a few great folk. Books, a change of company, electric lighting, fresh fish, are no longer beyond the reach of remote country-houses. The man of business can sit at his desk all day, and yet inhale the purest country air fifty miles from town every evening, not to mention Sundays. The gulf is thus bridged over; the landed aristocracy is no longer a distinct class; rusticity and urbanity are no longer class-marks. Manners have emerged from the artificial atmosphere often surrounding the eighteenth-century "person of quality" to a more practical democratic sociability; while the reform of abuses, and the frequency and publicity of the fortunes made in some business, "moist or dry," by persons risen from the ranks, has rendered the position of a plutocrat less open to attack than in the days when he seemed rather a product of unjust legislation, than a self-made force.

Still, this fusion of town and country suffers from some drawbacks—at least, for the leisured class. The disappearance of a monopoly always gives rise to some complaints. The zenith of country-life, with its rich mixture of motives and interests, does seem to belong to a period in the nineteenth century less "actual" in a way and certainly less conscious than the present. The *Saturnia regna* of this mode of existence would probably comprise the close of the good old coaching days, as well as the beginnings of the much-contemned railway, when the advantages of the latter were beginning to be felt, but the provinces were not infested with excursionists and "scorchers;" when—though there were plenty of rich people in the country—more of an old-world distinction still attached

to the agricultural resident and hereditary country gentleman. Such a "golden age" would extend, say, from the thirties to the fifties, inclusive. It might, we believe, be plausibly argued that the general level of happiness in the upper classes (a thing closely connected with their rural life) was considerably higher in the period referred to than in later days.

This period was certainly one of vigorous and homely provincial life, the decay of which, "in these racing railroad days," since the Great Exhibition, is earnestly lamented in "Tom Brown" (chap. I). "We," says the author, "were Berkshire, Gloucestershire, or Yorkshire boys. . . . You young cosmopolites belong to all counties and no counties." As to the literary evidence for our suggestion, the age of Dickens, Thackeray, and Mr. Punch, from the appearance of the "Pickwick Papers" to that of "Alice in Wonderland" (surely a no less epoch-marking work) thirty years later, comprises a mass of healthy literature breathing not only a robuster and saner humor than the new, but an old-world calm, not disturbed by the thousand and one "causes," questionings, theories, agitations, and programs so distractingly familiar to our own generation; while the superiority and freshness of the sporting literature of the time of Surtees, "Cecil," "Nimrod," and "The Druid" and of John Leech's hunting sketches, is beyond dispute. The period, we may add, comprises, among other things, possibly of greater political importance, the thorough establishment and popularization of modern hunting, by such men as Assheton Smith, who died in 1858, after a career as M. F. H. of more than half a century. Economic evidences might be collected to the same purpose. It was the age in which old-fashioned domestic business and private banking gave way to the public and mechanical joint-

stock system, because, as Lord Overstone observed, "it was impossible any longer to know people." But at the outset of this golden age (if we are right in so calling it), "the age of our happiest novelist," of our most perfect rural poet (the poet *par excellence* of conservatism and feudalism, of princely parks, flowing lawns, fair social order, and luxury), and of the most spontaneous and classical of our sporting literature, appeared what we take to be the most elaborate and enthusiastic account of "the country" (if not of any country) ever put on paper. The chorus of approval which hailed the publication (almost simultaneously with Scrope's great work on "Deerstalking") of William Howitt's "Rural Life of England," would be remarkable in a much less critical age. "Only inferior to nature herself," is the modest eulogy bestowed by the Athenæum on this most instructive and conscientious compilation by the author, who, bred in the country, travelled (mostly on foot, as he tells us) over the length and breadth of England, and thus collected a mass of evidence concerning many a now-forgotten phase of our rural economy.

The enthusiasm pervading Howitt's chapters on "England as a place of residence," "The enviable position of the country gentleman," and so forth, tempt the reader to believe that the state of things described in such glowing detail can have resembled nothing known to us before or since that date. Here, in the simple language of our grandparents, is the picture of a social ideal, the splendor and attractions of which have all the freshness that belong to recent discovery and realization:—

"It would require some ingenuity," Mr. Howitt assures us at starting, "to discover any earthly lot like that of the English gentleman. The wealth and refinement at which this country

has arrived have thrown round English rural life every possible charm."

And then there follows a detailed prospectus of these charms—of the modern mansion, its furniture, beds, carpets, library, pictures (all of the best), of the country gentleman himself—his breakfast, his newspapers, his amusements, occupations, ambitions, and hospitalities.

"Imagine the possessor of a noble estate coming down to receive his friends there. To a high and generous mind there must be something very delightful." The fresh greenness of the woods, the "peaceful elegance" of the houses—how grateful after the dust, crowding, and noise of London! "Here," moreover, "he (the country gentleman) is sole lord and master; and from him, he feels, flows the good of his dependent people, and the pleasure of his distinguished guests." He goes on Sundays to the church (and how many a *genre* picture of the period, decorating how many a lodging-house parlor, does not the scene recall!). "The hamlet" (one felt sure it would be a hamlet) "is all his own; the rustic church . . . part and parcel of the family estate. It was probably" (one need not inquire too curiously into the matter) "*probably* built and endowed by his ancestors. The living is in his gift, and it is perhaps enjoyed by a relative or college chum"—which indeed is probable enough, though Mr. William Corbett might have worded it differently. "The Sabbath bell rings, and he enters that old porch with his guests; he sees the banner of some brave ancestor float over his head, and the hatchments and memorial inscriptions of others on the walls." The whole scene, in fact, is that of Sir Leicester Dedlock in the family pew, in "The Little Church in the Park," portrayed by the inimitable "H. K. B." in "Bleak House."

"What," asks Mr. Howitt, with sim-

ple confidence, "can be more delicately flattering to all the feelings of human nature? What lot can be more perfect?" If there be any lingering doubt on the matter, he has still more overwhelming evidence. That of an American and a Democrat (Mr. Willis), whose account of a visit to Gordon Castle in the thirties is indeed a testimonial to the delights and splendors of the English "country place." The modern reader may find something rather like it in "Coningsby" and "Lothair." The "immense iron gates," with their heraldic ornaments, the "porter in white stockings," the "winding avenue," the "grooms leading bloodhorses" (they were always "bloodhorses" then!), the groups of "lounging and powdered menials," the "phaetons dashing away" (as they dash away in the pages of "Lothair"), the imposing views, the park, the sheep, the deer, the lovely prospect of the distant forest, "shaped by the hand of (Ducal) taste"—all these things, combined, quite overpower the waning prejudices of the republican visitor.

The "house party," as reporters (possibly writing from the village inn) are so fond of saying, did not exceed ninety. The handsome page, in a laced jacket, who conducted Mr. Willis to his luxurious bedroom, enumerated their names and titles while unpacking his valise. As the dinner hour approached there was a knock at the door, and a stately, white-haired, old gentleman appeared—the Duke, of course, in person!—to conduct his newly-arrived guest downstairs and present him to the Duchess and the galaxy of "highborn women glittering with jewels" who surrounded her. But let not the reader smile. The establishment at Gordon Castle produced on Mr. Willis much the same effect as Solomon's household did upon the Queen of Sheba; but what finally (if we may use so colloquial a phrase) "knocked" our democrat, was not so much the magnificence of the

place as the contrast, so characteristic of the English country, between his Grace in evening dress and his Grace at breakfast, "sitting laughing at the head of his table in a coarse shooting-jacket and colored cravat"—in a word, that perfect and practical "comfort, from which all the fuss and *gêne* of life had been weeded out."

"And all this little world of enjoyment, luxury and beauty," he concludes, "lay in the hands of one man, and was created (*sic*) by his wealth in the wilds of Scotland," as (one may observe) such "Places" are beginning to be created by native millionaires in the wilds of America. "I never realized so forcibly the splendid results of wealth and primogeniture." There was to Mr. Willis's mind a faint suggestion of privilege about the social phenomenon, but nothing to matter. An American visitor would scarcely express himself with such *naïveté* nowadays, but when Mr. Howitt tells us that this is "the most perfect picture conceivable of aristocratical life in the country," few would venture to disagree with him. One can imagine the author of "Vanity Fair" denouncing any fellow-Briton who should pretend that he would not like to stay at Gordon Castle, or even at the much less reputable establishment of Queen's Crawley, which Miss Sharp preferred to those of the "city families."

No doubt this particular example is, as we are told, on "the highest and broadest scale," and it is not every country gentleman that can attain unto it. But it fairly represents the ideal to which the average self-making Englishman continues to look up. It is the high and distant goal of his pilgrimage from Peckham to Bayswater, from Bayswater to Mayfair. It illuminates his toilsome path from *cottage orné* to suburban villa, from villa to mansion—in a word, from all those successive homes which are to him "no abiding

city," to the Promised Land, of a "place in the country," where the head of a county family may enjoy forever "a lot preferable," as a more celebrated American than Mr. Willis has asserted, "to that of any potentate in Europe." Emerson, by the way, who felt strongly the attraction of living in so picturesque and humanely interesting, in so "well-packed and well-saved" a country as England, was yet struck by the unsociability of the British ideal, by the "despotic" standards of expense which make it a "sort of religion" that every man must live so as to show his means (a religion that "fears, if it rule not, to trust") and by the accumulation of vast estates faintly suggesting a return to the Heptarchy.

But this "county family" ideal is, after all, a more socializing one than the "Hudson-River-side palace and ocean-going steam-yacht" ideal of the Anglo-Saxon plutocrat on "the other side." The successful merchant or tradesman may—we see every day that he does—drag his own suburban atmosphere after him into the provinces and the Highlands for a time. But let him once settle down on the land, and a familiar change ensues. The country, with its multiplicity of primeval interests—complex feelers that lay hold here or there of the most conventional and unromantic natures—is the best available antidote to that business atmosphere which broods over our centralized modern life, as London fog over the city—the atmosphere in which men tend, by an inevitable but indecent familiarization with the one crude force, money, to lose the sense of any power or distinction unmeasurable in its terms. In the country, that crude force is clothed (and happy are those who have never known it but thus decently clothed) in natural things that are of primitive and overpowering interest in themselves. How durable, even in our own cosmopolitan railroad

days, are the mental habit and the social outlook of those who, as George Eliot observes in "Daniel Deronda," have imbibed something of this interest from youth up as a "sweet habit of the blood"—who have started, at the age when we are not prepared to be citizens of the world, with an anchorage upon some particular spot of ground and neighborhood, and who have known (may we not add?) but one scale of living—advantages fully enjoyed perhaps only by the class of old-established wealth, and the country clergy.

We speak of the people who "settle down in the provinces" as distinguished not only from those opulent persons who merely "take places," or rent "shootings" here and there, who secure the enjoyments and dignities of the country without involving themselves in the permanent ties of landlordism, but also from the villa-resident. The villa, and especially the suburban villa, means, as a rule, seclusion; the landed estate, publicity. A millionaire living at a numbered house in a street, or behind a ten-foot brick wall, may be much what pleases him without incurring odium or celebrity. It is in the rôle of country gentleman that the successful Englishman first announces himself as such, and appeals to the suffrages of his countrymen.

While the social effects of the movement upon the wealthy middle-class of the nineteenth century have been remarkable, no less curious (if not, as has been suggested, positively confusing) have been the economic effects on the country districts. To the embittered mind of Cobbett, perambulating Southern England in the twenties, all the evil and suffering he saw (such as could now be only found in our most overcrowded cities) appeared derivable from legislation in favor of the landed interest. "Only in a sinking land . . . a land of castes and Corn Bills," says



the author of "Corn Law Rhymes," "could such a poem as the 'Splendid Village' (1853) have been conceived or written." But now, in days when castes and Corn Bills seem as obsolete as serfdom, a bad landlord is, we take it, one who tries to make a business of land-owning, which should be, as Mr. Gladstone once hinted, the occupation of those who have other sources of income—who have, in fact, done with making money. And a good landlord—the best, at any rate—is one who "runs" a whole estate cheerfully and liberally with the dynamo of "something in the city."

To the inhabitants of the modern "splendid village"—one of those, let us say (for there are such), where wages have continued to rise while their agricultural value has steadily declined—it matters little whence comes the wealth that is so judiciously applied, whether from the unceasing looms of Manchester or the risky speculations of the Rand. The "town," in brief, may have certain grievances of its own, in modern times, against the "country;" but, ethics and economics apart, it seems good to us that in England (as a foreign critic cited in the *Rural Life* remarks) "the country is not regarded from a purely utilitarian point of view." No one would think of it nowadays as merely useful; and, indeed our provinces never were—to the foreign eye—cultivated or inhabited after that fashion. That, "in England everybody loves the country" is doubtless true enough, though a satirist of 1809 has anticipated us in the inevitable reflection that "the love of rural scenes seldom predominates in the merchant till he has realized an immense fortune." The country place, in fact, attracts the millionaire more than the country; and first and foremost among the attractions of a large establishment must certainly be reckoned the pleasures of a hospitality which is regarded

by Mr. Howitt as something probably unique in the civilized world, in respect of scale, practical comfort, and sociability. The Englishman in town, said Washington Irving, is always in a hurry, and seldom shows his best side. It is in the country, the home of leisure, under the sanctity of one roof, that British reserve is thawed, that friendships are made, by "doing something" together. It is here, and here only, that you may meet almost all kinds of persons and find them—owing to the freedom and variety of the life—at their ease. "Staying about" to such purpose is, in fact, a liberal education, and the modern country place is a sort of university, whose terms coincide more or less with vacation time elsewhere.

But when we consider what is usually done at such seasons, we are reminded that our typical islander is not recreated by repose, by Tusculan discussions, or the contemplation of nature. His vigorous nature requires an excitement that stirs its depths, not to say an occasional draught from the pure wellsprings of primitive savagery. Parallel with the historical development of the civilized Englishman from his piratical, fire-eating ancestors, is the contemporary and continuous evolution of the fine flower of modern culture and intelligence out of the splendid raw material of healthy Philistinism, bred in the atmosphere of field sports. The intensity of the hold these have over us can scarcely be realized unless we try to think of the "country" (which to many of us has no other meaning whatever) without them. Other sports may train the body (though games are no longer the characteristic monopoly of the country, and the best cricket and football are played in large towns), but have not the fascinating wildness, the savage charm of these. Advancing humanity—it must honestly be admitted—has not extinguished in us a certain pleasure in the

mere destruction of life. It can only secure that a balance shall be struck between the suffering on one side and the recreation on the other.

Is there something subtly debasing in our tremendous addiction to the "killing pastimes?" "Mange du gibier si tu veux," wrote Lord Chesterfield to his son, "mais ne sois pas ton propre boucher." That exquisite mannerist cannot have appreciated the immense diffusion of simple and healthy pleasure, social amity, robust physique, and even scientific knowledge for which the pastime of shooting, as popularly practised (to say nothing of the not so very gentle art of the angler), is really responsible. "Hawker, Maxwell, Scrope, Murray, such Englishmen" (says a critic quoted above) "have written the game-books of all nations." But there is a point in Lord Chesterfield's sneer. The easy destruction in large quantities of defenceless animals will never rank as a sport of the first order. The utmost skill displayed in it can scarcely rouse more admiration than that of the first-class billiard player; and, all said and done, as an exercise of the finest qualities in man, it is no more comparable to the great and national sport of fox-hunting than a game of bowls is comparable to a stiff Alpine climb.

The "image of war," as the father of the modern chase described it, derives a mysterious glamor, doubtless, from the alliance of the human biped with the most powerful and excitable (and one of the most beautiful) of domesticated animals; and the conception of the "great horse" as the "ornament of dazzling wealth" is one which the English aristocracy shares with that of ancient Greece. To ride straight across country after the fashion of our Tom Smith, Mr. Osbaldeston, or John Warde of Squerries, is not merely to indulge an instinct or to exhibit dexterity. The man who can follow hounds successfully must have some at least of the

qualities necessary to a pioneer or a leader of men. Some such solid merit seems to be the rational justification for that enthusiasm which, for example, at the great Rolleston meet in 1840, brought together an army of ten thousand splendidly-mounted sportsmen (about a third of them in pink), including some of the best blood of England, to do honor to the greatest fox-hunter ever known, the very *beau idéal*, moreover, of his class—landlord, athlete, cricketer, boxer, yachtsman, M. P., and M. F. H., who quoted Horace in the field, and, up to the age of seventy, vaulted from his hack to his hunter! There is something positively Homeric about such a type, first developed, as has been said, in the good old days of nineteenth-century sport, but probably not yet extinct. At any rate, the keenness for the sport has not declined, for there are about twice as many packs of foxhounds in the country now as there were at the date of Assheton Smith's death thirty years ago; and the increase of these institutions, from a score or so, as "Cecil" estimates, at the beginning of the century, to two hundred odd (exclusive of staghounds) in 1898, is—apart from the stupendous development of athletics—a singular testimonial to the superfluous energy and animal spirits of the well-to-do classes. Not all the actual warfare in which the Empire involves us, not all our expeditions and explorations into the remotest heights and wildest deserts of the globe, are enough to exhaust this energy; there is scarcely any unpleasant climate or sensational predicament in which we shall not find some more or less sporting and country-bred specimen of the race busily "drinking up eisil" or "*riding a crocodile*," like Mr. Charles Waterton, with experience acquired in "hunting with Lord Darlington's foxhounds."

Yet we are more than ever, by force of international circumstances, a na-

tion of shopkeepers, devoted by fate to those "sedentary and within-door arts" which, as the shrewdest of our thinkers has said, "have in their nature a contrariety to a military disposition." For "warlike people are a little idle, and love danger better than travail." "Neither," is the important conclusion, "must they be too much broken of it, if they shall be preserved in vigor." Here, then, is a distinct plea for the elaborate organization and enjoyment (as the goal of our shop-keeping) of a life somewhat idle, in which the energetic temperament may lie fallow, to be softened by the simpler influences of nature and ploughed up in the Berserk passions of sport.

Lord Verulam's moral is, at any rate, that enforced by one of the most popular and most significant of modern writers. Mr. Kipling, who has interpreted to us so much of our Imperial life and responsibilities, is quite determined that, in so far as he is concerned, a "poor, little, street-bred people, . . . who only England know," shall not be "too much broken" of such love of danger as may survive among them. And when he paints for us, against the well-known Oriental background, his most actual ideal of healthy English Phillistinism—the heroic, the lovable, the self-forgetful young Paladin, pure in heart and mind, skilled at keeping his pores open and his mouth shut—it is with little misgiving that we follow the soldier boy back to that home whence, indeed, no student of England would hesitate to derive him—to the familiar "place in the country," lit up by the tastefully-shaded glamor of ancestral wealth, the home of under-keepers, dog-boys, tender-mouthed six-year-olds, "mint-sauce lawns," strictly-preserved trout-streams, and landaus with "a hot Sunday smell on the leather."

Here, however, Mr. Kipling is only crossing the trail of an older and scarcely less-popular romancer, *facile*

*princeps* in his own line, seeing that he seized more successfully than any other upon all that was best in sporting and rural life, and made it into a part of clean nineteenth-century literature. While the simultaneous publication of two new editions of the late Major Whyte-Melville's novels (to say nothing of a perfect galaxy of sporting encyclopædias) proves that the taste for country life—or, at any rate, for its contemplation in literature—still flourishes among us; on the other hand, the date of the first appearance of "The Interpreter," of "Holmby House," of "Kate Coventry," and of "Digby Grand," will remind us that the old-world witchery of those romances hardly belongs to the present highly-conscious generation. If any novelist did pluck and preserve for his countrymen the full, ripe bloom of a definite social phenomenon, Whyte-Melville did that for robust, jolly Phillistinism surrounding modern sport, and more especially (for is not the hero in his best novels a horse?) the sport of hunting. It is no wonder, then, that he is widely popular. Probably among no other people in the world do country interests and enthusiasms, country-bred vigor and animal spirits, so pervade and dominate town life.

A round of visits in English homes would probably convince the intelligent foreign critic—to whom we have appealed so often—that there are few secrets of art, custom, trade or natural history that have not been thoroughly explored and exploited by some representative or other of the class that maintains two homes. Before all these interests and activities, before the modern appreciation of the beauties of nature, the great national sport was, and flourished. It would be difficult to estimate how much the nation owes to it, how much even those residents in the provinces owe who care least about the destruction of game or vermin in any

form. For "the country," as a social institution, was made, as we have endeavored to show, long ago, when the Tory fox-hunter, so familiar to readers of Addison, was a recognized order in the State. Perhaps, as the ancient Romans erected monuments to that interesting and, in life, repulsive animal, the goose, because its cackling on a famous occasion saved the Capitol, we are justified in raising the memorial, *ære perennius*, of a whole modern literature (valuable and venerable already, in the blue and red cloth of the forties and fifties) to that sacrosanct animal, the fox. It seems not unlikely that he saved the country at the expense of his thousand lives, by bringing together, aye, and keeping together (in a sense deeper than that understood by the immortal Jorrock) "people as wouldn't otherwise meet."

"The English tenant," observed Mirabeau, in 1872, "would fight for his lord to the death"—one reason certainly being that he saw and understood a great deal of him. About the same time a writer in the *Monthly Review*, as Peter Beckford tells us, proposed (possibly for the hundredth time) that "feats of agility" should be substituted for our inhuman and barbarous field-sports. The idea is a pleasing one. "Feats of agility" are not neglected by the present generation, either in this country or among our cousins across the seas. Yet, recognizing—as it is wise for all creatures to recognize—the limitations as well as the potentialities of our peculiar nature we need scarcely regret that such a reform was never carried out. But for the ineradicable barbaric element in a warlike people, given over, on a scale which Bacon could never have anticipated, to "sedentary and

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within-door arts," commercialism might have consumed us. Assheton Smith and "Jack Mytton" (port wine and all) are perhaps the true antidote to Mr. Podsnap and Sir Georgius Midas.

It seems historically certain that during an advanced stage of her transformation from an agricultural to a commercial nation, England to some extent lost herself. In the social satire of Dickens and Thackeray—to say nothing of Carlyle, Kingsley, and Ruskin—one may trace a certain alarmist and *désorienté* attitude towards the prodigies of "nouvelle richesse" conjured up in their "racing railroad" days, as if these phenomena were imperfectly understood and not easy to be classed. Increasing familiarity has since shown us that the Newbroom, the "Squire Mushroom," the self-made "parvenu," whose independence of the traditional route to respectability seems, at first, to strike so discordant a note in "Old England," the millionaire product of railways, beer, or soap (a force inexpressible at first except in terms of thousands a year) is after all, only our old friend John Bull in another costume, with the old aggressive and the old assimilating energies, renewing his youth like the eagle. The passion for ruling, that last infirmity of his noble mind, for expanding his individualist self in some sphere or other to its fullest power, doubtless infects all his social ideals. But if we are still to develop from our aristocracy the demigods required for the duties and enterprises of world-wide empire, much may surely be said for that particular social instinct which so persistently cherishes the romance of feudalism and adapts it to the true needs of democracy.

## COLONIAL MEMORIES.

BY LADY BROOME.

## PART IV.

Besides the humming-birds there were many less welcome denizens of the Gardens. There were ants of every species known to even Sir John Lubbock. Parasol ants, who occasionally took a fancy to my dinner-table decorations, especially if the brilliant and beautiful *Amherstia* had been used. I have often been requested to say what was to be done with long lines of myriad ants ascending by one leg of the dinner-table and descending by another, each carrying a good-sized bit of scarlet petal tossed airily over his shoulder! Anything so quaint as these processions of gay color, marching across the white cloth, cannot be imagined. It was a case of "Tiger in station, please arrange," and there was just as little to be done, except to give up the *Amherstia*. These ants occasionally took a fancy to the flowers on my writing-table also, but we never seriously interfered with each other. I naturally thought that the ants ate these leaves and petals, but they only chew them up, and spread them out like manure on the feeding-grounds near the nests. From this sort of cultivation a minute fungus-like growth springs, and on *that* they feed. So destructive are their operations that a functionary is specially retained in the Botanical Gardens to follow them up and discover and destroy the nests, which are generally at a very great distance from the scene of their labors, and I often watched with interest a lantern apparently creeping along the ground of a dark night.

What I really wanted to see was a raid of Hunter ants. I had read a fas-

cinating description in a book of early days in Trinidad, of a domiciliary visit paid to the writer's house in the country, which she and her children had hastily to vacate at earliest dawn, taking with them their pet birds and a kitten, which the slave-woman, who warned them to turn out "sharp," declared would be devoured if left behind. The Hunter ants spent the whole of that day inside the house, clearing it of every mouse, cockroach, beetle and such small deer. She describes the ants as having wings when they first appeared; but when their day of gorging was over they emerged wingless, and rested in vast dark masses in her garden. They had not touched anything except the small reptile and insect colonies, which, we must remember, were likely to flourish under the deep thatched roof of those days, long before galvanized iron or shingles from America were known. The writer goes on to say that at dawn next day she heard strange and weird screams from numerous small sea-gulls, who, in their turn, were making an excellent breakfast off the fat Hunter ants. Such scenes as these are hardly ever to be met with in these days, for the houses are so different, and more of the high woods are cleared every year. On these hillsides cocoa is grown very successfully by the small cultivator. I have often, during our excursions up the lovely, lonely valleys, within an easy drive of Port of Spain, watched the process, which seemed very primitive. The clearing appeared to entail far the most labor, in spite of as much burning as was compatible with the lush-green foliage. Banana-suckers were the first things planted round the



hole which held the young cocoa-plant to shade it; next came small trees of the "madre di cocoa," or "*bois immortel*," which are indispensable to a cocoa plantation. This tree is at all stages of its growth a very straggling one, and can give but little shade. I suspect it is chiefly valuable from its draining properties, for the fact remains that cocoa steadily declines to flourish anywhere without its "madre."

Anything so beautiful as the hill towards San Fernando in the very earliest spring, when the dense woods of "*bois immortel*" are in full blossom cannot be imagined. At sunset the whole countryside glows with a radiance which looks like enchantment, for the green effect of this beautiful tropic island then merges over those low hills into a vivid scarlet, melting away into the indigo shadows of the quick-falling dusk. Cocoa is a most beautiful crop, for the broad glossy leaves do not at all conceal the large brilliant pod, which grows in an independent manner, in twos and threes, right out of the stem of the thickest branches. At no time of year are the trees quite bare of pods, which are of various colors. I have often seen a pale green pod, a scarlet one, and a rich dark crimson or brilliant yellow pod growing quite happily side by side; of course they were all in different stages of ripeness, but that did not seem to matter at all, and cocoa-picking seems always going on.

Those drives up the valleys were always delightful, and we found that different patois seemed to be spoken in places half a mile apart, and with only a low ridge between. Up one valley a sort of spurious Spanish would be heard, up another Creole French, whilst a hybrid Hindustani was the language of a third cleft in the hills. We made great friends, however, with the different races, and the children always rushed out to greet us.

An especial beauty of those valleys

were the fire-flies and what are locally called the fire-beetles—large, hard-backed creatures with eyes like gig lamps and a third light beneath, which only shows when they fly. My ardent desire all the time I was in Trinidad was to get a specimen of a rare fire-beetle, which is said to have a luminous proboscis. I did want the beetle dreadfully, and offered frantic rewards all up the valleys for a specimen. Needless to say I was regarded more or less as a lunatic, and the carriage was often stopped either by children waving an ordinary beetle snapping violently in its efforts to escape, or by a grinning policeman who saluted and tendered me a common fire-beetle tied up in the corner of his blue pocket-handkerchief. I once tracked with infinite pains and trouble a specimen to its owner, but, alas! it was dead and half-eaten by ants.

By the last week in January the fire-flies disappear, and are not to be seen again before the heavy May rains have fallen. Then they come forth in full beauty, and it certainly is a wonderful sight as one drives home in the short gloaming, for every blade of grass holds many tiny sparkles, winking in and out with a bewildering effect. The fire-beetles chiefly haunt the lower branches of the cocoa-groves, where they look like small lamps swinging among the trees. Indeed the magnifying effect of the damp atmosphere beneath these bushes is so powerful that I often found it difficult to believe that some one carrying a lantern was not stepping down the bank towards us. I once kept some of these beetles, fed them with sugar-cane, and sprinkled them with water every day; but they soon lost their brilliancy, and I felt it so cruel to retain them in a dark prison, that I emptied them on the *Thunbergia* outside the veranda railing. One of my prettiest girl-guests used often to wear a dagger in her hair made of these fire-

beetles, ingeniously harnessed together with black thread, and they showed brilliantly amid her dark braids, even beneath the ballroom chandeliers.

Nor did any winter visitor ever see the wonderful mass and succession of flowering trees, for they do not cover themselves with sheets of brilliant blossom until after the rainy season begins. I was disappointed in the actual flowers to be found in the Gardens. Even the imported ones do not manage much of a blossom, and bulbs, etc., have to wage an incessant warfare against the all-devouring ant. It is for this reason I suspect that the flowers confine themselves to high trees, where they are safe from the ants, for they certainly make but a languid attempt to grow in the ground. In vain I steeped the seeds of my particular favorites in a strong solution of quassia. That was all very well for the actual seed, but the ants only deferred their meal until my poor little plants were a couple of inches high.

I will not dwell here on my private sentiments regarding the cockroaches, for I feel that I should pass the grounds of permissible invective if I attempted to describe my feelings towards the creatures who devoured or defaced the bindings of all my favorite books. Nothing daunts them or keeps them away; they seem to thrive and fatten on all the destructive powders of which I used to lay in large stores for their undoing. They would take the poison and the cover of my book as well, and ask for more! How can you deal with creatures who fly in at the window and run, literally, like "greased lightning?" Their fiendish cleverness must be seen to be believed; how they will dart to a knot of exactly their own color in the polished wooden floor, and lie still as death under your eyes!

Next to the cockroaches might be ranked as irrepressible torments the mole-crickets, who would not allow of

a lawn anywhere. There were some beautiful grass tennis-courts in these Botanical Gardens, costing an appalling sum to keep in tolerable order—thanks to the crickets which burrow like moles and devour like locusts and hatch out in myriads. I used often to see a small army corps of little black boys on the tennis grounds headed by tall coolies with watering-pots of strong soapsuds which they poured on the ground. This *douche* brought the mole-crickets out of his hall door in a great hurry, to be snapped up and flung into a bucket of water by the attendant imp. But it was very difficult to keep them down, even by this means, and the lawns had to be dug up and replanted constantly. It is impossible to keep the rapacious insect-world in order in a climate which, for certainly half the year, resembles an orchid-house watered and shut up for the night.

The Harlequin beetle is, no doubt, quite as destructive as his less gaudy brethren, but one forgives him a good deal, partly because of his brilliant beauty, and partly because his depredations are carried on chiefly underground. Then the shady places are always made glorious by large, slow-moving butterflies of gorgeous coloring and quaint conceit, such as transparent round windows let in, as it were, amid their brilliant markings.

Any one who fears bats should not visit "Ière, or the home of the humming-bird" (as the Indians told Sir Walter Raleigh Trinidad was called), for all sorts and conditions of bats abound. The fruit-eating variety is greatly attracted to the Botanical Gardens by the star-apple trees growing there. I always feared lest sentence should be passed against these beautiful trees with their copper beech-like foliage, on account of the bats, who, by the way, don't seem ever to eat the fruit where it grows, but always carry it off and devour it in another tree. The Vampire

bat is a great deal bigger than the ordinary bat, but mosquito netting is sufficient protection in a house, and the stables are generally guarded by galvanized wire netting, and if ordinary care is taken about not leaving stable doors open after sundown, the horses do not suffer; but when did a negro groom ever think of a detail of that sort?

It was very amusing to watch the native bees going back to their hive at dusk. I don't know how they had been persuaded to take up their abode in a box fastened against the wall of the Superintendent's office in the Botanical Gardens; but the colony was in a very flourishing condition when I was taken to view it at sundown, and had evidently established Responsible Government. The bees themselves were small and shabby, regarded as bees, and did not trouble to make more honey than enough for their daily needs; they scouted the idea of storing it, for there were lots of flowers all the year round, and no wintry weather to provide against. Their chief anxiety seemed to be to keep their hall door shut, and they were very particular on that point. When I was watching them, the great mass of the bees had already gone into the hive, and only an occasional loiterer was to be seen creeping in at a very small hole.

"Now here comes the last bee," said my companion. "Look carefully at him." So I did, and saw that the little creature was carrying a pellet of mud nearly as big as himself. It was too big to go in at the hole, so he had to break bits off; but he twice picked up some of the fragments which had fallen down, and stuffed them also into the hole. Then he went in himself, and the Superintendent opened a sliding panel commanding a view of this hall door, at which three or four bees were busily working, blocking it up with mud pellets.

"They do that every night," I was told, "and open it the first thing in the morning." I wanted very much to know what would happen if any belated bee turned up afterwards, but the story did not say.

English bees were introduced into the island many years ago, but they have lost most of their thrifty ways, and become demoralized by the flower wealth all the year round. They also decline to be confined in hives, which I daresay, they find too hot, and so they build wherever they like. An enormous colony had settled years and years before, evidently, under the flooring of one of the cool north verandas of Government House. As long as they went in and out from outside it did not matter, but latterly they took to pervading the veranda inside and violently assaulting the passers-by. This was too much to bear often, so the house-carpenter and his mate set to work to prise up the boards of the veranda. They chose a cloudy day when the bees would be out, taking advantage of the comparative coolness, and they soon found that many boards had to come up, for the comb was thickly formed everywhere. At last all the veranda floor was up, and I certainly never saw such a sight. Yards and yards of comb! Most of it black and useless, nearly all quite empty of honey (that was for fear of the ants), and hardly any bee-bread even. When the men went away to their breakfast the orioles, who must have been watching the proceedings with deep interest, came down from the *Flamboyant* outside the window, and had a sumptuous breakfast off the immature bees. There was a terrible revenge, however, when the bees returned later, and the workmen had to retreat hastily. I found upon that occasion that silver quarter-dollars made the best salve for bee-stings.

When we first went to Trinidad our

evening drives often led us past fields of sugar cane which seemed even then fast falling out of cultivation, and long before we left—in 1896—they had been replaced by plantations of Guinea grass, which appeared to thrive extremely well, and for which there was an excellent market in and near Port of Spain. The land was evidently worn out for sugar-cane, but answered capitally for this tall grass, on which all four-footed beasts seem to thrive.

Much has been written and preached about the terrible fondness of the West Indian negro for smart clothes; but if he had not that passion—with which the modern fine lady can well sympathize—it would be extremely difficult to get him or her to work. Why should he, in a climate where bodily exertion is very undesirable, and where food and shelter grow, so to speak, by the roadside?

They expend vast sums on their wedding festivities, at which the guests are expected to appear in perfectly new garments. I once offered a comely young black housemaid leave of absence to go to her brother's marriage, but she declined on the score of expense. Now I had seen this girl a week or two before, very smartly dressed for a friend's wedding, so I said:

"But surely you have still got that beautiful hat and frock you wore at Mélanie's marriage the other day?"

Aurelia gave me a shocked glance as she answered:

"Oh, lady, me can't wear *that*!"

"Why not?" I asked.

"All peoples very much offended if I wear same dress to their wedding; must be quite new every things."

And nothing I could urge had the least effect in shaking her resolution not to disgrace her family by appearing in garments which had done duty before on a similar occasion. I always noticed at the cathedral that every fe-

male member of the very large and devout colored congregation had on her head a hat which must have cost a good deal more than my own bonnet. From a picturesque point of view the effect of the colored women's spotlessly clean white dresses and brilliantly flowered and ribboned hats was excellent, though doubtless the political economist would have sighed. I once asked a friend where and how these smart damsels obtained their patterns, for nothing could be more correct or up-to-date than their skirts and their sleeves.

"Oh, the washerwomen set the fashions here, especially yours. It is very simple: when you send a blouse or a muslin or cotton dress to the wash—and these women wash beautifully—the laundress calls in her friends and neighbors, and they carefully study and copy that garment before you see it again; and the same thing happens with the gentlemen's tennis flannels, and other garments."

But the most amusing, and absolutely true, story I heard was this one:

Our house steward told me that, when he was superintending the moving of our numerous boxes and packages on the return from our short annual visit to England, he noticed on the wharf one of the young black men employed who was unusually active in dealing with the luggage. Nothing could be a greater contrast to the ordinary sleepy loafer, who used to smoke and talk a good deal more than he worked. This youth was strong and smiling, and made nothing of handling any big boxes which came in his way, so most travellers rewarded his good-humored exertions by an extra sixpence for himself.

A couple of years later we missed Mark from the landing jetty. No one knew what had become of him, nor could the most anxious inquiries elicit any information. At last, one day,

when my informant was in one of the principal "Stores," as the excellent and comprehensive shops of Port of Spain are called, there suddenly entered his friend Mark, smiling as ever, and still dressed in his primitive working garments of the three old sacks—two for his "divided skirts," and one with a hole cut in it for his head to go through, and worn as a sleeveless smock-frock. Before any questions could be asked, Mark took one of the assistants aside, and began to choose very carefully and deliberately an entire outfit of black cloth clothes. He evidently knew exactly what he wanted and paid for each article, as he se-

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lected it, from a roll of five-dollar notes, which, for want of a pocket, he carried in his hand. The broadcloth suit was followed by other indispensable garments, and finally a pair of lavender gloves, shining boots, a tall hat, a slender umbrella, and even a showy gilt watch-chain was purchased, and the happy possessor of a complete rig-out of "Europe clothes" left the store with only a few cents to put in his new and numerous pockets. He was often seen afterwards in this fine suit of clothes walking about the Gardens when the band was playing, but, so far as any one knows, he has never done a stroke of work since!

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## POWDER AND PAINT.

In these days when the simplicity of dogmatism is a thing of the past, it is no easy matter to lay down a law upon any subject. To clear oneself of prejudice so far as to judge a question on its own merits is a Herculean labor to which few people so much as set their hand; while, even when it is frankly intended to take a short cut to an opinion by the adoption of the general verdict, it is ten to one that a scrupulous and fair-minded person will find himself in no better a plight than before. For opinions are various as well as variable, and as in practical matters an indolent man will never lack excuses, by means of a diligent comparison of them, to legitimize idleness, so in the more transcendental region it is difficult to move without doing violence to some code of morality, and as good a claim to canonization as another might be advanced by the proof that a man has sat persistently still. No habit is

blameless enough to be safe from hostile criticism, nor any pursuit so praiseworthy as to escape the perversity of a gainsayer; while, to make the balance even, it would be difficult to discover a crime incapable, in the hands of a skilful advocate, of justification. To the self-same action will be accorded blame or commendation almost, as it would seem, at random; and La Rochefoucauld's assertion that the verdict pronounced upon the deeds of men appears to depend for the most part upon the star under which they were performed, approaches as nearly as need be to the truth.

If such considerations apply to the region of morals, it is evident that they are possessed of tenfold force when we come to the department of taste. It is true that the boundary line by which the two are separated is at all times difficult to draw; it would indeed be more accurate to declare that to trace



such a line with anything approaching to uncompromising distinctness is altogether impossible, taste and morality being, at the meeting point, so insensibly and delicately blended, that it would require an eye more correct than is commonly possessed by an organism as faulty as our own to distinguish them apart, or to decide at what moment vulgarity becomes vicious or defective morality fades into bad taste. And, this being the case, it is inevitable that mistakes should be made, and that even those persons who are accustomed to take pride in the impartial justice of their attitude should find themselves at times denouncing harmless vulgarity from the standpoint of the censor of morals, calling in the authority of the Church, as it were, to enforce conformity with their own canons of taste; while they make up for their severity by condoning a lapse from the paths of strict morality, provided it be conducted with due regard to the requirements of fashion.

The result of this confusion is such as might be expected. For neither fashion nor taste is governed by laws immutable and divine; and, as one and the other shifts, we may likely enough chance to find ourselves commending to-day what was regarded yesterday, and will in all probability be regarded tomorrow, as little less than a crime.

Moreover, the difficulty of establishing a satisfactory boundary line between the two departments is still further complicated by the fact that fashions themselves, whilst theoretically belonging to a province altogether distinct from that of morals, are often, even where not blended, so intimately connected with the latter, and touch it at so many points, that it is difficult to consider them apart.

A fashion, it is true, may be a fashion pure and simple, like the wearing of a hoop or the choice of a color—in

which case it is, of course, the mere expression of a phase of popular opinion on the indifferent matter. But it may be, on the other hand, the symbol or clothing of a moral fact, thus becoming almost of necessity associated with the fact itself; or, again, it may be so frequently found in conjunction with certain other characteristics that, whether justly or not, it can scarcely fail to share in the condemnation or approval meted out to its ordinary accompaniments. And in cases in which a strong, and at first sight arbitrary, prejudice is found to exist, it is not uninteresting to examine into the origin of the misliking, with the object of ascertaining whether it is altogether as baseless as it appears.

There is a practice becoming daily of more common use amongst a certain section of English—or, to be more accurate, of London—society, with regard to which it would be more interesting to determine, in the light of opinion, past and present, whether the dislike entertained for it by no inconsiderable portion of the community at large is due to mere popular prejudice, to an inclination "to damn the sins we have no mind to," without any careful examination into the question whether or not they are sins at all, or whether the objection is susceptible of justification or excuse on reasonable grounds.

A complete alteration has taken place, as every one is aware, within the last hundred years in the manner of regarding the use of powder and paint—of the employment, that is, of artificial means of embellishment; and it is an alteration which is not at first sight altogether explicable.

A change of opinion is not satisfactorily explained by the pleasing but improbable hypothesis that it is due to a rapid increase of wisdom since the days when an opposite view obtained; and, if the practice in question be as reprehensible or as repugnant to the

taste of the majority as it is now generally felt to be, it would seem to follow that it was no less objectionable in early days. And yet public opinion, as distinguished from the opinion of a comparatively narrow circle, has undergone a curious and significant transformation, by which paint, from a simple extension of the art of dress, frankly employed and frankly acknowledged, has come to be viewed with dislike and even with suspicion by all those outside the limits of the class amongst which it is in use.

The indulgence with which it was once regarded was not, of course, universal, nor had it been of long standing. If there had probably never been a time since the days of Jezebel—who, in the words of an old tract, “bears away the honor of the first publication of this insufferable insolence”—when, allowed or disallowed, the practice did not to a greater or less extent prevail, it is also likely that in all ages there existed those who regarded it with a disapproving eye, and a certain amount of discredit seems to have attached at most periods of the world’s history to the woman who made use of the “*quoton dont els se rougissent*” and the “*blanchet dont els se font blanches*” advertised by the thirteenth-century peddler amongst his wares. In early Christian times St. Cyprian was conspicuous in the severity of his denunciations. “The very devils,” he asserts, “first taught the use of coloring the eyebrows and placing a false and lying blush upon the cheek,” going on to declare that the Creator will fall at the Resurrection to recognize His Image in the painted countenance—an argument which is presented in a slightly varied form by another Father: “What business have rouge and paint on a Christian cheek?” asks this last. “Who can weep for her sins when her tears wash her face bare and mark furrows on her skin? With what trust can faces be lifted up towards

Heaven which the Maker cannot recognize as his own workmanship?”

Coming down to later times, the same prejudice seems to have been felt by persons of all creeds alike. “From a woman who paints,” beseeches an old French prayer, “good Lord, deliver us;” while even a Restoration Litany—a period not remarkable for austerity of manners—contains, in singular juxtaposition, the suffrages,

From a King-killing Saint,  
Patch, powder, and paint,  
Libera nos, Domine!

During the days, indeed, when the fashion was in course of being popularized in England amongst that higher grade in the social scale to which it had not hitherto penetrated, there were not wanting zealots whose denunciations might have rivalled in violence those of St. Cyprian himself. The Lord Bishop of Hereford, representing the Established Church, protested against it from the pulpit; Dr. John Hall stigmatized paint in the plainest language as the badge of immorality; while a “Compassionate Conformist,” author of a pamphlet entitled “England’s Vanity, or the Voice of God against the monstrous Sin of Pride in Dress and Apparel,” inquiring into the motives for the practice he condemns, observes contemptuously that, “in the first place, ladies paint in order to gain the reputation of a beauty and to win a gallant, and then daub to keep him.”

Pulpit denunciation, however, as well as the anathemas of divines, have been known, in more cases than one, to fail in modifying the abuses against which they are directed; and in the present instance, protests, whether spoken or printed, appear to have met with signal ill-success. In spite of the eloquence of Bishops and the remonstrances of poets—for neither were these last wanting—the fashion held its own; and, notwithstanding the distrust

with which it had been at first regarded one may conclude from the comparative absence of evidence to the contrary, that by the eighteenth century it had succeeded in vindicating its right to be accepted as harmless if not commendable. Fanatics, indeed, may have continued to carry on the war against it, but among them were no longer to be found—we may be sure of it—those Anglican eighteenth century divines who, to use a phrase of their own, were accustomed to “exorcise enthusiasm” wherever it ventured to lift up its head, and who would probably have regarded any opposition to the practice as the extravagance of ill-considered folly, calculated to injure the cause of religion in the eyes of all sober-minded persons. It was not the period—within at least the pale of orthodoxy—for out-of-season zeal, or for the proclamation of unpalatable doctrines; and even by the enthusiasts without, the application of powder and paint was most likely only included in a general condemnation of the society in which it was in use. It was a feature, no doubt, but only a single one, of that world which owned the sovereignty of the flesh and the devil; and it is probable enough that Wesley and Whitfield would have failed to discriminate in point of danger to the soul between the painted and unpainted women of their day.

By the beginning of the eighteenth century, then, paint may be taken as having established its claim to be considered by society at large, together with patches, hair powder, and the rest, as an almost indispensable adjunct to dress; and the use of it was so undisguised that it is said that half the women at a theatre were to be seen producing their paint boxes in the course of the performance, in order to apply a fresh coating of color—an art in which they had become so proficient that there were some, says the *Spectator*, of the ladies of 1709, “so exquisitely skill-

ful in this way that, give them but a tolerable pair of eyes to set up with, and they will make bosom, lips, cheek and eyebrows by their own industry;” while a still severer censor of a somewhat later date observes that the art of painting had improved so prodigiously in England that carmine and white lead, breaches of the Seventh Commandment and *Les Liqueurs*, were then “no more than a mere how d’ye do.”

It will thus be seen that the voice of the critic, however unregarded, was never wholly silent, whether it made itself heard in attacks like that last quoted—rendered possibly the more violent by a consciousness of its powerlessness to touch the evil—or whether, as in the doggerel verses of the time, the weapon employed was the lighter one of ridicule.

That those existed even in the world of fashion, who declined to conform to the practice, is to be inferred from a fancy sketch contributed to the *Lady’s Magazine*, in which the “Modern Marcia” presented for the admiration of its readers, is stated to have been “never yet persuaded to wear a *tête*, and the hint given her last Sunday at St James’s by Lady Bel, that a little rouge would improve her complexion, made her blush with such delightful innocence as no art could imitate.”

“A little rouge,” however, was allowed to be the most inoffensive form of embellishment in use. There were many modes and degrees of practising the questionable art, and a curious little book exists, written about a hundred years ago, when popular opinion on the subject was already undergoing modification, by a “lady of distinction,” who preferred to remain anonymous, but is vouched for by the editor as specially entitled by position and experience to receive a respectful hearing, which, dealing with the art of costume, includes advice on the proper use of cosmetics. By this authority, white

paint, together with enamel, is unconditionally condemned from the standpoint of morals and taste alike; while on the other hand, "a little vegetable rouge" is permitted, for the purpose of "tingeing the cheek of a delicate woman," so long as it is not employed for the purpose of deception. "What need is there, indeed," asks the writer, "for any concealment in the matter?" "It seems to me," she continues, "so slight and innocent apparel for the face, (a kind of decent veil thrown over the cheek) . . . that I cannot see any shame in the most ingenuous female acknowledging that she occasionally rouges." The one article of rouge is, however, the single species of positive art that, according to this somewhat arbitrary judge, a woman of integrity can permit herself, white enamel, painted lips, and pencilling of the eyebrows only exciting "contempt for the bad taste and blindness which deems them passable."

At the time when the "lady of distinction" gave her advice to the fair friends resident in the country who had applied to her for counsel on the important matter of dress, the practice was already on the wane; in a few more years it had been, temporarily at least, abandoned to that strata of society in which it may be considered perennial; and it is not till within comparatively late years that it has been to any large extent revived, though within more restricted limits than formerly. That it is fast gaining ground is apparent; but while such is the case, it is interesting to observe the change which has taken place in public sentiment in the subject; for it will scarcely be denied, even by those who themselves hold no intolerant views, that the supplementing of Nature, which in the days of our great-grandmothers was accepted as a mere matter of course, is regarded at the present time by the majority of unsophisticated English-

men with a mixture of contempt and aversion, which, difficult as it might be to explain, is on that account none the less genuine. "Honest women may go thus," they may allow, in the words of old Fuller, when dealing with the subject, "honest women may go thus—the ship may have Castor and Pollux for the badge and notwithstanding have St. Paul for the lading," but the fact itself is felt to be so much evidence against them.

And while admitting the possibility that we are in a transitional state, and that the day may be at hand when powder and paint shall be once more accepted as necessary adjuncts to a woman's dress, it is interesting to inquire whether any justification can be pleaded for the prejudice which exists; whether it is a mere matter of taste in which the judgment of the majority chances to be at issue with that of the minority, or whether the former can point to any reasonable grounds on which their objection is founded.

Now, it is obvious that in itself the application of red and white, whatever may be the opinion formed upon it as a matter of expediency, can be no more treated as a moral offence—in spite of St. Cyprian and his supporters—than a hundred other practices against which little protest has been raised. Such verdicts are often capricious, and more a matter of temper and tradition than the result of deliberate judgment, and the assumption of a necessary moral obliquity attaching to the art itself, independently of motives and results, may be set aside.

Nor is it less plain that the practice can be no more intrinsically objectionable at the present day than a hundred years ago; and that, therefore, those persons who have no censure to bestow upon the noble and graceful ladies whose charm has been placed on record by the painters of their day must be able to plead, in order to escape the

charge of irrational prejudice, some other justification for their misliking than an æsthetic or artistic disapprobation. Their dislike, reduced to its proper elements, must resolve itself into a distaste, not for the use of powder and paint in itself, but either for the objects and aims with which they have become associated, or for the persons and characteristics with which they are insensibly identified—an extension, in fact, of a dislike towards those amongst whom they are at present epidemic.

To deal in the first place with the motives to which the use of paint is due, it is clear that they have undergone a radical change since the days when ladies produced their paint boxes at the theatre and applied it openly, with no desire or expectation that it should remain undetected. In the present day the practice—except, indeed amongst those whose object seems to be to advertise themselves and their opinions—is mostly carried on in the endeavor to impose upon the world. And to be engaged in a constant effort to deceive, however intrinsically harmless the deception, is apt to have an unfavorable effect upon the character, while it is also productive of the uneasy and anxious frame of mind inseparable from a fear of detection. A habit of concealment is never conducive to happiness, and, while it may almost be asserted that it will be unsuccessful in the long run, it is equally certain that the world has little mercy upon those it has found out.

It is necessary, however, to draw a distinction; for there are those who are in the habit of practising this art, even with intention to deceive, of whom the most censorious critic would be so loth to speak hardly that, if they share in the general condemnation, it is principally because we do not like the company in which we find them. These are the women who, unable to reconcile

themselves to the fact that age is gaining upon them, seek to prolong the semblance of youth, and resort to paint in the hope of effacing Time's heavy finger-marks. It is an unequal contest, to which, viewed aright, attaches all the tragedy of predestined failure. History recounts that the Spanish veteran, Juan Ponce de Leon, grown old in war and scarred in many battles, set out to seek that Fountain of Youth of which the legend had been related to his credulous ears.

"It must be that it exists," said the Indians who related the fable—not, possibly, without some appreciation of the grim humor of their own reasoning—"for the travellers who go to seek it never return."

There are those who believe in that fountain still, and of many who set forth to seek it the saying still holds good that they never return. Alas! in this truth-speaking world of ours no one is found to declare that the enterprise is vain. "*Madame a bien l'air d'avoir son âge aujourd'hui*," says the courtier in the "*Palais de la Vérité*;" but for us no such palace exists; and for the woman engaged in her thankless struggle pity will be the dominant sentiment; nor is it easy to hold her responsible for the aversion which is so commonly felt towards the painted sisterhood.

The plain women who set themselves to accomplish by artificial means the task of persuading the world that they are beautiful are another class towards whom indulgence is no difficult matter. Where specific defects call for remedy success goes far to justify the attempt, and each case must be judged on its own merits. Such women, however, make up a smaller class than those who strive to replace a lost beauty. It may be that, never having possessed the fatal gift, they are less inclined to grant it supreme and paramount importance, and that, having been driven



to supply its place from the first by attractions of another order, mere outward advantages have been relegated, in their estimates of value, to the second place. But, however that may be, it is not upon the women who set themselves to apply a remedy to an absolute defect in the handiwork of Nature, any more than upon the old, that can be charged the responsibility for the suspicion with which the use of paint is regarded.

These two classes eliminated, a third remains. It is composed indiscriminately of young and old, comely and ill-favored, fresh and faded, of a multitude, in fact, with whom paint is apparently a passion for which the unbiased observer is driven to seek a cause, while examining further whether that cause is such as to justify the sentiments with which he regards the practice. Is his dislike, due to association alone, having to do with certain traits, characteristics and habits with

*The Nineteenth Century.*

which it is commonly found in conjunction? Or is his objection still more the result of a recognition of the fact that powder and paint are the outward expression of a whole system of artificiality of which it constitutes only a single phase; and where it is the manifestation of a vulgar vanity, and of a desire to attract notice, it is of a desire to attract it by means of that which is unreal, rather than real, fictitious rather than true? No practice affecting even the externals of human life stands by itself. In the same way as a man accustomed to talk for effect is likely to fall into the more irremediable habit of thinking for effect, and thus establish an evil harmony between thought and language, so is it not possible that outward and visible artificiality may become the expression of a narrowing artificiality within, which cuts at the roots of the wider charm of nature, and of truth?

*I. A. Taylor.*

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## LOVE AND JOY.

With an anxious care my heart is torn;  
For, bringing light where all was gloom before,  
Comes radiant Love to grace the waking morn,  
And Joy stands, hesitating, at my door.

Ah, happy me! if only Love will stay  
To charm my sorrow and my care away.

For tho' 'tis winter, and the wild wrack's drift  
Makes darksome days, and all the world is drear,  
Wise Love will find in every cloud a rift,  
And Joy will smiling kiss away each tear.

Sweet Love, stay on, and dwell within my heart:  
For while thou bidest, Joy will ne'er depart.

*Pall Mall Magazine.*

*G. E. Farrow.*

## ÆTHERIC TELEGRAPHY.

At length we have got an intelligible name for a thing that has been egregiously misdescribed, and about which a great deal of nonsense has been both talked and written during the past year or two. "Wireless Telegraphy" is so complete a misnomer that it is marvelous it should still continue to be used as a heading in the newspapers, and this in spite of the emphatic declaration of Professor Sylvanus P. Thompson that "there is no such thing as telegraphing without wires." True, a cable has not been used in telegraphing across the Channel, but wires have been used either as a "base-area" on either side or in the shape of vertical conductors. In his earlier experiments with this system of telegraphy, Sir W. H. Preece used parallel lines of wire on either side of the space to be crossed. In March, 1895, the Post Office cable connecting the island of Mull with the mainland was broken, and as some time might elapse before the repairing ship could reach the locality, communication was set up with the island by means of ætheric telegraphy. A gutta-percha covered copper wire one and a half miles long was specially laid along the Argyllshire coast, and the ordinary iron wire connecting Craignure and Aros in Mull was used. The mean distance separating the two wires was about three miles, so that there was probably as much wire laid down on either side as the distance to be crossed. There was no difficulty in communicating, and both public and press telegrams were regularly transmitted until the cable was repaired. A year later—*i. e.*, in 1896—a cable was laid for the War Department, from Lavernock, near Cardiff, to the island of Flatholm in the Bristol Channel. There are two important forts protecting the Channel

at these two points, and as the cable crossed a very much frequented route and an anchorage ground, it was speedily broken. The communication being very necessary, the cable was replaced early in 1898, by an ætheric telegraph, and since that time communication has been maintained uninterruptedly, and is in daily use by the soldiers who work it. Here, again, the base-area, or parallel wire system, was used, and, in fact, the saving of a cable may be said to have been attended with a practical increase of the "land lines."

In Marconi's system the vertical conductor is used—*i. e.*, the wires are carried upwards instead of longitudinally. This is an essential feature of the system, so far as it has been developed at present, and it determines the distance to which signals can be transmitted. A conductor twenty feet high will signal well to a distance of a mile, forty feet to four miles, sixty feet to nine miles, one hundred feet to twenty-five miles, and one hundred and twenty feet to thirty-six miles. The height of the conductors used in the Boulogne experiment was one hundred and fifty feet; those used between Alum Bay, in the Isle of Wight, and Poole, a distance of eighteen miles, were eighty feet high. The law, as determined by experiment, is this: that the distance increases as the product of two vertical conductors of different heights; in other words, the law of the square when the lengths of the two conductors are alike. While it would be possible to carry on communication to comparatively great distances by means of the "base-area," or parallel line method, it is obvious that there must be a speedy limit to the vertical conductor principle, which is necessary to the success of the Marconi system. When communication

with Paris was talked of, it was proposed to use the Eiffel Tower as the "landing place" on the French side, but there is no corresponding elevation on this side, and the experiment was abandoned. If it had come off, it would have been a much more crucial test than anything which had yet been attempted. But the Marconi system has not yet entered upon the crucial stage, even if the ignorant public have parted with their cable shares in case it should be found possible to telegraph all over the world "without wires." One wonders what the height of the vertical conductor would require to be in order to communicate, say, with Malta or Gibraltar, or even with Jersey or John O'Groats! As these pages go to press arrangements are approaching completion for a practical demonstration in the working of the "wireless telegraph" between Manchester and Blackpool in connection with the National Health Congress. Receivers are to be fixed on the Manchester Town Hall and on the top of the Blackpool Tower, and the distance to be covered is said to be twenty miles further than any previous successful experiments. This will be a more or less crucial test, not only because of the greater distance to be covered, but because of the nature of the space to be crossed. For, as Sir W. H. Preece has pointed out, the effects are distinctly best when signalling across the clear space covering the sea, which, like a sheet of metal, reflects the Hertzian waves set in motion by the Marconi process. Clearly the curvature of the earth as well as the absorbing influence of the earth upon electric waves, must have a certain retarding effect on ætheric telegraphy. And yet a recent writer on the subject states "It is always more difficult to establish telegraphic communication between two points separated by water, than two places with no water barrier between

them." In ordinary telegraphy water is so excellent a conductor that James Bowman Lindsay, of Dundee, telegraphed across the Tay without wires *more than forty years ago*.

Nothing is more difficult than to determine priority of invention in matters of this kind. Thus, in December, 1895, Captain Jackson of the Royal Navy, commenced at Plymouth working in this direction, and he succeeded in getting Morse signals through space before he knew anything of Marconi or his system. His reports to the Admiralty, however, were confidential; had they been published, he would have anticipated Marconi. Again, in 1897, Professor Slaby, of Charlottenburg, carried out experiments on a considerable scale, to which due attention has hardly been given. He abandoned every one of the novelties introduced by Marconi, and fell back upon the methods previously known. He used a simple Lodge-Branly coherer, employed elevated conductors as base-lines, discarded the useless little iron-wire impedance coils in the local circuit, and substituted for the Post Office polarized relay one made out of a Weston galvanometer. His success shows that all that is essential can be thus obtained. He chose as the scene of his operations the Havel, and set up elevated conductors upon the castle of the Pfaueninsel and on the campanile of the church at Sacrow. Thus equipped, he transmitted signals, at first about three-quarters of a mile, then three miles across the water. He found trees and masts to interfere with the signals to some degree, a perfectly natural result, one would think, although we are assured that nothing of the kind has ever happened during the Marconi experiments, even when hills intervened. Professor Slaby then proceeded, with the aid of the military authorities, to experiment over an open stretch of country from Rangsdorf to Schöneberg.

The elevated conductors were wires raised by means of hydrogen balloons to heights of nearly a thousand feet, and signals were obtained at a distance of twenty-one kilometres, or over thirteen miles.

The Hertzian waves, which play so important a part in ætheric telegraphy, are not altogether free from doubt as regards priority of discovery for, while Heinrich Hertz showed simple methods of producing, detecting and measuring these waves, it was Clerk-Maxwell who predicted their existence, and showed that their speed of propagation is identical with that of light. Sir W. H. Preece suggests that they should be called "Maxwellian" rather than "Hertzian," and perhaps a fair compromise would be arrived at if they were called "Maxwell-Hertzian." To Maxwell and Hertz has succeeded Professor Oliver Lodge, one of the most brilliant of present-day scientists. His little book on "The Work of Hertz and his Successors" is the best account that has yet appeared of the labors of this band of investigators. But Dr. Lodge has done more than write about the work of others: he has worked himself, and to some purpose, too. He designed an "oscillator," one of the early forms of apparatus used by Hertz for sending out electric waves into the surrounding space; and very early in the history of these operations he produced a "detector," or "coherer," which led up to the form of "coherer" now in use in the Marconi system. On several occasions, and notably at Oxford in 1894, he showed how such coherers could be used in transmitting telegraphic signals to a distance, and that they would work through solid stone walls. Communication was thus made between the University Museum and the adjacent building of the Clarendon Laboratory; and for more than eighteen months the Rev. F. Jervis Smith of Oxford, using a carbon-powder coherer, has maintained

communication between his house and the Millard Engineering Laboratory, over a mile away. To Dr. Lodge will probably be due, if it is ever really and practically attained, the one step without which ætheric telegraphy can never be made reliable—viz., the confining of a message to the destination for which it is intended. At present, in spite of statements to the contrary, the messages sent out into space are anybody's who chooses to set up an apparatus within the field of wave propagation. It is another form of "milking" or "tapping," the wire, and might be fraught with serious consequences in, say, a naval war, or even in the peaceful evolutions of fleets or armies. This was abundantly proved at the recent naval manœuvres, when the *Juno*, in the act of taking in a message by the Marconi system from the *Alexandra*, experienced an "interruption" in the shape of a message from Alum Bay, in the Isle of Wight, which was really meant for Poole in Dorset. The interrupting message would, of course, have come on board an enemy's ship just as readily as it came on board the *Juno*. Dr. Lodge proposes to get over this difficulty by "tuning" the sending and receiving apparatus, so that they shall be both less sensitive to stray impulses and more sensitive to properly attuned waves. That is to say, each receiver will only respond to the transmitter with which it has been "matched," or attuned, an achievement which will far transcend anything which has hitherto been done or attempted in the field of telegraphic discovery.

When we come to consider the commercial value of ætheric telegraphy, we have to descend from the region of romance to that of reality. For lightships and isolated lighthouses, and indeed for shipping generally, it has an undoubted value, because it can be used where cables would be expensive to lay, and still more expensive to

maintain, and where it would be comparatively free from interruption, and especially from the "eavesdropping" to which it would undoubtedly be subjected on land. Strange to say, however, the Wireless Telegraph Company, who are engaged in exploiting Mr. Marconi and his inventions, are not eager to take up this kind of work. Sir W. H. Preece stated to the members of the Society of Arts, a month or two ago, that the Board of Trade and the Post Office, with the consent of the Trinity House, informed the Company that they would be glad if they would connect the South Sand Head Lightship with Dover, but the work remained undone. They were also informed that they would connect Sark with Guernsey, and the Post Office would open Sark as a public telegraph office; but this, also, had not been done. "The Company," says Sir W. H. Preece, "preferred to experiment elsewhere, to prove what was not necessary to be proved, that it was possible to signal across the Straits of Dover, and to show that great distances could be connected. The result is that for nearly two years after its practicability was affirmed, not one single independent commercial circuit exists. The operations of the Wireless Telegraph Company are mysterious and inscrutable." The fact is, it is about the worst thing possible for an invention of this kind to get into the hands of a company. We have only to look at the telephone to be convinced of this, and yet it was urged against the nationalization of the telegraphs thirty years ago that it would tend to stifle invention!

In other directions than those indicated, the commercial value of ætheric telegraphy is practically *nil*, so far as can be seen at present. For telegraphic communication, say, with France, Sir W. H. Preece considers the system at present "nowhere." A single cable to France, he says, could transmit

2500 words a minute without any difficulty, whereas a single Marconi circuit could not transmit more than twenty words a minute. Perhaps this requires a little amplification, because, of course, a "single cable" does not necessarily imply a single wire. A cable may be of several wires, and probably as many as six or even eight would be required to realize the speed of transmission indicated. So that the comparison with the Marconi system is not exactly on all fours, although it is obvious the system must always be a slow-speed one. It is not wanted in this direction, says Sir W. Preece, although its name, or rather the misnomer which has been applied to it, has led to the popular illusion that the poles and wires which disfigure our house-tops will disappear. But there is no evidence at present that a single wire can be dispensed with, although there is an ample field for ætheric telegraphy, if it gets into practical and non-speculative hands, in connecting up outlying islands with the mainland, and in other similar directions. Dr. Sylvanus Thompson, who has expounded the subject in the clearest possible way, is firmly convinced that the immediate road to commercial success lies in two things: "Firstly, we must frankly recognize that there is no such thing as telegraphing without wires—that the base-line, or the base-area, surrounded by wires, is a fundamental necessity. Secondly, we must look to establishing real syntony between the sending and the receiving parts of the apparatus, to render it, as far as possible, sensitive and independent, without which conditions such systems will become too costly and too unmanageable for commercial ends."

The odd thing is that an immature invention like this should have taken such a hold of the public imagination as to bring about a positive scare in the market for telegraph securities,



and especially for cable shares. The Marquis of Tweeddale, presiding over the meeting of the Eastern Telegraph Company the other day, attributed the fall in the Company's stocks to two causes, viz.—(1) The Marconi experiments in "wireless telegraphy," and (2) the action of the Government with respect to the Company's rates. But surely he did protest too much when he said that it "seemed certain that her Majesty's Government did not anticipate any competition from that quarter, or they would scarcely promote a project such as a cable, or rather two cables, in the Pacific, the cost of which could not be put at less than four millions." The bare idea of the Pacific being crossed "without wires" is too rich, and it is small wonder that it did not enter the brain even of Mr. Chamberlain, although Mr. Henniker Heaton may have it in view in connection with his scheme for "Penny European Telegrams," and sixpenny Indian ones! The chairman of the Atlantic cables took the matter more philosophically, expressing his belief that it would be many a long day before messages were sent in any other way than by the process now adopted, although it was "very sad" that the "wireless telegraph" scare should have diminished the invested value of the very important cable interest "by some millions." But the Marconi boom was well managed all the same, although the painfully uniform success of all the experiments was just a little tedious, and lacked the dramatic element somewhat. A little mild scepticism is a most useful, not to say necessary, quality in dealing with matters of this kind, and if only the newspapers would employ their most unbelieving reporters—"fellows who want to know, you know"—to describe the results of such experiments, they would confer a great benefit on their readers, and on the public at large. No one denies that it is possi-

ble to telegraph through space, without wires stretched from point to point, either in the form of an aerial line or a cable. But what practical people are most concerned about is the commercial value of the system, and the possibility of its ever coming into general use for practical purposes. So far, we have had no satisfactory evidence on this point, and sensible people will stick to their telegraph shares.

As we close this article, the air is full of electricity and electrical schemes, while the ships of the naval manœuvres are signalling to each other by means of the Marconi system, and Herr Schaefer, an electrical engineer, who is said to have invented a "new system of wireless telegraphy," has sent messages through space from Trieste to Venice, a distance of forty miles, the messages being read "without difficulty." Just so. But, most wonderful of all, Dr. Steins, a Russian scientist, is said to have invented an apparatus for telephoning without wires, for which he claims that he "shall be able to speak from London with persons, say, in Antwerp, or even in New York." It is rather a far cry from Antwerp to New York, and we fancy these distances have not been covered telephonically even *with* wires. But there is a child-like simplicity in the scientist's description of his invention which is quite refreshing: "By the use of this invention, two persons long distances apart, provided they each have my little apparatus, can converse just as easily and distinctly as with our well-known system of wire telephones. . . . Using my invention you would distinguish over long distances the voice, say, of your brother, or of any friend." The "little apparatus" is a thing apparently to carry about in the waistcoat pocket, and no doubt there are "full directions" with each instrument supplied. Seriously, the world is moving too fast for sober people, who

are not disposed to become "electrified" over every scientific *canard*, and who have not forgotten that "telegraphing

without wires" was known to their grandfathers!

Good Words.

## IN THE DAYS OF THE RED TERROR.

It is probably safe to say that to a great many people the history of the Revolution in France is the history of the Terror in Paris, with perhaps a little of Lyons, Marseilles, and Nantes added without emphasis. As to what passed in the country districts, and in hundreds of provincial towns, there is scant knowledge; and nevertheless it is a tale none the less interesting because the scene is narrower than the huge chaotic struggles of a capital city. It is more human, if less national; more individual and more tragic in its very simplicity. It is not the history of a government,—whatever that government might call itself; it is the chronicle of little towns where each is known to the other—where all suffer, where some triumph, where one or two are heroes and martyrs. It is, no doubt, very small in comparison; but it comes the closer to those who read and look on. Also, it is easier to understand, from the past, how the whole became possible and inevitable.

In St. Malo, for instance, the Revolution had been, to a considerable degree, anticipated and prepared. As a matter of fact, whether to Dukes of Brittany or Kings of France, or any more temporary protectors, St. Malo had always borne her allegiance lightly. Even in theory she owed them little; in practice she paid them less, and withdrew that when it pleased her. It is one of her own historians who records her extraordinary independence from century to century; and he adds:

"She was competed for by princes and remained herself indifferent; all parties had need of her, but she sufficed to herself." Excessive and vain-glorious as this sounds, it is geographically and historically true. During the long religious wars of the League it is an exact statement of her circumstances; she was absolutely self-sufficient, governing herself according to her own good-will as a miniature republic, and recognizing no prince or suzerain whatever, after a fashion that would be laughable, considering her size, were it not so amazing.

The time came, indeed, when the independent spirit of the little city led to an event so strange, so forestalling, to coin a word, that it is difficult to realize by how long a time it preceded the days of the Revolution; for in the well-known dislike of Saint Malo to all and every sort of domination, she fell so deeply in love with liberty, that when her own bishop came back by sea from Rome, her citizens took him prisoner as he landed, liking his nominal lordship over them as little as any other semblance of rule: "A bishop being no whit better than a governor," as it is written in a letter of the time, "though it is undesirable to kill him, by accident or otherwise." So they arrested him without more ado, and kept him close prisoner in his own cathedral precincts, where he had ample leisure to quarrel with his turbulent Chapter; and when, from the pulpit, the priests of the town inveighed against such treatment, the

Council bade them "hold their peace and be thankful, for it was only in Saint Malo that in these days a man might eat his fill and sleep o' nights without fear of cold steel griping the stomach of him." And presently they further ordered that, to prevent such complaints, no sermons were henceforward to be delivered from the pulpit, but only the gospel to be read aloud, *sans tire-lives* (without fal-lals).

No; St. Malo was at no time in her history humble towards her superiors, even when she acknowledged them. She was by ancient tradition, by character, and by custom, always in opposition.

When, for example, one Duke of Brittany (it was Francis the Second) sent a troop of men-at-arms to overawe his troublesome subjects, St. Malo opened her gates and let them enter into a silence of empty streets that seemed to promise humility and submission, but when once the portcullis was safely dropped behind them, and there was no possible escape, there swept out from every door and alley, from every corner and court, such a torrent of armed men, of clutching, howling women, that "there was strange meat hung that night in every man's cellar." And when the Duke sent presently a herald to ask how his men-at-arms had fared, having received no further news of them, the citizens hooted at him from their ramparts, and mocked him, crying, "Duke, go seek thy dogs (*Duc, cherche tes chiens*)!"—which has remained in their speech ever since as an address of infinite derision.

Again, when Anne the Duchess, whom indeed they were supposed to love, found them so unruly and so rebellious that she determined to enlarge and strengthen the castle, not to protect the town, but to constrain it, they demanded of their bishop to excommunicate the men who worked for her, and night after night, with singular indus-

try, themselves pulled down the stones that had been built up during the day. Only, since Anne was not a Breton for nothing (and there is her inscription on the tower, *Qui-qu'en-grogne*, in witness of that,) they met for once their match.

But none the less they continued to guard their liberties and their rights with a jealous independence that was always in arms. In the days of their wealth,—and they threw gold out of windows to beggars in the street!—they were willing to give millions to the King, but the smallest national tax they furiously opposed. Their corsairs fought for their own hand and St. Malo, and only accepted as an indifferent compliment the thanks of France. For it was only in rebellion that the Malouins grew patriotic; up to a certain period, "their country was neither Brittany, nor France, nor England, but in return for service rendered, they deigned to accept the protection of that power which for the moment was in preponderance,"—which means, to put it more crudely than her historian, that St. Malo had a knack of being on the winning side; and that while by accident or circumstance they might call themselves French or Breton, they were at all times only Malouin at heart.

Turbulent, proud, independent, holding their heads so high in the world that it seems a wonder they did not tumble off their little rock-city into the surrounding sea, this is what the Malouins were from the beginning of their history. It seemed but a very small step further than they had already gone to accept in theory the Revolution; but they had not foreseen the Terror. And yet, in spite of them, the Terror came to St. Malo.

It would be too long and infinitely repugnant to tell in detail the story of that sorrowful time; if, indeed, apart from its greater facts, it can ever be fully known. It is only here and there

that one catches glimpses of the smaller lives that were uncelebrated, unremarked, and that yet were martyrdoms; the little tragedies perhaps of women who prayed in their churches till they were thrust out of them, who prayed on the church-steps till they were imprisoned, who prayed in their cells till they were done to death. It did not occur to them that they could do anything but pray; it was habit, perhaps, but a habit we call heroism. And in all the country-side there were priests, some of them old and ill, who were driven into hiding, proscribed, hunted, expelled, tortured with every sort of suffering and peril. Here is an extract from a letter written by one, a poor man, the son of a laborer, very simple, very unlearned:—

Thrice I was torn by force out of the pulpit, hiding as I could about my parish. I slept more often with the pigs than in the cottages. Sometimes I found crusts of bread hidden in the hollows of trees; oftener, I went hungry. Men were paid to track us, dogs trained to hunt us by scent, watches were set at night in the ways where we might pass; once I was chased from dawn to dusk, with houses burning and guns firing on every side so that I could not tell where to go, and the next day I found four priests and ten or twelve of our friends who had helped us, lying dead in the pastures about me. It was seldom I was able to sleep; I had no time to be ill. . . . And yet, when I saw women and children flying in fear of their lives; when our poorest peasants grudged themselves bread and water that they might have something to spare for those that were in hiding; when I saw them creeping by night, at risk of worse than death, to pray at the foot of the cross or on the steps of a locked chapel;—oh, then it seemed to me that I ought to have suffered more, much more, to be worthy of them.

There is a plain stone cross on the dyke that joins St. Malo to the main-

land, a cross of granite, about which hang many memories. One is a legend of the days when the English were a terror in the land, a story of love and parting and waiting, ending in death; but there is another that ends also in death, and this one is true. For during the Chouannerie sixty-eight prisoners, taken at Dol, were brought to St. Malo; the women and children were left under guard outside the walls, the men shut into the church of St. Sauveur within the town. But at ten of the next morning they were reunited on the beach immediately below this cross, where they were set in a long line, their backs against the wall of the dyke, their faces turned towards the sea, while the firing party loaded their guns. It is recorded that one of the prisoners, a little boy ten years old, let his hat be carried away by the wind and chased it till he was knee-deep in the water; "whereat the great number of people looking on laughed very joyously." Then the firing began. It lasted twenty minutes; when it was finished, the great tumbrils that stood ready were loaded and driven, leaving a trail of blood all along the road they passed over, to the cemetery, where the bodies were thrown into a pit. It is said—and no wonder!—that sometimes on the beach at nightfall one can still hear the sobbing of children, the prayers of women, and the curses of men, mingling with the sound made by the waves as they run up the sand towards the granite cross.

There is another story of those days that is worth telling, if only for the sake of one who plays a part in it, the story of the great Chouan conspiracy, which might have altered the fate of France,—the history of Armand de la Rouërie and Thérèse de Moëllien.

Armand was such a man as such times are apt to bring forth; so full of what his country call *initiative* that he had been a little of many things before

he became a leader of Chouans, the accredited agent and lieutenant of the King in this part of High Brittany. He had been, for instance, an officer in the Guards; he had been also, for a time, a Trappist monk; he had held a post of some importance in the army of Lafayette. It is said by his adversaries that under the Monarchy he was a Parliamentarian; it is certain that under the Republic he was the most devoted of Royalists, and served his cause to the death. And the story of that death is a pitiful one.

He had already been denounced as a conspirator, and was already more or less in hiding; at this time he had his headquarters, as one may call them, at the Château du Fosse-Hingant at St. Coulomb, midway between St. Malo and Cancale. It was then the home of Marc Désilles, whose son André, the hero of Nancy, had flung himself in front of a cannon as it was fired, to check an insurrection among his soldiers; whose daughter, Madame de la Fonchais, was presently to become sorrowfully famous; whose niece, Thérèse de Moellien, was the Flora MacDonald of the Malouin country—as beautiful, as romantic, as devoted as she. If Armand de la Rouërie was the head of the conspiracy, she was its heart; she went from house to house, from farm to farm, from cottage to cottage, emptying her purse among the poor, urging the cause of the King, helping with all her courage, her faith, her beauty, to build up that great enterprise which might have changed the history of France. "She was so good, so innocent, we knew that what she told us must be right," the peasants said of her; she seemed to them then, and much more afterwards, a little saint of God. And presently, as one declares of her who tells the story, she was to be called the Angel of the Chouannerie.

They had all met in the large low

hall of the Fosse-Hingant, for the time had almost come when the sign was to be given which would set all Brittany under arms, to make of their enterprise not a series of small independent outbreaks, but the uprising of a great disciplined army under its appointed leaders, with a concerted and prearranged plan of campaign. But just when they should have been most sure of themselves, there had fallen upon them a strange and overwhelming discouragement and depression; they had with one accord unbuckled their swords and flung them upon the table in sign of abandonment and withdrawal. They urged Armand de la Rouërie to fly to Jersey from the peril that surrounded him; they had even gone so far as to have a fishing-boat ready and in waiting for his passage. And Armand had dropped his head upon his hands, and listened, in the midst of those who had failed him, desperately alone.

Suddenly a voice was heard among them, so timid and clear and young, that it sounded like the voice of a child; that yet grew stronger as it went on, and gathered such a force into it as seemed miraculous. "It was like a trumpet or a bell ringing the tocsin," said one who heard it; "and yet it made me think of my mother singing an old song of war to me as a lullaby." One does not know what she said; but when Thérèse de Moellien had finished, Armand de la Rouërie was standing with his head high and a new light in his eyes, and the men about the table had seized their swords and were swearing to follow him to the death.

But that night in the large low hall of the Fosse-Hingant there was a traitor, and before the sign could be given that meant war, word had been sent to Danton, the agents of the Terror were on the track, and Armand began that last long flight that was to end for him only in death. It is a flight in which one cannot follow him; no one but



Thérèse knew all its stages. Henceforward he was never to pass two nights in the same place; he must sleep under hedges, in willow-flats, beneath firewood piled in *noir-barges*, must creep from castle to cottage where Thérèse had implored for him a shelter, where her hand opened for him the door. In the darkness she brought him food, consoled him, guided him to a temporary safety; by day she sat at home under the eye of the Terror, and stitched at the fine embroidery of the day with death waiting at her shoulder. And presently the end came for them both. Armand, in a last and supreme effort, had crossed the Rance and had taken refuge at St. Enogat, sleeping on a ledge of rock in the cave known as the *Goule-es-Fées*; where few dared to enter, partly because the way in was closed at high tide by the water, and also because, as all the world believes, the fairies meet there by moonlight to dance and sing upon the sand.

But even here he was in danger, and by night he fled again, he and an aged manservant, and Thérèse de Moellien. It was midwinter and snowing heavily, and in the forest of La Hunaudaye there were deep and dangerous drifts; the horses they rode were worn out, fell, and could not rise again; Armand lay as one dead upon the ground. Thérèse and the old serving-man carried him, one does not know how, for four long miles through the snow to the Château de la Guyomarais; they asked for shelter for a peasant of the name of Gosselin, whom they had found lying by the way. He was consumed by fever, half-starved, broken-hearted, and hopeless; when next day he heard of the fate of the King, he turned his face to the wall, and, "weeping for his good master, in great misery he died."

He was buried the same night in the garden of the castle, where he was laid in a bed of lime that his body at least

might escape from the hands of his enemies; but even here he was to fail. His grave was betrayed by the same traitor—his friend and physician, save the mark!—who had denounced him before; his head was sent to Danton, and being unfortunately implicated by some papers found in his coffin, the Désilles family were surrounded in the Château du Fosse-Hingant and put under arrest. This was nearly the beginning of a terrible massacre; but as the agents entered, Madame de la Fonchais swallowed the list of names of those who had joined the conspiracy, and saved hundreds from certain death. It was not her fault that she did not save all. But, guided always by Cheftel the traitor, the agents found the secret place where the main papers of the enterprise were hidden; there were letters from the princes, instructions, details; if there was no complete list of the conspirators, there was enough to compromise many, and not one of these escaped. A hint, or an ill-will that suggested one, was sufficient in those days; and with Danton's agent and Cheftel the traitor laying their wits together, neither was lacking. They arrested the few they knew, the several they suspected, the many whom it was convenient to get rid of; men, women, some who were but children—they were all swept away to the guillotine.

Among those who thus died were two whom one cannot but remember tenderly. One was Madame de la Fonchais, who was arrested in mistake for her sister, but forbade the error to be declared. "Your children are younger, and need you more," she writes. "Mine are old enough to remember me; I think I could not bear to be forgotten." The other was Thérèse de Moellien, the Angel of Chouannerie, the Flora Macdonald of High Brittany, the fair young girl who was called, by the peasants who loved her, the little Saint of God.

On the edge of the Bois de Pontual there is the hut of a *sabot*-maker, a thatched shed under trees and amid bramble-brakes, sweet with the smell of new-cut wood, of fallen pine-cones, of apples from the cider-mill beside the cottage. In autumn it is very silent, very sunny; there are no birds singing, no life among the trees, only now and then a faint rustle as of some small unseen thing in the grass, and the dull thud of the knife as it pares and shapes the butter-colored wood of the *sabots*.

The *sabottier* wears a leather pad and apron, a loose shirt open over a hairy breast, great wooden shoes filled with straw on his naked feet; he looks out from a grizzled tangle about his face like some peeping creature of the forest—timid, fierce, cunning, suspicious. He has been telling us, as he works, the infinitely little he knows about the Revolution.

"*Dame vère!* since the rich folk weren't strong enough to look after themselves, it was fine times for the poor. The masters ran away and left their people in charge of the land; and of course you don't fancy they ever got

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it back! Would I have been such a fool to let go ever so many *journeés*,<sup>1</sup> because some one came and said it was his? Not likely, I suppose! You could always knife him and say it was the Chouans, my grand-dad told me, and he knew. There was a *sabottier*, as it might have been me, who found the papers of a big *château* hidden in the hole of a tree. Well, hadn't he luck, that fellow! When the *seigneur* came back he just met him in a dark bit of the wood, yonder, and— Ay, you wouldn't think Madame, with her coach and pair and all her fineries, was just the granddaughter of a *sabottier*, as it might have been me, I dare say. But then, hadn't he luck, that fellow!"

He pauses to sharpen the high-pointed toe of the *sabot* in his hand. "Those rich devils!" he chuckles, with lips lifting over pointed yellow teeth. "Wouldn't I have liked to twist the white necks of all those pretty *mesdames*!"

He is carving a rose in his *sabot*; he will talk no more, for he is preoccupied, busy—for the moment an artist. But it is not difficult to see in him what the men were who brought the days of the Red Terror to France.

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## AMID THE ISLETS OF THE SARGASSO SEA.

"The floating islands of the gulf-weed, with which we had become very familiar, as we had now made the circuit of the 'Sargasso Sea,' are usually from a couple of feet to two or three yards in diameter, sometimes much larger; we have seen on one or two fields several acres in extent, and such expanses are probably more frequent nearer the centre of its area of distribution. The general effect of a num-

ber of such fields and patches of weed, in abrupt yet harmonious contrast with the lanes of intense indigo which separate them, is very pleasing. These floating islands have inhabitants peculiar to them, and I know of no more perfect example of protective resemblance than that which is shown in the gulf-weed fauna."<sup>1</sup>

The above description serves well to

<sup>1</sup> Sir Wyville Thomson: Challenger Report.

give a general impression of that wondrous mid-Atlantic area which has engrossed the attention of every passing naturalist from the days of Humboldt, Darwin, Gosse, and Charles Kingsley, until the present time. For days a ship may sail through tangled masses of yellow weed (*Sargassum bacciferum*), the fronds of which are supported at the surface of the water by the numberless air-capsules between the forking branches, in a free-swimming, rootless, yet vigorous condition. The term Sargasso is derived from two Portuguese words which signify the sea of the little grapes, in reference to the air-capsules of the floating weed found exclusively in these latitudes. A reference to the "Physical Atlas" shows that the region of the Sargasso Sea fills a space between the great equatorial current and the curving sweep of the Gulf Stream—deflected by the American Continent—an area extending roughly from Bermuda to the Azores East and West, and 1,000 miles North and South (20 degrees to 35 degrees N. lat.). This enormous tract of ocean forms a calm vortex encircled by warm currents. The gulf-weed, in fact, is not within the range of the Gulf Stream; if it were so, many fragments would be carried to distant shores, instead of being limited to the single region, as it invariably is. It is the action of the surrounding currents which maintains the isolation of the weed.

Some botanists have asserted that the gulf-weed luxuriated at the bottom of the Atlantic, only the fragments torn away rising to the surface. This explanation is rendered untenable by the Challenger soundings, which give a depth of 2,000-3,000 fathoms in 38 degrees W. long., and upwards of 1,000 fathoms farther east, in the Sargasso Sea, the minimum depth precluding the possibility of the weed growing attached to the sea bottom in any part of the locality. From the days of the

early explorers the *Sargassum* has been more or less abundant within the limits laid down; it is, therefore, either constantly replenished from a rooted supply on some submarine bank nearer to the American coast or the vicinity of an island group; the alternative being perpetual growth *in situ*, at the ocean surface.

The latter explanation is the most consistent with the Darwinian teaching of the modification of species and the survival of the fit. I admit that numerous fragments are found—especially towards the outside of the Sargasso Sea—in a decayed condition; but these have been violently torn away from the vigorous central masses. Branchlets from the main floating islands can be gathered in every stage of development, manifestly growing; the root-like termination of the fronds is lost because the organism has modified itself into a floating environment, and the development is by fission. Other closely-related sea-weeds support a dual existence, *i. e.*, floating and rooted, at the present time. As no existing species of rooted *Sargassum* in any part of the world can be proved to be the same as the gulf-weed, the conclusion is reasonable that it came, in ages remote from the present, from some submarine bank—as surmised by Humboldt—or from the tidal zone of the American shore, being transported in either case by the agency of the Gulf Stream to the region of the Sargasso, and maintained there in the great calm vortex created by the sweep of the circular currents around; and this, long after the rooted prototype has been lost. The floating species has become specialized, roots are merged in fronds, and subdivision takes the place of spore development. Another peculiar point remains to be explained. On one voyage a ship's course lies through dense masses of the gulf-weed, whereas, on a second voyage, through pre-

cisely the same latitude, very little weed can be seen. The islets undoubtedly shift their position over a wide area from time to time; but more than this, the fronds are liable to sink some few feet below the surface. I attribute this to the air-capsules assuming different degrees of inflation at different times, the specific gravity of the branches thus being altered.

Readers of Kingsley's fascinating book, "At Last," will recollect how the genial Canon was forced to speed through these seas at mail-boat progression just when all his instincts demanded a week's delay for research among the living wonders of the weed.

All my sympathies went forth at the memory of the lost opportunity, especially as our sailing ship now lay practically becalmed in the same region.

I first met with the floating fragments of weed on the morning of June 18, just outside the tropic of Cancer, lat. 23 deg. 37 min. N. and long. 39 deg. 40 min. W. The prevailing straw color of the patches was lighter than I had anticipated. All the ends of the stalks were dead, but the fronds were vigorous and full of young shoots without a sign of fructification. At night the display of phosphorescence proved exceedingly attractive, each mass of weed having the appearance of a burning bush, glowing brilliantly far beneath the surface. Sometimes shoals of great fish pursued an erratic course through the water, leaving trails of inextinguishable light. The agitation of the sea thus caused dispersed myriads of glittering particles from the fronds of the floating weed, due no doubt to the scintillations emitted by the numberless minute Crustacea and Infusoria which lurked therein. Most of the organisms seem luminous within the regions of the tropics, and many a night have I spent spellbound at the indescribable beauty of the molten seas. I have seen a shark ten feet in length

lit up with white light to such an extent that every outline was visible in the darkness as it followed the vessel astern, a phenomenon due, I presume, to the food recently swallowed partaking of a phosphorescent nature, the bright light thus shining through the body of the voracious animal. One kind of transparent Mantis-shrimp, of which many specimens were taken in my net, had wondrous eyes on long pedicels, each facet shedding a brilliant greenish light, sparkling like a cut gem. No two animals possess quite the same degree or character of phosphorescence; but on certain nights the entire marine fauna pulsates with a mysterious incandescent force suggestive of some connection with the magnetic currents of the universe. On the following day as we approached the central masses, the dead appearance of the stems could not be traced; the whole plant was full of vitality, spreading over the surface of the water like a creeper. The air-capsules might easily be mistaken for budding inflorescence. The direction of the fronds invariably indicated the prevalence of the wind. If the waters became agitated, the large aggregations of weed sank beneath the surface, remaining quite four feet down during the whole day.

Every frond of *Sargassum* is the sheltering host of various fishes, crustacea, mollusca, zoophytes, annelids, ova, and the like. A film of silvery-white, for example, forms a network enveloping many of the air-capsules of the weed, barely visible to the naked eye. It is a Bryozoan (*Membranipora*); under the microscope, numberless polypites are visible, a picture of marvelous beauty as they dart forth from the many cells, with tentacles fully expanded, in eager search after food. This same network pattern of white is actually reproduced by nature on the yellow and brown carapace of a weed-dwelling crab,

doubtless by way of additional protection against lynx-eyed foes; the animal resembles encrusted sea-weed. There are graceful Campanulariæ and club-headed hydroids entwined amid the stems in endless profusion, lending themselves to the purposes of design in a remarkable manner when duly enlarged. The living organisms exhibit splendid examples of alternation, whereby free swimming medusoid animals are transformed into hydroid colonies, fixed by the trailing stem during another phase of existence. All the larger animals assume the protective color of the weed. Yellow shrimps swarm throughout, and many other crustacea are mottled with red, brown, yellow or white. A nudibranch mollusc (*Scyllæa pelagica*) is common, the color being yellow-brown. The large external branchiæ lend a peculiar appearance to this crawling sea-slug, which, like others of its kind, only had a rudimentary shell beneath the skin. Clusters of gelatinous ova adherent to the weed revealed, by means of a pocket lens, the embryonic mollusc within. A splendid annelid, black, with brilliant longitudinal orange stripes, leads an active life amid the fronds. The body segments are ringed with a rich brown, in strong contrast to the mid-dorsal stripe. The restless movements are not easy to follow microscopically, as the animal works rapidly in and out among the stems. Isolated in a drop of water, beneath a cover-glass, every detail of structure is distinct—even to the passage of food particles through the alimentary canal, the powerful jaws being constantly employed. Whereas all the Copepoda of the Indian Ocean had been bright blue, red, or violet in hue, I found all the small Entomostraca attached to the gulf-weed had acquired the prevailing yellow-brown tones of the surrounding vegetation. These "water-fleas" vary in a curious manner as regards the develop-

ment of the eye. Some are blind, while others are all eye, or nearly so. Most species have a frontal pair with many facets, wonderfully beautiful objects for enlargement. Professor Mosely mentions the genus *Lorycaeus* among the Copepods, with the frontal region occupied by huge eyes which extend back to the posterior portions of the body, the optic nerves being prolonged into special tubular prominences on the abdomen; the body is, indeed, little more than a great eye.

All this time I was taking hundreds of specimens of *Sargassum* from the poop of the ship by means of a grapple made from wire weighted with lead, with seventy yards of line attached. It was quite an excitement to make successive shots overboard at the floating weed, a certain degree of efficiency being requisite before good hauls could be made. On the morning of June. 22, in lat. 28 deg. N., long. 40 deg. W., we passed through enormous quantities, patches often being ten to twenty yards in circumference. The sea was perfectly calm, the golden yellow affording a marked contrast to the intense blue of the water. The peculiarity on this occasion was that the young fronds stood upright above the surface. Lovely corallines, just visible to the naked eye, infested the branches, plumed feathers with myriads of polyps. The more I saw the more certain I became that the *Sargassum* thrives at the ocean surface independent of any supplies drifting from a distance. It rises and falls in the water, or shifts its position according to the direction of the wind and the condition of the sea. I have called the Sargasso Sea a calm vortex; but this does not preclude the incidence of gales and occasional fierce seas sweeping the surface. It is tranquil only so far as currents are concerned. To-day, in the absence of rough waves, long rows of golden weed followed each other at in-



tervals of fifty yards or so, extending in a sort of ridge and furrow arrangement as far as the eye could reach towards the horizon. The spectacle has an indescribable charm of its own, unique among the sights of the world.

The glare and heat of the sun is so great during the semi-tropical days that many pelagic animals—besides those that find a shelter in the weed—sink several feet beneath the surface, ascending once more immediately the sun sinks below the horizon. The darting movements of the Pteropod mollusca and the various Calamaries, Squids, etc., are a new revelation; every haul of the net brings forth living wonders. The "wing-footed" molluscs have the most charming little horny cases or shells, which glitter like glass as the small animals disport themselves in the water. The shells are generally semi-opaque, with crimson edges, or tortoise-shell in color; all possess various protective spines. Slits exist for the protrusion of the "wings" and head. The immature cuttle-fishes are of equal interest, the evolutions in a bucket of sea-water possessing a singular interest. The uncovered animals rush to and fro at headlong speed, grabbing at every particle with the crown of sucker-armed tentacles, changing color with startling rapidity, or ejecting an inky fluid to cloud the water.

The most curious creatures are the nest-building fishes of the Sargasso. Sometimes the grapnel brought up compact balls of weed—about the size of a Dutch cheese—numbers of tough glutinous threads serving to bind the fronds together. The substance resembled isinglass, and I subsequently found a pair of fishes (*Antennarius*) in the centre of a loose bunch of weed in the very act of excreting the filmy threads to weave with, strings of ova afterwards being deposited thereon. The tenacity of the threads is so great

that one is unable to pull them asunder. The embryonic fish were visible under the microscope, beautiful objects for blood circulation; several hundred young fishes afterwards hatched in a bucket of water. The brilliant colors—yellow, brown, and white—of the *Antennarius* harmonized perfectly with the prevailing tone of the weed. The body, curiously thick in proportion to the length, measured five to six inches, with an enormous head and ugly mouth. It had an extraordinary capacity for inflation, swelling suddenly into a tight ball if agitated. The eyes were bright green; elongated yellow tubercles covered the body or fringed the fins. The tail became attenuated after the manner of an angler-fish, to which it is related. A notable character of the *Antennarius* is the modification of the pectoral fins, which are prolonged from the carpal joints (or wrists) into regular claspers or fingers. The organ is just like a hand, an appendage possessed by fish of the *Pediculati* group, which is extremely useful in clinging to any substance. With bodies remarkably distended, the male and female both adhered with all their might to the weed. In more than five hundred hauls I only took one pair of *Antennarius*, which is the only nest-bullder mentioned by Moseley. Many times a small Pipe-fish (*Syngnathus*) came up entangled in the weed. I found the ova likewise attached to the glutinous threads entwining the tightly-compressed masses of gulf-weed. The elongation of the snout could be seen when the egg was magnified. The life-history is not without interest. The male is four inches long, with a supple, slender body, yellow-brown in colour with transverse annulated marks of deep brown. The mouth is prolonged into a decided snout; the pectoral fins are narrow, delicate, and small, the single mid-dorsal fin being without any spines; the tail is unlobed. The female

is similar in shape and color, but five inches long. It possesses an external abdominal pouch formed by overlapping membranes on either side, in which the ova are for a time carried. The creature is nearly related to the garfishes and the sea-horse. It possesses a singular power of changing color, the rich shades assuming a gray tone when the occasion demands, the deeper segmental bands reappearing at will. Sooner or later the eggs are transferred to the gelatinous threads on the weed. The female gently rubs her body against the sticky substance, the ova from the pouch adhering in strings to be afterwards fertilized by the milt of the male fish. The parents then desert the nest and roam in pastures new. The shelter of the weed patches is, however, necessary for protection against insidious foes. As an instance of this, directly the slender little pipe-fishes quit their shelter for the open water they are liable to be seized by the invisible tentacles belonging to the small strawberry-colored Medusæ with discs no larger than a sixpence. These streamers often extend a couple of feet from the jelly-fish, waving backwards and forwards as invisible threads ready to capture fish many times bigger than themselves. I have seen five pipe-fish securely held by the streamers of one "Portuguese man-of-war" despite every struggle to escape. These prolonged filaments have an urticating power which produces a kind of paralysis in the victim, the sting inflicted being very painful, even to the human flesh. The contrivance for the purpose is very beautiful; it consists of a number of spiral

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threads contained in rows of cells ready to dart forth directly contact is felt with the enemy; the power is offensive as well as defensive, and fully accounts for the inability of the prey to escape from the meshes.

I have dwelt upon the protective coloration exhibited by the fishes, crabs, shrimps, molluscs, and all things living amid the vegetation of the Sargasso Sea, because a conclusive argument may be founded thereon in support of the vast antiquity of the gulf-weed flora and fauna. Here we find a highly specialized and absolutely unique series of pelagic animals with characters that can only have been acquired after a period of some thousands of years' isolation. The imitative colors cannot be rapidly secreted, and it is very certain that if the animals from the gulf-weed floating in mid-Atlantic were either sunk to the bottom or suddenly removed to some tidal zone, every vestige of life would be destroyed. The organisms are adapted only for a pelagic existence. Hence the gulf-weed itself has thriven only at the ocean surface for many thousands of years, and I claim with the late Sir Wyville Thomson that nowhere in the world is a more perfect protective resemblance to be seen. I make no apology for the slight attempt to portray the peculiar character of the Sargasso, for after traversing the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, the Indian Ocean, the South Pacific, the Southern Ocean, and the North and South Atlantic, I have been able to find no more impressive a scene than the mysterious islets of weed, floating yet vigorous at the surface in mid-ocean.

*C. Parkinson.*

## THE COMING STORM IN THE FAR EAST.

As the attention of the world is for the moment concentrated upon the desperate struggle now proceeding in South Africa, it is quite natural that the signs of the imminence of a storm in the Far East should have almost escaped notice. Yet it is wholly in accord with Russian methods, at a time when England's hands are more or less full, to try to obtain fresh advantages in those spheres where British influence is usually most felt. Ever since 1895 the extreme weakness of China has been a menace to the peace of the world. A defenceless Power, whose frontier is for thousands of miles continuous with the dominions of one of the strongest and most aggressive world-Empires, must always invite open or veiled attack from that Empire. Russia has marked down China for slow consumption, just as, according to the Chinese proverb, the silkworm leisurely devours the mulberry leaf. She has made up her mind as to the policy to be pursued, which is the usual Russian one of cajolements, threats, and bribes in equal proportions. She aims at herself dominating and controlling the Peking Government, just as in the days of the treaty of Unklar Skellessi she dominated and controlled the Sublime Porte itself. But her desires being so vast, her ambition so far-reaching, the same danger of an anti-Russian coalition threatens her in the Far East as had to be confronted in 1854-6 and 1878 in the Near East. There are at least three Great Powers which will do all they can to prevent Russia from becoming the "protector" of China.

Foremost among these Powers, though by no means the strongest, is Japan. Her geographical position places her, so to speak, in the fore-

front of the battle. For the last fifteen years she has been fully alive to the danger which threatens China. She, herself, early realized the utter impotence of the methods of the East face to face with the armaments and organization of the West. Intensely patriotic, directed by men whose common-sense, foresight, acumen and statesmanship have nowhere been surpassed in the present century, she deliberately occidentalized herself to preserve her national existence. All that was best in the West she took to herself—the science, the consuming energy, the weapons of civilization—and grafted it upon the patience, the docility, the self-abnegation of her Eastern race. The sacrifice to her was great, for she broke with her wonderful past and substituted for a mode of life which even its most hostile critics confess to have been full of beauty and graciousness, the hard, cold commercialism of the nineteenth century. History records no such phenomenon in the whole record of our race. But today the Japanese statesmen of the Meiji are fully repaid for their sacrifices.

There was a time when it seemed as though China might emulate Japan. But the Chinese statesmen of the last generation have, without exception, lacked the high sense of patriotism and the fully-developed idea of duty which were the characteristics of the Japanese reformers. They saw, indeed, that modern armaments were a necessity for China, but when they had bought the mechanism of war they did not understand that it was useless without trained and well-educated men to handle it. The Chinese armies and navies were only a source of profit to mandarins and viceroys. There was an utter

want of that honest administration which is, to my mind, one of the most hopeful and wonderful features of modern Japan.

From the date of the Meiji, Japan has had two aims in her foreign policy: the first to secure the alliance of a reformed China; the second to end the period of what the Japanese regard as humiliation inflicted by the West upon the East. For, under the treaties which Europe and America forced upon Japan, be it remembered, the Japanese had no control over their own tariff; they had no jurisdiction over the foreigners within their gates; they could not even compel foreign shipping to pay its fair share towards the cost of lighting the coast. They were in the position of children under tutelage—a degrading position for a brave, high-spirited people.

Gradually Japan came to see rather in Russia than in the West generally the arch-enemy of China and of herself. So far back as 1875 she was compelled to give to the Czar the southern portion of Saghalien, in exchange for the Kurile Islands—a bargain which was not at all to her taste, but which she was too weak to oppose. Still the Russian peril did not become acute till 1891, when the ukase was issued ordering the construction of the Trans-Siberian railway. Japan at once redoubled her efforts to convince China of the essential identity of the interests of the two Yellow Powers. These efforts were utterly futile, and the result was the China-Japan war of 1894-5, provoked by Chinese meddling in Korea. Then, for the first time, the whole world learnt the utter weakness and rottenness of China—a weakness which hitherto only Japan and the Russian Asiatic Department had detected. The terms dictated after the war by Japan to her prostrate enemy were by no means unjust. Korea was to be independent of China, and virtually a

Japanese possession; Port Arthur and the Liao Tong Peninsula, at the ultimate acquisition of which Japan even then knew Russia to be aiming, were to become Japanese; Formosa and the Pescadores, coveted by France, were also to be ceded; and a moderate indemnity was to be paid. Japan, in fact, took nothing but territories of which, if left to China, she knew China would be robbed by the West. Her one aim was to conciliate, not to humiliate her enemy. As a clear indication of what was fermenting in Japanese brains I may quote certain passages from Admiral Ito's knight-like letter to the beaten Ting. In 1895 their full significance could not be understood; to-day they seem to be marked by an almost prophetic insight.

It is not the fault of one man that has brought China into her present position: the blame rests with the evil government that has so long administered her affairs. China selects her servants by competitive examination, and literary attainments are the one test. . . . It is not necessarily a defective system, nor must it always produce a bad result. Yet a country cannot preserve its independence by such methods. Japan owes her existence, her integrity, wholly to the fact that thirty years ago she broke away from tradition and adopted the new. In the case of your country, too, that is the one course to follow to-day. If you adopt it, you are safe; if you reject it, your destruction is certain.

In words of passionate entreaty Ito called upon Ting to endure defeat bravely and survive till the time when he could himself lead China into the ways of reform. The appeal was disregarded, and Ting threw his life away. Yet the fact that such an appeal was made showed what was the real aim of Japan.

Far better for China, for the Far East, and for the world, would it have

been if Japan had been allowed to realize that aim and to reform China. The Japanese thoroughly understood that other yellow race across the water. They would have replaced anarchy by order; have swept away the corrupt administrators, who are working such terrible harm to the Chinese; have educated, organized, and armed their neighbors. They would have done precisely that which England wants to see done in the Far East, and done it without injury to the greater interests of Europe. From her very nature China must be a conservative Power, and the "yellow peril" which Mr. Pearson so deftly conjured with is a mere bogey, since no race can use the weapons of civilization with effect unless it itself becomes civilized. Unhappily, the "yellow peril" was worked for all it was worth by Russia, the great enemy of Japan. A triple alliance of Russia, France, and Germany was formed to rob the Japanese of their conquest, and to check them in their civilizing work.

What Germany was doing in that alliance—how she came to form a member of it—is a chapter of history as yet unwritten. France, as Russia's jackal, can always be trusted to play a part in any scheme of aggression or spoliation. It is certain that Germany was bribed to join by more or less magnificent offers of a slice of China; it is by no means improbable that Russia never intended to pay the bribe. The aim of the alliance was to crush Japan forever. The sympathy of England had, during the war, been with China rather than with Japan, and doubtless the allies hoped either for the aid of the British fleet, or at least for its benevolent neutrality. Fortunately, however, the British Foreign Minister saw through this promising scheme; fortunately, also, Japan showed a self-restraint which was above all praise. Practising her national art of *jūjutsu*,

she bowed to the alliance. Her victorious army and navy were passionately eager for war and would have fought to the last; soldiers killed themselves for rage and shame at the surrender; but the Government rose to the emergency. The press was gagged, the fighting services were restrained, and word was quietly passed that the day for revenge would come with patience.

It was at this juncture that the solidarity of British and Japanese interests was for the first time revealed. The fact was hinted both to Japan and to the allies that if war resulted Britain would be on the side of the weaker Power. The British fleet in the Far East indisputably held the balance, and thus the hint averted war. Had our policy been stronger we could unquestionably have saved her conquests for Japan. Perhaps, however, the British public had not been educated up to the importance of keeping Russia out of Port Arthur as far back as the spring of 1895. When we reflect that a few months later a British Minister, Mr. Balfour, actually invited Russia to seize that port—for there can be no mistaking the place to which he alluded in his now famous speech—we can see how blind even responsible Englishmen were to the coming storm.

By the terms which the allies dictated, Japan was to relinquish Port Arthur, receiving a pecuniary indemnity for this sacrifice. She was to have no foothold on the mainland. Wei-hai-Wei was only to be occupied by her temporarily as security for the payment by the Chinese of the indemnity. Her presence on the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, it was explained, would be incompatible with the preservation of the balance of power in China. This was a piece of the most sardonic humor when we reflect that Russia and Germany had secretly agreed each to seize and hold a port on that very gulf. When Kiau Chau was suddenly "jumped" by



Germany—as a preliminary to the acquisition of Wei-hai-Wei—and when immediately after Port Arthur was occupied by Russia, a fresh and bitter injury was inflicted upon Japanese pride. The advance of Russia to the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, the virtual annexation of Manchuria, the certain predominance of the Czar's representative at Peking, were fraught with the utmost danger to the very existence of Japan. Nor have Japanese statesmen cultivated the useful habit of blinking unpleasant facts to the same extent as their British brothers.

It now became to Japan a matter of the most desperate necessity to keep Russia out of Korea. Russia in Korea would be far more dangerous to her than France at Antwerp or Germany at Rotterdam to Britain. The first Japanese attempts to reform Korea, immediately after the war, had failed signally, but failed mainly because at every point Russia quietly countered her enemy. The Japanese were too impatient; perhaps, also, too intolerant of prejudices, though this was because they felt that not an hour was to be lost in putting the Korean house in order. For the moment Japan was swept from the field, and Russia took her place. Russian advisers dominated the Court, Russian military instructors trained the embryo Korean army. You may, however, expel Japan with a bayonet, but she will, like nature, insinuate her way back. In diplomacy she is to the full a match for the Czar's Government. So skilfully did she manoeuvre, that in March of 1898 the Korean Government dismissed all its Russian servants. In April of that year Russia, having her hands very full in Manchuria and China, was obliged to agree to a convention with Japan, by which the Japanese were to develop Korea commercially, and neither Russia nor Japan were to place military forces in the peninsula. Practically,

that is to say, Korea became once more a Japanese sphere of interest. So things remained till a month ago, when Russia quietly laid hands upon the sea-front of Masampo, which she wants for a naval station, and which is confessedly one of the finest harbors in the East; though why, with Port Arthur and Vladivostok in her hands, she should require another military port on this coast—except for operations against Japan—it is difficult to say. This sea-front, naturally enough, was found to be owned by Japan, who declined to sell. A diplomatic quarrel finally ended, it is said, in both Powers agreeing that the land should be put up to auction. There the matter rests at present, so far as Korea is concerned.

In another direction, however, and this time at Peking, Japanese influence has been slowly gaining ground. So long as the present Dowager-Empress is in power there can be little hope for China, but there is reason to think that, even so, Japanese counsel has been not altogether disregarded by the Chinese. The visit of the Marquis Ito—one of the ablest and most sagacious Japanese statesmen—to Peking was followed by very significant rumors of an alliance between China and Japan, and caused great alarm at the Russian Legation. We may take it that such an alliance was at least offered by the Japanese, and that efforts were made to show the Chinese the value and sincerity of the offer. It is also a very striking fact that since Ito's mission a Japanese has become political adviser to the Tsung-li-Yamen. Clearly a diplomatic duel is now being fought at Peking between Russia and France on the one hand, and Japan on the other. The attitude of Germany is as usual ambiguous; the honest broker is her rôle, which is as much as to say that she is waiting to see which side will offer the highest commission for her

neutrality. The present fable that Germany has allied herself with England and Japan to obtain the "open door" in the Far East should be received with the utmost reserve. So far as any principle, other than a subdued hostility to England, can be detected in German policy, it is that on no account shall Germany quarrel with Russia. Japan, moreover, is one of Germany's most formidable competitors for the trade of the Far East, as she produces precisely the same class of goods as Germany.

Until, however, she has force on her side, Japan can effect little. Unless her peril is extreme, or her opportunity exceedingly favorable, she is hardly likely single-handed to throw herself upon Russia. She is perfectly aware that, day by day and year by year, the military and naval forces of the Czar in the Far East are growing in strength. She is equally aware that, while for the moment, she is fully a match for Russia—perhaps even for Russia and France—in the Far East, she could never hold her own against the fleets which could rapidly be despatched to the Yellow Sea, were these Powers not occupied in Europe. The alliance of some European navy is, therefore, essential to her success.

Within the past few months the fleet of Russia in the Far East has been heavily reinforced. It now consists of three battleships, one of which, the *Petropavlosk*, is on its way out; of six armored cruisers, two of which are of great size and modern type; of one unarmored cruiser; of two armored gunboats, and several smaller craft. Against these, Japan could send to sea two modern and one old battleship; two new armored cruisers and fourteen unarmored ones, for the most part modern ships of the most formidable type; and a host of small craft and torpedo boats. There could be little doubt as to the result: Japan would win.

But Russia is at the present time prosecuting a shipbuilding program of extraordinary magnitude. She has no less than twelve battleships of various sorts and sizes, mostly large, building and completing, and twenty cruisers. Japan's resources do not enable her to keep pace with Russia in this direction; she has only four battleships and four large cruisers in hand, so that the balance tends to incline against her. The Russian ships are being built with the utmost possible despatch. Two, ordered in the United States in 1898, will be ready in 1900; others now completing in Russia are certain to go out to Port Arthur before that date. Then Japan will be inferior to Russia in her own waters, and the danger of a Russian attack upon her will be very great.

An Anglo-Japanese understanding would avert such an attack. It is essential for England's interests that Japan, the only real friend of this country in the Far East, should remain strong, and should not be crushed. The Trans-Siberian railway will, by the end of 1900, be sufficiently advanced to allow of Russian troops being moved by land into Manchuria and down to Port Arthur, so that Russia's position on the mainland, hitherto very weak, will be rendered tolerably secure.

The understanding would take something like the following form. In the first place, each Power would undertake to assist the other with its whole force in the event of the other Power being attacked by a coalition of Powers. Each would have single-handed to face any one Power, and the alliance would only become operative if other armies or navies came into the field. In the second place, the territorial *status quo* in China would be upheld by both Powers, and the maintenance of the "open door" would be insisted upon in existing spheres of influence. In the third place, the pledge of support already given to China by Lord Salis-

bury on behalf of England would be given by the Japanese Government on behalf of Japan. Finally, a naval and military convention would be concluded between the two allies, the minimum force to be maintained by each in the Far East defined, and the dockyards and coaling-stations of each thrown open to the other in time of war. It will be observed that the understanding or alliance would be defensive and conservative, not offensive and aggressive. No new liabilities would be assumed by England, for it is even now obvious that we could never allow Japan to be badly beaten by a great alliance against her. It is just as much to Japan's interest to see that England is not driven from the seas or dislodged from her foot-hold in the Far East.

Against the suggested alliance certain objections might be urged by our British mugwumps, who are remarkable for nothing so much as for a certain hysterical Russophilism. The wise Englishman must shun the opposite poles of Russophobia and Russophilism, as both are equally misleading. If Russia will moderate her ambitions there is no reason why England or Japan should quarrel with her; indeed, it is perfectly possible that the present Czar, who is trusted in England for his sincerity, would understand that such an agreement really made for peace, as it would have a restraining influence upon Jingoism in Russia, Japan, and England. A defensive alliance to maintain the *status quo* is no act of hostility to Russia, which Power would thus be convinced that she will not be permitted to oust British and Japanese trade from the vast empire of China, or permanently, for her own selfish interests, to obstruct reform in the most populous and worst administered country of the world.

The first objection to a Japanese alliance is that the Japanese are

Asiatics and not Christians. Would it be treason to the great ideals on which the British Empire has its foundations, as upon "the holy hill," to league ourselves with Japan? It matters nothing to us that our good friends, France and Russia, have striven to use against us virtual pagans such as the Abyssinians. I say "pagans," since a very thin veneer of debased Christianity does not make Menelik and his tribesmen Christians in the true sense, much less civilized. The horrible atrocities inflicted by the Abyssinians upon their hapless Italian prisoners proved that. Nor does it matter that France was ready to aid the Khalifa against the British when she sent Marchand to Fashoda. If we had copied French methods there would have been no British Empire to-day.

But what is wrong in policy is, not so much to aid the yellow against the white, the non-Christian against the Christian, as to further the cause of evil against the cause of good. That is the true "lie in the soul," which can never be forgiven a nation. For us, then, the real question is, does Russia or Japan represent the higher moral standard in the Far East? I think there can be little doubt as to the answer. Russian administration, though infinitely superior to Chinese or Persian, is corrupt wherever it goes. It does not seek to raise the moral standard. Education and freedom are blessings which cannot be readily bestowed by a military despotism. The aims of Russia are purely selfish, and they are only too often realized by the deliberate breach of her most solemn assurances. The fate of Finland in the West shows that she has no compunction and no regard for the moral law.

Japan, on the other hand, is a state of the highest type. Though very different views of the Japanese character have been taken by various English observers, from my own knowledge I can account for the discrepancy. The

Anglo-Saxon who admires Japan is the man who has lived his life away from the English residents of the Treaty Ports, among the Japanese. The detractors of Japan are, without exception, men identified with the Treaty Ports or casual globe-trotters. There are many reasons why we should be cautious in accepting their evidence. When we consider what Japan has achieved in a generation we shall be charitable in our judgment. She is educating her whole people, realizing that education is a national force, the value of which cannot be overlooked. She is teaching them to govern themselves that they may govern others. She has adopted representative government, and conferred absolute liberty of speech and thought. Nowhere outside Anglo-Saxondom can such freedom in the true sense be found. And while doing this Japan has shown that she can wage war in a civilized manner. I am quite aware that the Port Arthur massacres will be flung in her face, yet there is no soldiery in the world that, under such provocation as her men received, would not have broken loose from all restraint. This was absolutely the only instance of savagery in the war, for the affair of the Kowshing and Naniwa is now known to wear quite a different complexion from that which was at the time placed upon it.

The fall of such a state as this would be a catastrophe for civilization. Russia and Japan are the only two Powers which can occidentalize China, and of the two, for the reasons already given, Japan is in the best position to do the work. A China modelled on Japan would be infinitely better for the world than a China modelled on Russian ideals, or absorbed by Russia. The Japanese themselves, in their civilizing and colonizing work, have copied England. Their administration in Formosa is less a plagiarism than an

adaptation of our methods in India. It has been bitterly attacked by missionaries, however, who are, for many reasons, prejudiced against the Japanese, and whose criticisms, like those of the Treaty-Port Europeans must therefore be discounted..

As an ally Japan would be invaluable. The fact that her interests are our interests makes it certain that she will give us the most loyal support. Her navy is excellent, if small; her officers and seamen are well instructed, capable, and brave; her dockyards are close to the probable theatre of war in the Far East. Her army is fast growing in numbers, and proved its efficiency and thorough organization in 1894-5, when, without an effort, she placed 120,000 men in the field. Since then far-reaching changes have taken place; the good has been steadily bettered; the education of the privates has been improved; the newest weapons adopted, and the numbers greatly augmented. At a time when the great armies of Europe—excepting only the German—are still unprovided with quick-firing field guns, and when we are sending to South Africa a makeshift adaptation, Japan is turning out quick-fire 12-pounders by the hundred for her field batteries. To-day she can count upon placing in the field an army of 190,000 men, with 400 to 500 guns, after all her fortresses are garrisoned and strong reserves left at the various bases. By 1905 her army on the war footing will muster 540,000, with a field force of at least 240,000. The smoothness and rapidity with which she threw her forces into Korea, into Shantung, and into Liao Tong in the late war, prove that she could easily transfer her formidable field army to China, were it there required. Such a force, supported by the British fleet, would have no difficulty in capturing Port Arthur, and, even after the Siberian railway has been completed,

could only be met by Russia with extreme difficulty.

In physique the Japanese are very inferior to the Western races; but this, probably, is due to insufficient physical training and the want of nourishing food. Already a great change is noticeable. Mr. Hearn, about 1894, and Lord Charles Beresford, in 1899, have remarked upon the recent improvement in physique. "It was so apparent," says Lord Charles, "that I questioned the officers as to the reason. They said that the fact was perceived with the greatest satisfaction throughout the whole Empire, and that it was accounted for by the physical exercises the men had to perform . . . as well as the change of diet." And the mortality from sickness and disease—the real test of capacity to stand hard work and exposure—was very small in the Japanese army during the war, and this though there was much marching and fighting in the most inclement climates.

As for the spirit and courage of the Japanese, both are beyond dispute. Unlike the Chinese, the Japanese have always been a fighting race. They have the highly developed sense of personal honor, which creates the brave soldier, as the old custom of *hari-kari* showed. In the war with China they showed both obstinate courage and admirable skill in the only really contested battle—that of the Yalu. The hits made by their guns upon a single one of the Chinese ironclads were more than twice as numerous as the hits made by the American fleet upon all six of Cervera's ships at Santiago. Though *The Spectator*, some years ago, argued that the Japanese could not properly handle modern weapons, and adduced as an illustration the supposed fact that the Yoshino failed to capture a number of old Chinese torpedo-boats, which in the blockade of Wei-hai-Wei dashed out of that port, it was utterly wrong. The

writer has since learnt, from Japanese officers who were on board the cruiser, that she steamed nineteen to twenty knots, and caught every one of the torpedo-boats. It is an indisputable fact that *all* were taken or sunk. British naval officers who witnessed the handling of the Japanese ships throughout the war are loud in their praise of the Japanese *personnel*. Between the two navies there is already a feeling of warm friendship. I have myself dined in a British ward-room with the officers of a great Japanese battleship, and noted with what enthusiasm the East and the West fraternized.

I need not weary my readers with illustrations of Japanese devotion. We have only to turn to the pages of any history of the war of 1894-5 to find them by the dozen. To die for his country is the highest ambition of the Japanese soldier or seaman. For the Japanese the dead come back and tarry for a hundred years with the living. "There are no Japanese dead who do not return," says a typical Japanese. "There are none who do not know the way. From China and from Chosen, and out of the bitter sea, all our dead have come back—*all*! They are with us now. In every dusk they gather to hear the bugles that called them home. And they will hear them also in that day when the armies of the Son of Heaven shall be summoned against Russia." The influence of such a belief, so fervently, so passionately held, upon the national life is difficult to exaggerate. It stimulates to self-sacrifice; and the fact that all the departed great ones are held by every Japanese to be at his side nerves the soldier to the utmost heroism, the statesman to sink self and seek the nation's interests. This is precisely the feeling which, as Captain Hoenig has pointed out in his "*Untersuchungen über die Taktik der Zukunft*," is needed in the



modern soldier. It is the ignorant campaign waged by the missionaries against this beautiful and not un-Christian belief in the actual presence of the dead on earth that has so hampered their work. For Japan rightly feels that the belief is one essential to her national life and to her military efficiency.

The third Great Power which is deeply interested in upholding the "open door" in the Far East is the United States. Whether, however, the interest will pass for the present beyond the platonic stage is a little doubtful. American public opinion has, as yet, hardly realized that, now America has become a world-Power, hated and feared by Continental Europe as no Power is except England, she must have a world-policy. It is true that the vast naval expenditure proposed by her for 1900 indicates the intention of making her voice felt in the Far East in the future. Henceforward it looks as though she would become the second naval Power in the world, for, spending £15,000,000 a year on her navy, she will be surpassed only by England. The performances of her fleet in the Spanish war have given it a reputation for efficiency unsurpassed anywhere. She could hardly permit Japan to be crushed, for Japan is very friendly to the United States, while any disturbance of the *status quo* in the Western Pacific would be most detrimental to the interests of the American Pacific States and to future prospects in the Philippines. But in view of the fact that American opinion is likely to crystallize on this subject, and eventually to favor a defensive alliance with Japan, the Japanese have a fresh reason for postponing any struggle with Russia. A year hence the Presidential Election in the United States will have been held, and the foreign policy of the American Cabinet for at least four

years will be an ascertainable quantity. Though the Russian fleet may then heavily outnumber the Japanese, the British and, perhaps, the American squadrons in the Far East will also have been correspondingly strengthened, while the Japanese, safe against Russian predominance in Peking, will have steadily advanced. Time, therefore, is on the Japanese side.

Against these considerations, which suggest the expediency of Japan's setting her face against all rash action, there are, however, two influences making for immediate war, which cannot be overlooked. The first is the intense exasperation produced by the presence of Russia in Port Arthur—a place which Japan regards as her own, fairly acquired by the war with China. The second is the favorable opportunity offered by the Great French Exhibition, which has done so much already to keep France quiet, and which may, in the opinion of Japanese statesmen, prevent her from coming to Russia's aid should war break out in the spring of 1900. Such an opportunity is not likely to recur, and, if they despair of an understanding or alliance with any of the Great White Powers—with England or the United States,—it is possible that the Japanese may determine to seize time by the forelock. The Far East at the present moment resembles nothing so much as a powder magazine, and the smallest spark might at any moment produce a terrible explosion. It should be the aim of Great Britain, as a Power friendly to Japan and not necessarily hostile to Russia, to show the Japanese that they need fear nothing from France in the future, and as far as possible to reconcile Japanese and Russian ambitions. This would remove all reason for a war, and with moderation on either side might even effect a permanent settlement.

## THE OLD LAND AND THE YOUNG LAND.

## I.

The Young Land said, "I have borne it long,  
But can suffer it now no more;  
I must end this endless inhuman wrong  
Within hall of my own free shore.  
So fling out the war-flag's folds, and let the righteous cannons  
roar."

## II.

'Twas a quick, rash word, for the strong Young Land  
Is a Land whose ways are peace;  
It weareth no mail, and its keels are manned  
With cotton, and corn, and fleece.  
While lands there are that live cased in steel, and whose war-  
hammers never cease.

## III.

And these, when they saw the Young Land gird  
Its loins to redress the wrong,  
Whispered one to the other, "Its heart is stirred,  
But its hosts are an undrilled throng,  
And its bolts yet to forge; so quick, let us strike before that it  
grows too strong."

## IV.

And they said to the Old Land, "Surely you  
Will help us to foil its claim?  
It waxeth in strength, as striplings do,  
And it girds at its parent's name.  
Take heed lest its overweening growth overshadow your fading  
fame."

## V.

Then the Old Land said, "Youth is strong and quick,  
And Wisdom is strong but mild;  
And blood than water is yet more thick,  
And this Young Land is my child.  
I am proud, not jealous, to watch it grow." Thus the Old Land  
spoke, and smiled.

## VI.

"And look you," it said, "at the strong Young Land  
Strike for Freedom and Freedom's growth;

Which makes 'twixt us twain, though unsigned by hand,  
A bond strong as lovers' troth.  
So 'ware what you do, for, if you strike, you will strike not  
one, but both."

VII.

Then they fretted and chafed; for, though shod in steel,  
Their war-tread stops at the shore,  
While the Old Land's breath is the breath of the gale,  
And its music the wave-wind's roar.  
Then they hated the Young Land's youth and strength, but  
they hated the Old Land more.

VIII.

Now, the Old Land, in turn, for Freedom's cause  
Speeds her sons to the Southern zone;  
They snarl, "Let us clip the Lion's claws,  
The Lion that stands alone;  
And harry her lair, and spear her cubs, and sit on the Lion's  
throne."

IX.

And the Young Land laughs: "With her foaming steeds fleet,  
I guess she's a match for you all;  
She hath saddled the sea, and more firm her seat  
Than yours, that would ride for a fall,  
If you put all your fighting force afield and charge at her  
watery wall!

X.

"But if ever, hemmed in by a world of foes,  
Her sinews were sorely tried,  
By the self-same blood in our veins that flows,  
You would find me at her side,  
So long as she strikes for the Cause for which her sons and my  
sons have died."

XI.

And thus let it be until wrong shall end,  
This bond strong as lovers' troth,  
'Twixt Old Land and Young Land, to defend  
Man's freedom, and freedom's growth;  
So if any should band against either now, they must meet not  
one, but both!

*Alfred Austin.*

## THE CHURCH IN THE VILLAGE.

Time, which brings in its train such changes as parish councils, steam-rollers, and other similar boons, has not spared the village church. Square pews, where "a body med sleep comfer'ble like, wi'out all the par'sh knaw-in' on't," have been swept away, white-washed walls have been colored, and many other modest ornaments and improvements introduced. Some of these caused grave misgivings in the minds of the congregation. The reredos, which was sufficiently devoid of artistic merit to have found favor in the eyes of the most rigorous Protestant, was particularly obnoxious—the Greek characters, Alpha and Omega, and the unobtrusive cross with which it was adorned, being regarded as Popish symbols that had no part nor place in "our ree-ligion." The substitution of a heating apparatus for stoves, with long, black pipes soaring upward through the roof, met with no small opposition and ridicule on account of the predilection hot-water pipes are known to entertain for bursting at ill-considered moments. Subsequent experience, however, having demonstrated the falseness of this idea, the parish is now of opinion that "'eatin' that ther' church is the best thing as parson 'ave a done sence a come yeor!" The innovation that aroused the deepest disapproval was the institution of a harvest festival, which was "anuff to mek the old parson turn in 'is grave, 'um wur; wotiver do us want wi' a festival then? Yen't us allus had the harvest right anuff a-foor, wi'out sich foolish; niss as a thanksgivin'?" Dressing up the church with flowers and corn, forsooth! "We've nothen to say agen a blit o' holly stuck in the pews at Christmas time, that's on'y nat'ral and seasonable-like; but this year's a-turnin'

the place into a whee-ut field an' a garden full an' wholly." Yet, such is the inconstancy of man, that in these latter days the once reprobated service is the favorite of the year, the one occasion when the farm-hands are not ashamed to come in their working-garb, when malcontents lay aside their differences and appear within the walls of the sacred edifice. Flowers, fruit, and vegetables are freely given by the people, and much interest is taken in the decorations, where ingenuity sometimes outstrips beauty. The writer remembers seeing in a remote village church the model of a wheat-rick; it was made of corn, was thatched and surrounded by a miniature ralling. The whole was completed by a tiny swing-gate, and evoked intense admiration, not unmingled with envy, in the breasts of visitors from other parishes that did not boast a similar work of art among their harvest adornments. Modern services, in country as in town, are shorter and more numerous than formerly. To such an extent does such a desire for "liveliness" prevail in these days of amusement, that the musical portion, formerly a plant of modest growth, has expanded until, as the rustic observed, "in a good few places 'um sings everythink 'ceptin' 'tis the sarmint, and mebbe a-foor long they'll sing 'e too." Unhappily, in too many cases, singing is synonymous with noise rather than music; this, however, adds to instead of detracting from the pleasure of assisting in its creation. The harmonium has been replaced by an organ, the playing of which is keenly criticised by the congregation. "'E do mek 'un sound out strong an' loud; we can year 'un all up-strit," is high commendation; but "'E just about punishes that organ an' chucks 'is 'ands about,"

is infinitely higher. An indifferent performer is dismissed with the cutting remark that " 'e plays all a-one-sided," while mere mediocrity is "nothen to mek a fuss about." As may be expected, the sermon comes in for a shrewd amount of attention from these village critics. Length is not so much a matter of importance as matter and delivery; these, again, fade into insignificance before the vital question whether the discourse be written or extempore. "I can't a-be'r they sarmints as be read," remarked an old villager to the writer, "they ben't niver worth listenin' to, an' you med just as well set a school-bwoy up in pulpit to rade 'un clane out o' a book." The "thunder and lightning" style is not objected to as an occasional dose of spiritual stimulant, provocative of "shuckettin's and trimbles," and heart-searchings of too slight a character to prove inconvenient, but for ordinary use a simple homily is preferred, "sa plain that a chile can un'erstand 'un, an' we old folks has narra mossel o' trouble to folle'r'n." The extempore sermon, however, must be both lucid and connected, or it will draw down on the preacher more ridicule than a written one. "Wot-iver wur 'e drivin' at, then? Aye, but that's moor'n 'e could tell 'ee 'isself; a didn't sim to know wher' a wur goin' nor wher' a come from. 'Twur all any-how, an' text niver come in at all as I could see. Call that a sarmint! I calls 'un a kind o' wanderin' chatter, that's what I does." The following is a *résumé* by a village mother of a discourse which appears to have aroused some resentment in the minds of herself and her friends:—

"I cassn't say wher' a got 'ls text from, nor how a car'd it along, but toward the middle a telled we as our children wur like a tower as wur builded all the wik and Sunday, at day-schoold an' Sunday-schoold. Then, on the Saturday they bides a-twoam, and

out comes three or fower o' the bricks, so as the tower fells all down and has to be started afresh. That's as much as you med say, that the good things what they be teached in schoold is swep' out on 'um by their mothers an' fathers on the Saturday, which is the m'anin' o' pullin' out the bricks, 'ee knaw. Rum kind o' sarmint I call 'un, to tell we as we be doin' the children hurt."

*Autre temps, autres mœurs*, and with the old-fashioned service the Sunday that matched it has vanished also. Working in the allotments, which have passed from the parson's hands to those of the parish council, visiting or receiving friends, now occupy the day. The church that used to be full is, in many rural districts, half empty, the bond of outward observance sitting especially loosely on the present generation. The majority of the small tenant-farmers attend with praiseworthy assiduity, if there is any profit to be made thereby; otherwise they are conspicuous by their absence. The men, taking their cue from their employers, come when there is nothing more exciting to do; many say that they "cassn't see as it meks a lot o' difference wher' a body sez their prayers and reads their Bible; you med just as well do't a-twoam as at church;" other absentees take great credit to themselves for abstaining entirely. "Well, if I dwun't goo to church, parson cassn't say as I goos to chapel!" To this class belong those who perform their religious duties by proxy, as in the case of a father who, though he never enters a place of worship himself, insists on his children being present at both services. D're are the thrashings he administers to a boy convicted of playing truant:—"I knaws how children did ought to be brought up, an' though I yen't much of a hand at church goin' myself, I'll take keer as they has plenty. I holds by church, I does, an' wun't have



'um carryin' on wi' any o' them fancy ree-ligions." The last is an allusion to the Salvation Army which for some years maintained a footing in the village. At first it enjoyed great popularity, the pleasure and profit of beholding a neighbor seated on the stool of repentance far outweighing the inconvenience of a collection at every meeting. Gradually, however, the excitement faded, while the plate remained. The people either returned to their former careless ways, or to the church's fold, where "ten't all take and no give," and the Salvation detachment was eventually compelled to strike tents and seek a more responsive locality. Side by side with this neglect of divine worship there exists in the minds of the people an almost superstitious belief in the efficacy of regular attendance as a means of salvation. "Wher' do I expect' to goo when I dies?" exclaimed a rustic with indignant surprise, when questioned as to his future hopes by an over-curious friend. "Wher' do I expect' to goo? why, to heaven a-coorse; I've niver done nothink wrong, an' I tends church reg'lar!" A wife, speaking of a sickly husband, remarked that "'twud be much better, as I tells 'un, if 'e'd goo now, 'cause 'e'll be fust to goo, 'ee knaw, when 'e's car'd ther'."

The occasional services of the church are highly prized; it is seldom that a marriage takes place at the registrar's office, and the most rigid Nonconformist looks forward to being buried in the churchyard with the Prayer-book read over him, not by his own minister, but by the parson himself. Baptism is regarded as a kind of moral prophylactic, — a ceremony which no self-respecting parent would suffer his child to miss; not only does it safeguard the latter against the consequences of all the sins it may commit before confirmation, but it ensures Christian burial in case of

death. That this is no slight consideration the following anecdote will show. One night, in the darkness of mid-winter, a big, awkward ploughboy stole up to the vicarage and asked to see the parson. With many blushes and much shamefacedness he explained that he wished to be baptized, that his mother had never "had it done" to him, and that "'tother young chaps meks game o' I, and calls arter ma down-strit as narra bell wun't goo fur I when I dies." The thought had evidently weighed on his mind, for it required no small amount of courage thus to interview the clergyman, and to have the ridicule of his companions at being "chris'ened same a-sif a wur a baby." Confirmation is, in some respects, a more serious matter than baptism, for then the children take upon themselves the sins which hitherto their sponsors had borne for them, this being the use of god-parents. Any one dying before confirmation goes straight to heaven. "Ther's no sin belongin' to sich as they; their god-faythers and god-mothers has to take it all; bless 'ee, it dwun't matter what they li'le children does, whether 'um swe'rs or tells lies, ther' yen't no sin in 'um whatsoever." It might be inferred that, this being their belief, parents and children would alike regard confirmation as a highly undesirable consummation; this, however, is not the case. For a candidate to be rejected on account of ignorance or bad behavior is considered almost a misfortune, certainly a disgrace. The writer remembers seeing the mother of a large family busy at the wash-tub with a prayer-book propped on the window-ledge before her; while her carter-boys ate their dinner she taught them the Catechism, because, as she said, "Parson telled 'um they didn't knaw their sacree-ments, an' I dwun't want my sons ig'orant o' what they ought to knaw." Notwithstanding the foregoing, there is much simple, child-

like piety to be found among the village poor, particularly among those whose span of life is drawing to a close. They face death with absolute peace, and, which is a far deeper test, they bear suffering with wondrous patience. It is not long since an old woman re-

marked: "The pain is hard to put up wi' "—she was laboring under a mortal disease—"but when it sims a'most too bad I prays to the Lord, and it passes aff, for he niver sends we moor'n we can be'r if we looks to Him to help we."

*The Spectator.*

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### THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE NATURALISTIC NOVEL IN FRANCE.

When M. Zola published his "Roman Expérimental," which he meant to be the manifesto of the naturalists, as Hugo's preface to "Cromwell" had been that of the romanticists, he felt satisfied that the novel had entered on its final stage, that its form and object were determined forever. His faith in the fortune of what he (not very modestly) called the "novel of the future" was boundless; nature and reality, he declared, were thenceforth to reign alone in literature; facts would take the place of romance; fiction would become scientific. These words, uttered in his loudest voice, had a kind of prophetic ring about them, and the crowd, as usual, wondered and believed.

This was but twenty years ago, and already the supremacy of naturalism is a thing of the past. M. Zola himself must be aware that hardly any of the books of fiction issued from the press in France, during the last few years, bear the typical features which should distinguish his much-praised novel of the future. Indeed, our novels of to-day have but few, very few, characteristics in common—not so much as a family likeness. Far from being all ruled by the principles of naturalism, the authors take their own temperament as their sole guide. Whereas M. France only wishes to philosophize,

with amiable scepticism and learned irony, through a plot so thin that we sometimes lose its thread entirely; M. Bourget industriously works up those off countries and of sailor's life; and if we had time enough to view separately all the others, MM. Marcel, Pré-vost, Barrès, Theuriet, Marguerith, Rod, etc., each of them would exhibit the same independence in the endeavor to attain, after his own way, a purpose of his own. Whether their efforts are likely to meet some day in a general tendency, and they themselves should be regarded as the forerunners of a new movement, I cannot, nor is it my object to, tell. This, at least, is evident, that they are at present the followers of no literary creed, and consequently we may safely maintain our assertion: naturalism has ceased to exist as a school.

Its short career, however strange it may seem, when you remember that at one time it threatened to sweep everything away, can yet be accounted for. We must notice, first of all, that the novel is not the only field in which it lost its battle. It was in poetry and in painting that the reaction began, and there it went to the extreme, having now found its ultimate expression in a vague and unsubstantial symbol-complicated intrigues which bring out his subtle (so subtle!) studies of psy-

chology; M. Huysmans is a patient hunter after curios in the domain of rare sensations and forgotten art; M. Loti delights in the descriptions of farism—the very reverse of reality. Philosophy and criticism have followed; everywhere we find new tendencies at work. Of course it is hardly possible to ascribe to a mere coincidence the unanimity of the desertion which leaves the banner of naturalism helpless and forlorn. Even if many of the new tendencies could (as I think they can) be traced back to divers influences at home, or to the imitation of foreign models, the mere fact that these influences and models were accepted is ample proof of a deep alteration in the public mind. Naturalism, in its first stage, with Vigny, Gautier, Flaubert, Courbet, Renan, Taine, had been, whether consciously or not, a form of the general enthusiasm for science, which welcomed the great discoveries of our century; the methods of observation so successfully applied to the study of the material world had been eagerly taken up by men of letters and artists alike; poets, historians, novelists, critics, philosophers and painters had become the impersonal and impassive witnesses of things. So long as this enthusiasm did not subside, naturalism flourished. But our admiration is now more discreet; if we still look up to science with reverence, with

gratitude, and hope, too, we no longer expect from it more than it can give. We know that, however far it may extend the area of our vision, we still remain encircled by an impenetrable wall of mysteries, and that all the discoveries which led us to a greater certainty about the actual and the concrete, can but remove farther the fundamental problems of life, not solve them. As science failed to satisfy all our longings and inquiries, its claims to an undivided worship were found groundless, and men began to seek elsewhere a refuge for their disappointment. Some found it in scepticism, some in mysticism, others are still in quest. Mysticism and scepticism, together with the vagueness and melancholy they imply, are therefore momentarily the characteristics of our art and literature. If those characteristics appear with less evidence in the novel, though they have undoubtedly stamped their mark on the novel also, we must not wonder; fiction, the most comprehensive and supple form of literature, is an almost unlimited field of experiments, and the pioneers of the reaction are still working there to discover the vein that shall best reward their labors and exactly suit their aspirations and their powers. At all events, the old vein of naturalism has been forsaken there as well as anywhere else, and under the same general impulse.

*The Speaker.*

*Charles R. Lepetit.*

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### A STOUT HEART IS HALF-WAY THERE.

Arouse thy courage ere it falls and faints;  
God props no Gospel up with sinking saints.

*Frederick Langbridge.*

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